The Outlook

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CONTENTS

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Cover Design by Leon V. Solon
Relentless Prosecution of the Sugar Frauds 633
The United States and Nicaragua 634
The Lords and the Budget 635
Russia on Trial 636
The Chinese-Japanese Treaty 636
Concerning Conservation 637
Lynching 637
Are Miners Worth Saving? 638
Saving the Lives of Babies 639
Telegraphs and Telephones 640
Football Reform 640
The Railway of the Future 641
The Terrors of the Invisible 642
Two College Presidents 643
Lord Morley and India's New Era 644
Estimates of the Russian Ministry of the Interior 645
Pro Bono Publico 646
Poet and Patriot 647
Promise and Performance in Essay and Verse 648
Richard Watson Gilder (Poem) 652
By Henry van Dyke
Working People 653
Prince Ito and Korea 665
By George Kennan
Manchuria: Desired of Nations 670
By George Marvin
The American Academy of Arts and Letters 685
By Brander Matthews
The Proving of the Prophet 694
By Edwina Stanton Babcock
November (Poem) 702
By Julia Ward Howe
Picture Plays 703
By Edward W. Townsend
The Fairies' Lament (Poem) 710
By Marie Conway Oemler
The Treasure Room 711
By H. Addington Bruce
Old Christmas Carols 722
By Edith Rickert
The Way of the Lonely Heart 733
By Temple Bailey
The Dreamer (Poem) 735
By M. E. Buhler
A Christmas Carol 736
Words by the Right Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D.
Music by T. Tertius Noble
American Sport from an English Point of View 738
By H. J. Whigham
Music that Tells Stories 745
By Daniel Gregory Mason

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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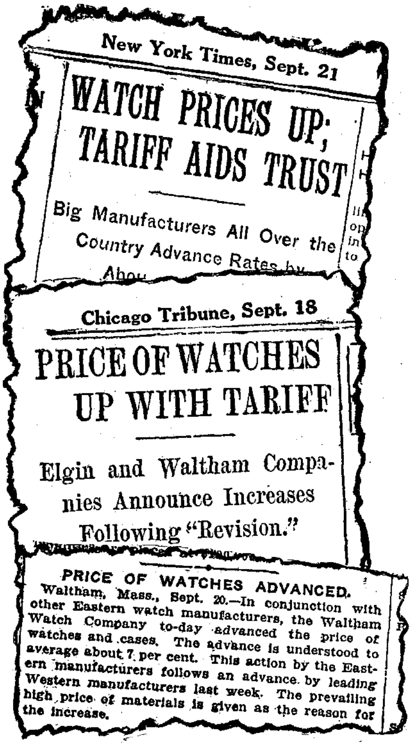
The newspapers of the country have published the general advance in watch prices since the passage of the Payne Tariff Bill.



New York Times, Sept. 21

WATCH PRICES UP; TARIFF AIDS TRUST

Big Manufacturers All Over the Country Advance Rates by Abou

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 18

PRICE OF WATCHES UP WITH TARIFF

Elgin and Waltham Companies Announce Increases Following "Revision."

PRICE OF WATCHES ADVANCED.

Waltham, Mass., Sept. 20.—In conjunction with other Eastern watch manufacturers, the Waltham Watch Company to-day advanced the price of watches and cases. The advance is understood to average about 7 per cent. This action by the Eastern manufacturers follows an advance by leading Western manufacturers last week. The prevailing high price of materials is given as the reason for the increase.

This is to announce that the prices of the high-grade Ingersoll-Trenton and the low-priced Ingersoll watches have not advanced and will not.

Although our output is over 12,000 watches daily—more than four times that of any other product—we did not join in the petition presented jointly by practically every other American watch factory asking for higher "protection" when the revision was under consideration by the Ways and Means Committee of Congress.

Those factories got the higher tariff they asked for. Now they have raised their prices. We ask no tariff favors. It costs us no more to make watches than formerly, and we deem it business wisdom and fair play to the public to adhere to the prices and the policy of delivering the utmost values possible which have built up the stupendous sales our watches now enjoy.

Our prices have always been published broadcast and marked on every watch box. Others have no standard price, they sell at different prices in different stores so you cannot estimate their recent increase.

In your own interest simply insist upon examining the new Ingersoll-Trenton and comparing it in quality, appearance, and price with others. Many Jewelers display the "I-T" in their windows.

☞Our free booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is a complete explanation of watch construction which every man who carries a watch should understand. Send to our home office for it and also for list of local jewelers who sell the "I-T."

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

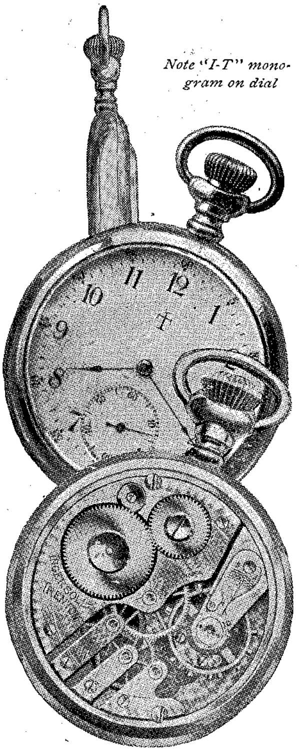
A New Idea in Watch Construction

A moderate-priced watch of high-price excellence

Here is a 7-jewel watch built, in essential particulars, as only highly jeweled watches have heretofore been built.

Its movement is of the bridge-model construction like the very best movements of the fine American makes. No other 7-jewel watch is made in this type.

The workmanship and finish of all the small reciprocating parts, so vital to accuracy and durability, are thorough and honest. It has a compensating balance wheel, scientifically designed to adjust itself automatically to changes of temperature. And a micrometric regulator permitting the most precise adjustment. It's an exceedingly close timer, good for 20 years of service with reasonable care. Money cannot buy a better looking watch. It is guaranteed. You can pay far more without getting so good a watch. It is a new value. For the vast majority of men and young men it is all that can be desired.



Note "I-T" monogram on dial

IT IS THE NEW

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

$5 in solid nickel case **$7** in 10-year gold-filled case **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

You can buy the "I-T" only at *Responsible* Jewelers

The "I-T" watch can be handled only by Jewelers who are competent to regulate and repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices established and advertised by us. The "I-T" is new now. Jewelers who have not yet put it in stock, or those who demand exorbitant profits, as well as those whom we consider irresponsible and undesirable as sales agents, may recommend something else.

INGERSOLL WATCHES

Concentrated factory methods—making millions of watches all alike and all right—alone make the Ingersoll watches possible.

The Dollar Watch is a regular 16-size men's model. The Ingersoll "Eclipse" is the same size as the Dollar Watch, but has a solid nickel case which will last a lifetime. Price, $1.50. The Ingersoll "Junior" is a new model, 12-size watch, small and very thin. Has solid nickel case, $2.00. The Ingersoll "Midget" is a 6-size, ladies' watch. Also suitable for girls and small boys. Has solid nickel case, $2.00. Booklet describing all the Ingersoll watches free.

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IVORY SOAP FOR SHAMPOOING.

If there is anything for which Ivory Soap is absolutely unequalled, it is for shampooing.

The best way to use it is in the form of paste—Ivory Soap Paste.

Ivory Soap Paste is made as follows:

To a pint of boiling water, add a third of a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine. Boil for ten minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Pour the mixture into a glass jar with a screw top and let it cool.

Use lukewarm water—as clear and clean as you can get it. Put a couple of teaspoonfuls of Ivory Soap Paste into the water. When it dissolves, apply it to the hair—again and again. Rinse the hair thoroughly in clean water.

Toweling will only partially dry the hair. A fan will help, but the best way of all is to give the hair an air bath—comb it out, time and again, and let the air and sun dry it.

The reason why Ivory Soap Paste is so good for shampooing is this: It contains no "free" alkali—nothing that makes the hair brittle or robs it of the oil on which its vitality depends.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 27, 1909

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. **HAMILTON W. MABIE**, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

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RELENTLESS PROSECUTION OF THE SUGAR FRAUDS

The prosecution of those implicated in the Sugar Trust weighing frauds goes steadily on. A new indictment last week carried the trail a little "higher up" in the Sugar Company. James F. Bendernagel, for twenty-five years the general manager of the Trust's sugar refinery in Brooklyn, was indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government. His trial, with that of the dock superintendent and five company checkers, previously indicted, is set for November 30. The Collector of the Port announced last week that James F. Vail, who as Deputy Surveyor was formerly in charge of the weighing division of the Custom-House, had been dismissed from the service on the grounds of negligence and inefficiency, although no evidence had been found either by the Collector or by the Government special prosecutors that Mr. Vail had been corrupt. His dismissal was accompanied by that of the chief clerk of the weighing division, two former foremen of the weighing districts, thirteen assistant weighers, and two assistant gaugers. Meanwhile certain New York newspapers have roused themselves to terrific fury over these frauds. These papers esteemed the prosecution and conviction of the Sugar Company of almost negligible importance until two months after the verdict, when The Outlook for the first time told the complete story of the Case of the Seventeen Holes. Now these journals fill column after column with rumors, surmises, charges, insinuations, and in some cases misstatements of the most elementary facts, till the public is in danger of being overwhelmed in confusion and involved in despair lest the perpetrators of these despicable frauds should never be punished. But the public may rest easy. The trail of the Sugar thieves is being followed now with the same relentless energy as under the previous Administration. From the time, in 1904, when Richard Parr was appointed by President Roosevelt, on the suggestion of his Secretary, Mr. Loeb, as a special employee in the Custom-House and told to ferret out sugar-weighing frauds of which he already had well-founded suspicions, to the present day, the hunt for the Sugar thieves has never abated a moment. In the Sugar fraud investigation and prosecution it is as though there had been no change of Administration. The Government's course has been continuous and unswerving. The same prosecutors and the same investigators are now in charge of the case as at the beginning. The Roosevelt Administration discovered the frauds, convicted the Sugar Trust of continued and systematic theft, and secured the imposition of a fine of $136,000. The Taft Administration, through the same agents, compelled the restoration of every cent of duty which the Sugar Trust had stolen in twenty-five years. The Roosevelt Administration secured the indictment and the Taft Administration has pressed the prosecution of the Trust's employees who are charged with having actually committed the frauds in the weighing of the sugar. Under the two Administrations there has been one policy, one purpose, one end always in view—the rooting out of every trace of evil-doing, the punishment of every evil-doer, corporate or individual. The facts are simple, the record clear, the outlook bright. The Sugar Trust has been found out, punished, and made to confess itself a common thief. The individual tools of the

Trust are under indictment and will be punished if the jury convicts them. And the trail is still being followed, not, perhaps, as some of the press would like, with brass bands and loud acclaim, but quietly and persistently. Only that way lies success.

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THE UNITED STATES AND NICARAGUA The military execution of two American citizens by the order of President Zelaya brings to a sharp crisis the relations between the United States and Nicaragua. The question involved is much larger than the sensational issue involved in the death of these two Americans. Just as the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor roused American sentiment to such fierce heat that an instant settlement of the pending issues with Spain became imperative, so this execution of Americans may well direct our attention to the condition of affairs in Nicaragua and in Central America at large. The two men killed, Leroy Cannon and Leonard Grace, appear to have been of an adventurous type, and to have taken part in revolutionary movements in Central America more than once. Under international law foreigners captured fighting in an insurrection against a recognized Government can expect no better treatment than that meted out to native rebels. But in Spanish-American countries the execution of so-called rebels taken under arms has been carried to a horrible extreme. Every one who has visited Havana, for instance, has seen the wall where morning after morning a line of Cuban *insurrectos* were shot by Spanish soldiers. The more civilized a nation is, the more readily it accords the privileges attached to recognized civil warfare to those in arms against it. According to American and English ideas, wholesale slaughter of prisoners taken in anything that may fairly be called war is repugnant. Now the condition of affairs in Nicaragua is this: Zelaya has a record as a bold fighter and has ruled by fear; if half the stories told of him are true, the present revolt is more than justified; it is said that he has executed without trial over five hundred men, a large number of whom were not caught in actual resistance, but were merely suspected of revolution; that he has had hundreds of houses searched, and, if resistance was offered, has ordered them burned to the ground; that his officers have treated women with insult and outrage; and that he is the most bitterly hated man in Central America. The present revolution, headed by General Estrada, is not a mere revolt, but a large, organized movement which has had notable military successes; town after town has been captured by General Chamorro, the insurgent military leader, and the Government forces seem now to be in the main driven back on the two Atlantic coast cities Greytown and Managua. While it is difficult at this distance to judge of the military situation exactly, the indications are that Zelaya's reign of terror is approaching its end, and that he will soon be driven from the country. In estimating the propriety of any interference by the United States Government it must be remembered that civil war in one of the Central American states seriously endangers peace in the adjoining little republics. Two or three critical quarrels with Costa Rica, for instance, have grown out of the present disturbance. Now the United States, conjointly with Mexico, has more or less definitely assumed in the eyes of the world responsibility for peace and order in Central America. Under the urgency of the two large republics the five small republics have established a court of arbitration, sitting permanently in Central America, to adjust disputes. It is not likely that absolute force need be applied to restrain disorder; but, just as American diplomacy and influence made it impossible for Castro to return to Venezuela and foment strife there, so it may well be our duty, by diplomatic action, and, if necessary, by a show of force, to rescue the people of Nicaragua from the bloodshed, torture, oppression, and confiscation which have lately prevailed there. Such an exercise of power would not at all be dependent directly upon the Monroe Doctrine, but would rest partly on the right that every nation has to guard its own citizens and their property from wholesale wrong in a foreign country, and partly on that broad responsibility which the United States, as the greatest of Western nations, is under to preserve international decency and some semblance of order and civilization on the Western Continent. President Taft and Secretary Knox of the State Department acted with great promptness on receipt of the news of the execution of the two Americans. An immediate and full explanation of the circumstances was demanded; the President refused to allow the official presentation of the new Nicaraguan Minister to the United States to proceed; meanwhile American war-ships within easy reach were instantly ordered both to the Atlantic and Pacific ports of Nicaragua. Significance also may be attached to Secretary Knox's statement in reply to an appeal from the Bluefields Steamship Company to the effect that our Government would not be disposed to interfere to prevent the enforcement of the announced blockade of Greytown by the insurgents if it is effectively maintained, thus indicating a disposition to recognize a state of belligerency in Nicaragua.

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THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET

Lord Lansdowne, the Conservative Leader in the British House of Lords, gave notice last week that he would move, on November 22, the rejection of the Budget. His motion, he said, would declare that the House of Lords is not justified in giving its consent to the Finance Bill "until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country." It was expected that Lord Lansdowne's motion would be sustained by the Lords, for the Conservative majority in the upper house is overwhelming. As a result Parliament will almost unquestionably be dissolved and an appeal made to the people at a general election in January. The Liberals will ask for a return to power on two grounds: The Lloyd-George Budget with its inseparable programme of social reform, and the party's opposition to any interference by the Lords in the control of the nation's finances. The Conservatives will state the issue in another way: Tariff reform (which in England spells Protection) *versus* the Lloyd-George Budget with its revolutionary and Socialistic proposals. The outcome of the struggle will be of great moment to Great Britain's economic and social future. Aside from the fundamental issues, the rejection of the Budget by the Lords will raise a question of more immediate application and not a little interest. Since the Budget, which contains the taxes for the year, is not enacted into law, where will the money for the year's expenses come from? To realize the bearing of this question, the customary procedure in levying taxes must be understood. All bills for appropriating money must originate with the Government—that is, the Cabinet. They originate as resolutions. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer rises to make his Budget statement (as he did last April), he brings with him a series of resolutions—one resolution for each tax that is to be levied. After making his statement he lays the resolutions on the table; and from the time they are adopted by the house, before it adjourns that day, these resolutions have the force of law. But until the Finance Bill (the Budget) is ultimately enacted they have not legal validity. The resolutions are not submitted to the House of Lords; it is only essential that they should be submitted to and passed by the House of Commons. The Lords have no concern with the Budget as legislators until the Finance Bill has been passed in the House of Commons and sent in the usual way to the upper house. All the new taxes are collected from the time of the introduction of the Budget resolutions. Usually the custom-houses are closed in the ordinary way of business before the Chancellor of the Exchequer rises to make his statement. Next day the lower or the higher duties, as the case may be, go into effect at the custom-houses and at the offices where inland revenue is collected. Tobacco and liquors went up in price last April just as soon as the trades concerned knew that higher duties had to be paid for the coming year. Where the machinery for the collection of taxes exists the higher taxes are collected at once. Where such new machinery has to be brought into service—where, for instance, a new board has to be created—there would probably be delay until full authorization had been given by Parliament. It is seldom that such is the case; but new machinery will be necessary in the case of the tax on the unearned increment. What course will be taken in the collection of the taxes when the Lords reject the Finance Bill is difficult to say. Probably the taxes will continue to be collected under the resolutions as they were while the Budget was under discussion in Parliament. The procedure in relation to the resolutions is so old, and has become so consecrated by custom, that the resolutions have come to be regarded as equivalent to law. Probably also a modified Budget, resulting from conference and compromise between the two houses, and containing those taxes about which there is little dispute, will be enacted to provide revenue pending the settlement of the great conflict.

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RUSSIA ON TRIAL

Not Tschaykovsky but Russia will be put on trial in the near future. After two years of delay, the antiquated and trumped-up charges against Mr. Tschaykovsky and Madame Breshkovsky are to be brought before a court. As the readers of The Outlook know, Nicolas Tschaykovsky is an apostle of freedom and a reasonable advocate of the spread of political reform. It is not charged that he has been concerned in assassination or criminal acts; indeed, so far as we can ascertain, the present prosecution is practically limited to the assertion that he belongs to an illegal party—that is to say, the Russian Revolutionary party—and it does not specify the alleged commission of any specific crime. His offense is really that in the United States and in England he has been guilty of pointing out the crimes and shortcomings of the Russian Government and that he has been concerned in what would be regarded in any free country as perfectly legitimate political agitation. Nevertheless, a conviction on this accusation might, under Russian law, or rather lack of law, result in many years' banishment to Siberia or hard labor in Russian prisons. Practically the same statement applies to Madame Breshkovsky. Both these prisoners are so advanced in age—Madame Breshkovsky is sixty-seven years old—that such a sentence would practically be a sentence of death. The real hope that this wrong may not be inflicted is in the pressure of foreign opinion on the Russian officials. It is therefore Russia which is on trial, and if Russia carries on these cases behind closed doors, as now seems possible, and throws to the wind its promises made through Mr. Stolypin that these prisoners should have a fair trial, or at least as fair a trial as the wretched Russian system permits, the rulers of Russia will find that they have brought upon their country the contempt and indignation of the whole civilized world. An American well acquainted with the facts writes as follows: "A trial behind closed doors in Russia means newspaper correspondents and the public not admitted, no account of the trial appearing in the Russian papers, judges hampered by no fear of publicity, dubious evidence to support the charge brought against the accused admitted, speeches for the defense hindered, examinations of witnesses interfered with by the judges. A fair trial in Russia at present, even with open doors, has little chance, while with closed doors it becomes a mockery."

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THE CHINESE-JAPANESE TREATY

Last week the Department of State announced that the United States Government definitely accepts the agreement entered into between China and Japan last September in so far as it relates to mining interests along the South Manchurian and Antung-Mukden railways. The Government's investigation was conducted partly through channels not explicitly indicated and partly by diplomatic inquiries addressed to the Chinese and Japanese Governments. Both Governments assured ours that they had no intention of excluding Americans or citizens of any other countries from the enjoyment of the Open Door. As these assurances harmonized with the results of the investigation started by the State Department, our Government believes that the Open Door policy is not prejudiced by the Chinese-Japanese agreement and has issued the following statement:

> In view of the widespread publicity of the statement that the recent Chinese-Japanese agreement relating to Manchuria created for China and Japan a monopoly to carry on mining operations along the South Manchurian Railroad and the Antung-Mukden Railway which would exclude American citizens from an extensive field of industrial enterprise, inquiry has been made of the two signatory powers, and official assurance has been received from each to the effect that

no such exclusive claim to mining rights was intended by the agreement; and that, if minerals are found by Americans or others within the designated territory, no objections will be made to their working such mines under concessions granted by China—the whole purpose of the agreement being that any operation by Chinese and Japanese subjects of the mines within the territory mentioned should be joint as between themselves. The above assurance confirms the conclusion already reached by the Department as a result of its careful study of the agreement in the light of related and contextual evidence.

Critics of the State Department are complaining of the use of such a phrase as "in the light of related and contextual evidence." No Government, it is held, cares to be told that its assurances stand in need of confirmation; and, even if they do stand in such need, it is not the custom of the investigating Government to parade the fact. The criticism would be pertinent if the present condition of things in Manchuria were not extraordinary. The repeated declarations by travelers, observers, and writers of acknowledged reputation that the Open Door policy in Manchuria was being persistently violated by Japan, and the acceptance of these statements as facts by many intelligent people, would seem to form reason enough for an extraordinary proceeding on the part of the State Department. An assurance by the two signatory parties that exclusive privileges for their respective nations have not been sought and that no objection would be made to American enterprise calls for a publicity of announcement which becomes impressive when made directly by our Government.

* * *

CONCERNING CONSERVATION The National Conservation Association, of which ex-President Eliot is the President, has given to the public a statement of its view which The Outlook heartily indorses. In this statement the Association declares that there is urgent need of immediate measures to prevent the control of the great sources of heat and mechanical power in the United States, namely, waterfalls and coal, from being used by monopolistic organizations, and to secure the best development of these sources in the interest of the whole people. Under the existing laws the wisest development is impracticable, and therefore new legislation is required. The great coal-fields of Alaska, estimated to contain fifteen billion tons, still remain the heritage of the people, but under the law the Government is absolutely limited to a charge of $10 an acre, which has been officially estimated as less than one-tenth the real value of these coal lands. The Association urges the present Administration to postpone the trial of the private claims against these coal lands, based upon entries of doubtful legality, in order to enable Congress to act at the coming session by providing adequate legislation for the protection of the public interests. Similar legislation is equally required for the protection of water powers, and the Association appeals to the American people to urge such legislation both on the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Outlook urgently recommends to its readers, in all parts of the country, to watch for the President's Message, and when it appears to write to their respective Senators and Representatives urging upon them co-operation in securing the necessary legislation. The special interests will be busy urging their private claims on Congress; the public must also be busy in urging public claims on Congress. Remember also that private personal letters are worth immeasurably more than general petitions or signatures attached to printed or typewritten copies of the same letter.

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LYNCHING At the very southernmost point of Illinois, where the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers forms a wedge jutting into a corner between Kentucky and Missouri, is the city of Cairo. There, on November 11, a mob, estimated to number some ten thousand people, lynched a negro and a white man. The negro was in the custody of the sheriff. He had been accused of a crime against a young woman culminating in murder, and because of the state of public opinion against him had been taken by the sheriff out of town and hidden in the woods. Some thousand people, however, after a persistent search, found him and dragged him into the town, where he was hanged and shot to death. His body was burned. The mob then broke into the county jail, seized on a white man charged with wife murder, and hanged him in the streets. One report of the event states that just before the second victim was lynched a religious service was held in the street in response to his request for a chance to pray. The lynching was accompanied with actions and incidents of the most repulsive and brutal character. The Mayor of the city is reported to have said that he believes that a majority of the citizens "are pleased at the turn of affairs," and regard the result as "salutary." Not only he, but also a clergyman of the town, have attributed the outrage to the failure of the courts to punish murderers. The failure of the machinery of justice to do what it is designed to do is no excuse for such an affront to civilization as this. In a few hours that mob brought disgrace, not only upon that city and upon the State of Illinois, but also upon the American Republic. Every such act of mob violence is an indication that the American people have not yet learned how to govern themselves; every participant in such a mob is a traitor to his country, because he violates the principle of self-government on which his country is founded. Gross and horrible as such an event is, it is a symptom of a greater and deeper evil than temporary disorder. It indicates a condition of lawlessness antedating the violence. Public indifference to law is too common in America. It does not always bring retribution so dramatically as it has in this outbreak in Cairo; but when it does bring retribution, the whole community suffers a terrible penalty. Because disregard for constituted authority is so common and so menacing there is an especially wholesome lesson in the punishment which has been measured out to six men of Tennessee, including the former sheriff of Chattanooga. Because these men failed in their duty of protecting from mob violence a man whose case was under review by the Supreme Court they were judged guilty of contempt of court, and have now begun to serve their sentence in jail. The Outlook, it is true, has raised the question in this case whether the court ought to be allowed to punish for contempt except by unanimous decision; but this question does not minimize in any way the reason for gratification that in this instance the majesty of the law has been upheld.

ARE MINERS WORTH SAVING? The day after the lynching at Cairo, the State of Illinois was visited by another calamity. Some three hundred miners were entombed in the mine at Cherry, near Spring Valley. It is said that a pile of hay in the mine was set afire by a careless miner, and, after smoldering for some time, set the timbering alight. Before the miners could escape flaming gases barred the way and caused an explosion. Before the mouth of the mine was closed to check the flames a dozen miners gave up their lives in an attempt to rescue at least some of their fellow-men. As long as possible the great fans used for the ventilation of the mine were kept going, in the hope of supplying air to the imprisoned men; but these finally collapsed as the timbering was burned. Every appliance at hand was used for a rescue, but, with the exception of a few who reached the exit within a minute or so after the explosion, all the men in the mine at the time of the fire lost their lives. This catastrophe, like many another, has revealed the heroic spirit that is latent in men who ordinarily wear no heroic aspect. Such a catastrophe acts like a flash of light in the night time; it brings out into view the cowardice of men, but also their heroism; the weakness of men in the face of responsibility, but also their coolness and self-control; and the deep-seated family affection in homes that ordinarily seem commonplace and unstirred by passion, but at such times as this seem to be filled with that strongest of human emotions, the love of kindred. This disaster in particular, however, raises the question as to what ought to be done, first, to reduce to a minimum the number of such disasters, and, second, to reduce to a minimum their toll in human life. The Geological Survey has stations with men at them expert in work of rescue. There is such a station at Urbana, Illinois. If the employee of the Geological Survey who is at Urbana had been notified at once, he could have reached Cherry on Saturday evening. As it was, he did not reach there until Sunday morning. It is true that the two men at that sub-station could not do very much for three hundred imprisoned men, but they could have done something in the valuable time that was lost. There is, moreover, a station at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where at least six, and often ten, men are available. These men were not notified of the disaster at all, and learned of it only when they read of it in the newspapers Sunday morning. They might have left Pittsburgh Saturday evening if they had been promptly notified, and could have reached Cherry Sunday morning, at least fifteen hours earlier than they actually arrived. If these Government officials had been there on the scene with their oxygen helmets, it is possible that they could have entered the mine in the midst of the smoke and gases and extinguished the fire. According to the accounts, which must necessarily be taken with allowance, the fire was at one time apparently subsiding and broke out anew when the ventilating fans started to revolve. If this is so, it confirms the feeling that these trained rescuers from the Government station might have been able to save many lives. Officers of mining companies ought to be required to notify by telegraph at once the various rescue stations maintained by the Government, and held responsible for failure to do so. More than that, however, every such mining company ought to have a trained rescue corps of its own. Had such a corps been in existence at Cherry, at least those heroic men who went into the mines to save their fellows would not have lost their lives, for they would have been properly equipped for the task which, without equipment, proved, in spite of their bravery, to be futile. The maintenance of such a rescue corps ought to be required by law.

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SAVING THE LIVES OF BABIES

Until recently few people except physicians would have been interested in a conference on infant mortality. There has, however, been a great change of public opinion within a few years. A Conference on Infant Mortality which was held in New Haven recently, although arranged by the American Academy of Medicine, was carried on not only by physicians but also by men and women engaged in various kinds of philanthropic undertakings. As a result of this conference an organization to reduce infant mortality has been formed. At present there is a needless, an inhuman waste of baby life. For example, in New York City, where infant mortality has been reduced along with the general death rate, nevertheless one out of every seven children born dies within a year. Of the thousands of little children who die every year in such a city a large proportion could be saved. As Dr. Devine said, the problem is, not merely to save babies from dying, but to give them the right kind of start for life. The causes for this barbarous condition regarding the lives of babies are many. One is that cause of many evils—poverty. There are many ways by which poverty slays these little victims. One way is through the industrial employment of mothers. Women, before and after childbirth, are weighed down with industrial burdens that they ought not to bear. The only way to resist this attack of poverty is to keep everlastingly at the attempt to remedy social conditions. Vice slays its infant victim. Alcoholism and social disease not only attack those who succumb to temptation, but leave fearful scars and sometimes mortal wounds upon their offspring. Impure milk is a fruitful cause of children's deaths. The remedy for this evil is in fostering the practice of breast-feeding, securing a wholesome milk supply, and educating mothers in infant feeding. It is a most striking fact that scientific investigation has confirmed the human instinct on behalf of the family. The death rate among infants in institutions is ghastly. It ranges from fifty per cent in some of the best instances up to eighty-five per cent in some. This is not due to neglect, for children in such institutions often have better care than they could have in a tenement-house; it is due to the simple fact that a baby implies a mother and a home. For that mother, even if she is an unworthy one, and for that home, even though it is poor and squalid, no institution can provide a wholesome substitute. Those who attended the Conference searched for prevention of infant mortality in four directions: medical prevention, philanthropic prevention, institutional prevention, and educational prevention. Naturally, the subjects under these four heads overlapped. Three things were clear, however. First, that all successful efforts for the suppression of vice and the building up of individual character are bound to contribute to the saving of many children's lives; second, that public opinion with regard to the possibility of preventing a large proportion of infants' deaths is essential if any adequate relief is to be obtained; third, that the government of the Nation, of the State, and of the city has a duty to perform in this respect which it has neglected.

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TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES

An important event last week in the financial world was the passing of control of the Western Union Telegraph Company to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Thus, it is believed, a long stride has been taken towards the complete control by one corporation of all wire communications in the United States. As to the telegraph, this organization may prove to be part of a far-sighted plan—ultimately to turn the private telegraph systems over to the Government at satisfactory prices to both sides. Certainly the event ought to wake up Congress to the desirability of obtaining for the people of America what the people of other countries enjoy—the possibility of sending messages at the least possible cost, and the bringing of the telegraph practically to the reach of every one. It ought to be as easy to send a telegram as a letter. The telegraph service is analogous to the mail service. Both comprise the collection, transmission, and delivery of correspondence. When correspondence is carried on by wireless messages, it goes without saying that Congress ought forthwith to prohibit it except on systems under Government control. As to the telephones, the merger just made brings about a closer co-operation between telegraphs and telephones. It makes one business an auxiliary to another business. Doubtless it will give additional public service as well as large economies both to the public and to the companies. As President Vail, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, says: "There is much to be gained by the joint construction and maintenance of plant, and by its common use to the greatest possible extent, but the greatest advantage would follow the placing of the millions of telephone subscribers in close and reliable connection with the receiving and despatching offices of the telegraph companies. While some provision for this, after a manner, exists to-day, a lack of harmony and co-operation between the companies and an inability to agree on methods of fixing responsibility has limited its utilization to cases of absolute necessity. The harmony and co-operation necessary, it is believed, can now be established, and the resulting advantages made available for the public." While the utilization of present unutilized possibilities should benefit property as well as the public, it should be remembered that telegraph and telephone companies must always have their distinctive fields. They have a common feature in the use of wires strung on poles or in cables. But the circuits and methods used are entirely different. Each business requires its special equipment and operating force. The ultimate acquisition by the Government of our telephones seems far distant. The experience of State-operated telephones in other countries has not thus far been nearly as satisfactory as has that of State-operated telegraphs. But whether Government ownership of either telegraphs or telephones ultimately comes or not, the merger of all electric wire transmission companies into what is virtually one concern emphasizes the immediate need of Government control.

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FOOTBALL REFORM

Another college football player—this time a member of the football team of the University of Virginia—has died from injuries received in the game. Because two players who have lost their lives through football this year have been members of prominent institutions the feeling of hostility to the game has perhaps been more acute than ever before. All physical sports involve danger and have caused death; but a great many people, perhaps an increasing number, believe that the hazard which football players incur is out of proportion to the benefits of the game. As evidence of this feeling, the action of the authorities in the cities of Washington and New York is significant. The Board of Education of Washington has discontinued football in the public schools of that city, and the Board of Superintendents of New York Public Schools has passed a resolution which, if approved by the Board of Education, will abolish football in the public schools of New York. As The Outlook has already said, the experts in football have succeeded in so modifying the game that the evil of intentional foul play has been virtually eliminated. Now it is the duty of these experts to see that unnecessary danger be removed. So far as we can see at present with the light that we have on the subject, in view of recent occurrences, the special dangers of the game are twofold. In the first place, serious dangers come from the employment of what is called "mass play," directed repeatedly against a single position in the line, and usually against a single player. Necessarily the captain or quarter-back will direct his attack upon the weakest player in his opponent's team, and the whole weight of the eleven men is again and again forced to the place that that player occupies. It is natural, therefore, that injuries ensue. In the second place, such a player, who has to meet the brunt of such an attack, and has become exhausted by his efforts, loses control of his own muscles and becomes dazed through overexertion, and, finally, as is natural, fails to observe those practices which are necessary for the avoidance of injury. For example, a player is often called upon to dive into a scrimmage. If he dives with his head up, he invites disaster, but if he is exhausted he hardly knows how he is holding his head. There are, therefore, two measures which the rule-makers can, and it seems to us ought to, take. One is to prevent the repeated use of mass play on a single point in the line, the second is to place upon the officials who are judging the game the responsibility of taking an exhausted player out of the game as soon as it becomes evident that he is not in control of himself. Other suggestions have been made. It is urged that mass play should be eliminated altogether. To that end it is suggested that forward passes be unrestricted and that a higher reward should be given for goals from the field. It has also been suggested that the quarter-back be required to stand five yards back of the line to receive the ball; it is thought that this will give the opposing team such a chance to break through that mass play will be impracticable. Finally, Mr. Walter Camp, who is a high authority on football, declares that a sure remedy is the increase of the distance which must be gained if a team is to keep possession of the ball. Writing for the November number of The Century Magazine before these recent accidents, he not only implies that the pressure of public opinion against mass play is irresistible, but also declares that this principle of increasing the distance is an infallible remedy. The time has come, we believe, either for the total elimination of mass play or, at least, such control of it that, on the one hand, it cannot be used for continued attack upon single players, and, on the other hand, its most dangerous effects can be avoided by the removal of the players most exhausted. Whether or not these particular reforms are the best, or even are adequate, the public protest against the game as now played, the movements above reported for its abolition in public schools, and even the suggestion that has been made that it be prohibited by law, emphasize the position which The Outlook took two weeks ago, that the football experts must find a way to make the game less hazardous or public opinion will insist on its abolition. The Outlook believes that the experts can save the game and that the game ought to be saved.

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THE RAILWAY OF THE FUTURE

Two railway inventions received a trial last week, and, if the press accounts of the results are to be depended upon, these experiments indicate remarkable possibilities for the future of railway operation as regards speed, economy, and safety. The first was in connection with the monorail car invented by Mr. Louis Brennan, an English engineer. Mr. Brennan two years ago did some very remarkable things with a small model of his car, but the large model exhibited at Chatham, England, last week gave even more wonderful results. This car was forty feet long and weighed twenty-two tons. It was mounted on four wheels running on a single rail firmly fixed in the ground.

The car is able to maintain its balance in perfect safety on this one rail because of the underlying principle of the invention, namely, the use of gyroscopes. Every one is familiar with the toy of this name, which illustrates the principle that a very rapidly revolving wheel has a physical tendency to remain in one plane; thus the toy top called the gyroscope, when it is put into rapid revolution, can be made to balance on its pointed end in all sorts of remarkable positions, contrary, as it seems to the eye, to the natural laws of equilibrium. Mr. Brennan's car has in front two immense gyroscopes weighing three-quarters of a ton each and making three thousand revolutions a minute in a vacuum. The car is thus enabled to balance perfectly, and, strange to say, when the crowd of people who were in it all moved to one side, it was that side which tipped up. Of course further experiments must be made before final conclusions are reached; but the results of last week make it not impossible, to say the least, that this type of railway operation can be adapted to general use. It is thought that a speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour might be obtained—double the speed that can be made safely by steam locomotives—and there would seem to be obvious arguments of economy in the single-rail construction. The other experiment referred to was in this country. It is reported to have proved the efficiency of a new electric automatic safety device invented by Mr. Frederic Lecroix. The test was certainly a spectacular one. A locomotive and two cars equipped with this device were put in motion at a speed of thirty miles an hour, while another engine similarly provided was started over a mile away, and the two approached one another with every appearance of an inevitable collision. But when the locomotives came within a certain fixed distance, the air brakes were automatically applied and the engines came to a dead halt in safety. This was repeated many times with the same result. The principle is that through a third rail a current of electricity automatically sets the air brakes of the train whenever the two trains enter the same zone or block; however negligent an engineer may be, he will find that, if he enters a forbidden zone (blocks of two miles each are considered sufficient), a green light inside his locomotive cab will go out to warn him of his position, and when his train approaches within a given distance of another, the air brakes will be set automatically and his engine stopped. Incidentally the third rail makes continuous telephone communication possible. This plan would seem to involve considerable expense because of the third rail; but if it is shown to be as positively effective as these experiments indicate, it may become the plain duty of the State to enforce its use upon the railways exactly as has been done in the case of other automatic devices.

THE TERRORS OF THE INVISIBLE

"As for myself, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus the Lord, and in Mary Baker Eddy, my beloved leader." Thus culminates the statement issued by Mrs. Augusta Stetson, the virtual leader of the First Church of Christ Scientist, in New York, on receiving, unofficially, notice that the so-called Mother Church, of Boston, had excommunicated her. In that sentence is implicit an expression of the spirit of Christian Scientists—a spirit of humble subordination to Mrs. Eddy so profound that they see no incongruity in coupling Mrs. Eddy's name with that of him whom all Christians regard as the supreme manifestation of the Divine. Mrs. Stetson's capitulation is the outcome of a controversy which many Christian Scientists say has been brewing for years. Mrs. Eddy's supremacy in the cult which she founded has been jealously guarded. When, therefore, it became obvious that the woman who was the most prominent Christian Scientist in New York had created a following of her own and was arousing a loyalty in that following approaching that for Mrs. Eddy, it was evident that something had to be done. When Mrs. Stetson was charged with exercising malicious animal magnetism, bewitching by the power of concentrated thought people who stood in her way, not even, it is suspected, sparing the venerable leader of the cult, the New York church stood by her. She was then called to Boston, and, while absent there undergoing a severe investigation, word was adroitly sent to the church, in the absence of its most powerful member, calling upon it, in Mrs. Eddy's name, to submit. The congregation has submitted, and all is outwardly fair. We are puzzled to understand how this excommunication reaches the root of the evil. Why cannot Mrs. Stetson continue to exercise malicious animal magnetism? Are her malicious magnetic powers diminished or destroyed by the blotting of her name from the rolls of the Mother Church? If so, then it would seem that Christian Science may be a source of malign and fearsome power. If not, then what defense can be raised against continued use of this magnetic destruction? Even if we were all to become Christian Scientists, we should apparently not be safe, for Mrs. Eddy herself is not immune from its influence. If the teachings of Christian Science are to be believed, poor humanity is surrounded by terrors beside which those that haunt the African savage are mild.

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TWO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS The installation of William Arnold Shanklin as President of Wesleyan University, the oldest and one of the most prominent of the Methodist institutions of higher learning, was an occasion of great interest. President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, Senator Root, and delegates from about eighteen universities and colleges gave the occasion National significance. President Taft referred briefly to the constantly recurring discussion of the comparative advantages of the small and large college, emphasizing the opportunity of the close personal relationship between the faculty and the student body which smaller numbers make possible, and deprecating the ambition to get larger classes and to swell the numerical attendance in the colleges. He expressed his strong dissent from the idea that the most important quality in a college president is the ability to know the value of a dollar and how to get it. A college professor, he declared, is, first of all, a teacher, and the university is a teaching institution. The professor must, of course, have executive ability and the gift of selecting men; but, unless he is a teacher and understands the business of teaching, he cannot make such selections, or secure the co-operation of a teaching body, which is the very heart of a college. Dr. Shanklin said that the distinctive characteristic of the German university is scholarship, and of the English university culture; but that the unconscious spirit of the American university is expressed by the word "service." He declared that he was not insistent that the college should be small or large, but that the college should seek that which is qualitative and not that which is quantitative; that the value of the college teacher diminishes as the square of his distance increases; that the enthusiastic solidarity of interest where every man knows every member of the faculty and the undergraduate knows every other man, combined with high intellectual ideal, had given Wesleyan its place among American institutions; that she will be content with small but selected classes. The college, he said, that makes for sanity of mind and of body, that rubs men as life will rub them, that promotes accuracy and promptitude, that begets a vision that is not dreaming, develops intellectual poise, does not lose the unit in the mass, can never be small to eyes that look for quality rather than for bulk. Senator Root, following Dr. Shanklin, spoke of the crowd of men to-day who, when they have won a fortune, do not know how to use it. The pendulum, he said, has swung too far in the way of instructing men to do one thing for themselves instead of educating them to do great things for the world by being great men. The new President of Wesleyan was born in Missouri, graduated from Hamilton College, entered the Methodist ministry, began his work in southern Kansas, and, after various pastorates, was elected, three years ago, to the presidency of Upper Iowa University, marking his administration of that institution with extraordinary energy and material as well as educational effectiveness. He is described as being not only a scholar but an inveterate worker, with the faculty of securing the confidence and devotion of students.

His face indicates energy, decision, intellectual and personal refinement. Another college president has changed his post. Dr. George A. Gates, President of Pomona College, California, has been called to the presidency of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, one of the foremost institutions for the education of negroes, and one of the very few that are of really collegiate rank. The University is fortunate in having at its head a man of such experience and academic standing; and Dr. Gates is fortunate in finding a task so eminently worthy of his powers.

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LORD MORLEY AND INDIA'S NEW ERA Last week a new era for India was inaugurated when a large measure of home rule went into operation. It was foreshadowed nearly a year ago, when, carrying out Queen Victoria's promise, Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, outlined its features in Parliament. It was also foreshadowed seven months ago, when, for the first time in history, a native was appointed by the Crown to the Council of the Viceroy or Governor-General at Calcutta. This Council has consisted of six ordinary members besides the Commander-in-Chief, an extraordinary member. The Governor-General in Council is the supreme executive authority in India. The supreme legislative authority has been vested in a legislative Council. This has consisted of the Council of the Viceroy with the addition of sixteen members nominated by the Viceroy. This legislative Council has power to make laws for all persons within British India, for all British subjects within the Native States of India, and for all native Indian subjects of Great Britain in any part of the world. Under the new order for India, inaugurated by the Councils Act, in accordance with Lord Morley's outline, this legislative Council is to number sixty members, some of whom are to be directly elected by the people. There are also provincial Councils, which are to be enlarged and nationalized. Under the new Councils Act the local Governments are proceeding with the elections, the existing legislative provincial Councils having been dissolved. The capacity of the enlarged Councils will be judged, as the London Times points out, mainly by their methods of treating the Budget. "If a businesslike attitude be adopted by the Indian members instead of the present practice of diffuse speech-making with much ill-informed criticism, the official finance of the Governments may benefit by the change of procedure." A more interesting feature of this new order of things is the elections by mixed electorates, which secures representation for the various religious and special interests by direct delegates in both kinds of legislatures. Of course these elections are in the nature of an experiment which may eventually bring about electoral organization on a large scale throughout the country.

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SOME HOME RULE FOR INDIA In view of the recent anarchistic outbreaks in India, the Imperial and provincial Governments reserve the right to declare ineligible any persons whose election is considered contrary to the public interest. This amendment was made necessary by the alarming number of attempts during the year on the lives of Indian Government officials. Last week two bombs were thrown at the Viceroy, the Earl of Minto, at Ahmedabad. The recent murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca is fresh in every one's mind. The lives of Sir Andrew Fraser and other officials have been threatened. There have been assaults and assassinations to an unheard-of degree. Patient but firm, Lord Morley had finally to muzzle the seditious press. Why this unrest? To the alleged bitterness felt by the natives under an alien rule, imperfect tax discriminations have accentuated the distress from famine and plague, which the British Government has probably done as much in checking as any government could do. As to social conditions, each of the many races and many religions has been densely ignorant of the needs and aspirations of the others. How could it be otherwise when less than a quarter of the people speak any one of the many languages of India, when the majority faith is not a fighting faith, and the Mohammedans, though less than a third the number of the Hindus, have a disproportionate influence?

Indeed, what country can show more heterogeneous ideals, ideas, and customs? The idea of a common country or a national life, as we understand these things, does not exist. The English have known how to hold the balance fairly between opposing races and creeds, and hence have known how to rule. Certainly no other Government ever caused so few divisions among the natives. The British Government now shows itself wise in its provisions for the future. Led by Lord Morley, it has given to India a measure of home rule, albeit far from all the home rule desired by certain native leaders. Americans have good ground for seeing in this change a following by the British Government in India of our own policy in the Philippines in fitting alien peoples for self-government. But many among those who have to do with India do not take this ground. They feel that India should be governed in the interests of the governed, but not necessarily so as to fit the people for self-government. They declare that one cannot apply to the East an ideal which applies only to the West. It is fortunate both for natives and for Englishmen that the Secretary for India in the British Cabinet is as much of a Radical as Lord Morley is.

ESTIMATES OF THE RUSSIAN MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR

The estimates of the Russian Ministry of the Interior, which form a part of the Budget for 1910, and which will be submitted to the Duma at the opening of its fall session, have just been made public in St. Petersburg. Although they consist almost wholly of figures, they are accompanied by explanatory notes which, in view of their bearing upon Russian political conditions, have more than local interest. They show, for example, that the total number of political exiles whose names are now on the books of the police in northern Russia and Siberia is 22,568. More than half of them (15,069) are living in places where they cannot earn enough to maintain themselves, and are therefore supported, wholly or in part, by the Government. Such involuntary pensioners draw 1,679,042 rubles a year, and are distributed geographically as follows: Northern Russia and western Siberia (provinces of Archangel, Vologda, Viatka, Olonets, Perm, Astrakhan, Tobolsk, Tomsk, and the territory of the Ural), 14,192; eastern Siberia (provinces of Irkutsk, Yakutsk, and Yeniseisk), 877. Their average per capita allowance figures out nine rubles (four dollars and a half) per month, a sum which in most parts of northern Russia and Siberia will hardly do more than pay for bread, water, and a roof. Nothing shows more clearly the political state of Russia and the nature of its Government than the ratio which the expenditures for the "maintenance of order" bear to the expenditures for all other purposes. The Ministry estimates that it will need in 1910, for all purposes, the sum of 96,402,440 rubles. Of this amount it proposes to spend for police control and press censorship 80,811,787 rubles, as follows:

	Rubles.
General police	51,482,497
Special guards (*strazhniki*)	22,523,351
Secret Service (detectives, foreign agents, bribes, etc.)	3,351,174
Special guards in the Trans-Caucasus	2,340,692
Factory police	663,393
Village and rural police (*uriadniki*)	200,603
Press censorship	250,077

It appears from the estimates that the most highly paid officials in the Empire are the Viceroy of the Caucasus and the Governors-General. Count Vorontsoff-Dashkoff, the Caucasian Viceroy, receives 60,000 rubles a year (two and a half times as much as the Minister of the Interior himself), while the annual salaries of the Governors-General range from 22,000 rubles (General Selivanoff, in Irkutsk) to 38,000 rubles (General Skalon, in Warsaw). The Minister of the Interior receives 26,000 rubles per annum, and each of his two assistants 15,000 rubles. There is a prevalent belief in Europe and the United States that the Russian Duma exercises a real and effective control over the Budget; but such is not the case. In the estimates of the Ministry of the Interior, sums aggregating 85,819,628 rubles are "protected" by fundamental or special laws enacted by the Czar—that is, wholly withdrawn from legislative control—while only 10,582,812 rubles are submitted to the Duma for its judgment.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

The country is glad that President Taft is in Washington, and it hopes that his journeying days are over for the present. No one begrudges the President a vacation. There is in the country no harder-worked man than he. Few will doubt that a Presidential visit or series of visits to different sections of the country is desirable. Senators represent their respective States; Representatives their respective districts. Only the President represents the Nation. He should therefore become acquainted with the Nation and the Nation should become acquainted with him. Some of us doubt whether his recent journeying was well timed; whether it would not have been well to get his Cabinet officers acquainted with one another and with their respective Departments and with himself and his purposes first, and postpone his tour throughout the country until another year. There is an impression which cannot be called wholly groundless that, if he had been at Washington, the unfortunate Knox-Crane episode would not have occurred and the conflict between the Interior Department and the Forestry Bureau would not have reached its present acute stage.

But the past is past. The journeys have been of National service. If they have accomplished nothing else, they have relieved the President from a horde of office-seekers. Perhaps he had that result in view. The Outlook has no criticism to offer. It has only a hope to express. That hope is that Mr. Taft will see his way clear to decline the invitations which are daily pressed upon him. All public men know this experience, but few or none have so many invitations or are subject to so great pressure from men of deserved influence. It seems so easy to make a speech two months from now; but when the time comes it proves to be as full of duties and as inauspicious as all other times. The public owes it to the President to bring a little pressure to bear upon him to remain at the Capital in order to counteract the pressure of hospitable and eager friends who urge him away from it.

The President has a busy winter before him. It would be busy if he had the promised support of a united party for his policies. But, as a matter of fact, one chief source of opposition will be within his party. His policies are those of the "insurgents." His supporters are the "regulars." To hold in check the impatience of the "insurgents" and win the support of enough of the "regulars" to secure the legislation which he thinks is needed will tax his combined strength and diplomacy to the utmost. The special interests are all, or nearly all, opposed to his policies. Those interests are reinforced by that tory inertia which knows no policy but to let well enough alone, and counts that a successful legislative day in which nothing is done. Last spring demonstrated that there are enough Democrats in Congress who care much for party victories and little or nothing for party principles to increase greatly the opposition to true Democratic progress. The President is further handicapped by his frankly avowed conviction that further legislation is necessary if he is to save the public resources of the country from private spoliation.

Such are the conditions which confront him in Washington, such the varied elements of opposition which he must overcome if he is to carry to a successful issue his programme. That programme, as it is forecast by the daily press and by his public speeches, includes some radical improvements in our currency system—and what they should be even the expert bankers are not agreed; the abandonment of our policy of giving away our National resources and the adoption of a carefully planned scheme, not only for their conservation, but also for their utilization; the substitution of a National scheme for the development of our great waterways in place of the present fragmentary and chaotic no-scheme for giving to each district what its Representative can win for his constituents in the elbowing crowd at the Congressional bargain counter; some statesmanlike policy for promoting our commerce, which we have hitherto neglected in our National passion for promoting our manufactures; some further provision for the Federal regulation of our National highways, to protect the public from favoritism, the shippers from monopoly, the railways from destructive competition, and both shippers and railways from the conflicting legislation of the States; possibly some further modification of a tariff which, still under pretense of securing the National welfare, serves private and personal interests. And while these policies are being urged on the Congress and the country, and the Constitutional limits of the Congress and the Executive are carefully studied, the great and growing business of a great and growing country, the business functions of which are growing even more rapidly than its population, must be administered, extravagance in expenditure and duplication of energies carefully guarded against, and public and commercial corruption, such as Mr. Loeb is bringing to light in the New York Customs Service, must be pushed forward, however far up in political and business circles the discovered clues may lead.

Something such is the *great* work of the President; something such the duties which he owes to the public. And that he may the better perform this work and fulfill these duties, it is due to him that the public realize their magnitude, difficulty, and importance, so that, while subjected to the pressure from the claims of private interest and private philanthropy, he may be somewhat protected by feeling the counter-pressure of the claims of the Nation.

POET AND PATRIOT

The death of Richard Watson Gilder, after a brief illness, brings into view with striking distinctness his many-sided service as poet, editor, speaker, lover of art, and citizen. Never pushing himself to the front, he has long been there by virtue of the purity of his patriotism and his tireless endeavor to serve his city and his time. The grandson of a man deeply interested in public and educational affairs and the son of a devoted preacher, Mr. Gilder inherited a deep moral and spiritual impulse. In early life he planned to practice law, but the Civil War made him a soldier. At its close he became interested in railway work, but from the beginning the literary bent and taste had been strong in him; and when a boy of twelve, he published a little paper which he not only wrote but set up and printed. To him, as to many other writing men, journalism afforded the most available approach to the literary profession; and in 1865 Mr. Gilder represented the Newark Advertiser as reporter and legislative correspondent. He was eager to have a paper of his own, and later launched the Newark Morning Register, at the same time taking editorial charge of a New York monthly, to the support of which he drew several members of his family and into which he put indefatigable work. When Hours at Home was bought by the well-known publishing house of which Mr. Charles Scribner, Senior, was the head, and absorbed by Scribner's Monthly, Mr. Gilder became managing editor of the new periodical, with Dr. Holland as his chief. Eleven years later, in 1881, The Century Magazine was launched, and Mr. Gilder became its editor-in-chief, a position which he held until the day of his death, and to which he brought remarkable freshness of suggestion, a keen sense of literary values, and admirable journalistic judgment.

Although a poet rather than a man of affairs, Mr. Gilder was a man of practical sagacity, with a quick sense of reality. Few men of his temperament and talent have so admirably balanced the freedom and impulsiveness of the poetic temperament with sound moral sense and practical judgment. Parallel with Mr. Gilder's work as an editor ran his work as a poet; and when, last autumn, to his great satisfaction, his poems were published in a single volume in the well-known Household Edition which bears the imprint of the Riverside Press, they expressed a singular unity of aim, clarity of spirit, and loyalty to the highest ideals of art and of life. That which impressed Mr. Gilder's friends in their intimate association with him was the purity of his character and the singular directness of his moral instincts. More than one of his friends spoke of him as "a white soul." There was no didacticism about him; no easy and obvious moralizing element in his work; but he lived instinctively on the higher ranges of thought and conduct. His interests were in the finer aspects of personal and civic character, and the note of hope which sounded in his work was an expression of his deep faith in the spiritual nature of humanity and the moral order of the world. Almost all his poetry has a personal note, and was evoked by special events or experiences, and many of his short lyrics grew like flowers out of intimate personal relations. He was a devout lover of music and of art, and perhaps no poet of his generation has more finely and beautifully interpreted the reflex action of music. Certainly none has touched with a more delicate and sensitive hand the higher and sweeter fellowships of life. He was a born lover because he was also a born idealist. The freedom of expression and spontaneity of feeling of a great deal of his verse attest its individual inspiration.

He had also power of quick moral indignation. Civic infidelity of every kind was abhorrent to him, and the passion for citizenship was deep and vital in his nature. It is impossible at this moment to measure his services to his city, of which he was one of the foremost citizens. Perhaps his most conspicuous civic service was rendered as President of the Tenement-House Commission, which marked a great advance in the conditions of the tenement-house life of New York. After months of thorough investigation by the Commission, important laws were enacted by the Legislature which resulted in the general renovation of the tenement-house district and in compelling the creation of sanitary conditions in the tenement-houses. Mr. Gilder was President of the Public Art League of the United States, and was tireless in his endeavor to make his city beautiful as well as righteous. It was largely due to his enthusiasm that New York has the impressive Washington Arch. He was a member of the Council of the National Civil Service Reform League; he was one of the founders of the Authors Club; he was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and later of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He was the first President of the New York Kindergarten Association, and one of his most important services to New York was rendered in his devotion to the interests of the children of the tenement-houses. It has been said of him that on patriotic and humanitarian occasions he was an unofficial poet laureate. Whenever the higher interests of life in New York were emphasized by public meetings, Mr. Gilder was the man who gave expression to public feeling. No friend can speak of his work dispassionately, for no friend can see it apart from his personality. A life of beautiful sincerity and service has gone out in the brightness of a stainless reputation, in the glow of a friendship as wide as the continent. No one can speak for him as he speaks for himself:

"CALL ME NOT DEAD"

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
  Into the company of the everliving
  High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
  Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
  Music and song and light of immortal faces;
  To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
  He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
  And our lost friend just catch one syllable
  Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass,
  Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
  To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

* * *

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE IN ESSAY AND VERSE

Five years ago books seemed to have gained a place among the foremost public interests. The newspapers were full of talk about characters in novels, incidents in autobiographies, and the occupations and recreations of writers, and the rivalries of "best sellers" were chronicled in type almost as large as those in which the winners of races and the victorious teams in football matches were announced. It looked for a time as if baseball would have a rival in novels, and the heart of the public seemed to beat almost as fast at the mention of the name of the novelist as of the favorite batter of the season. The future unrolled in brilliant colors before the young aspirant for literary honors, and his dreams of opulence took on a roseate hue. The millennium was clearly at hand when the popular writer and the great railway magnate or the successful speculator in wheat would sit together in the seats of the mighty, and the motor of the poet would rival the deadly speed of the motor of the stockbroker.

These delusive visions have passed, and writers of books have awakened from their lofty but misleading dreams to find themselves once more on the chilly but invigorating uplands where Virgil's shepherd piped to his flock. This is as it ought to be; for the fever of speculation is fatal when it burns in the veins of the artist, and rivalry for money returns would destroy his real rewards. Books are read by increasing numbers in this country, but they are no longer "boomed," like breakfast foods and new brands of tobacco, and there are no signs of active interest in their speculative value. The hectic fervor of devotion to books has given place to a more rational interest, and their use as material for journalistic exploitation has lost its novelty. This may be a disaster for books, but it is a distinct gain for literature. It is reported that, while the sale of novels has diminished, that of histories, essays, and other forms of serious writing has increased. No book is more worth while than the novel of the highest class; but novels of this quality are rare, and never more rare than at a time when the country is devastated by a flood of fiction.

Now that people are turning to thoughtful books, it is interesting to note the signs of increasing activity in two fields of writing in which the tests of achievement are high and exacting. The essay has never been the delight of ne'er-do-wells among readers; it has always selected its readers from among the most intelligent because it makes no concession to the languor of the average mind and insists on attention and meditation. The man whose taste has been debauched by a musical burlesque cannot be induced to sit through a Bach organ recital. Mr. Brownell's recent volume about essayists, "American Prose Masters" (Scribner), will not help any spendthrift to waste his time; it is all of a piece so far as close and consecutive thinking is concerned. It does not offer a holiday excursion to the homes of popular authors, with biographical anecdotes thrown in with the sandwiches and ginger ale; it presents an analysis of representative American writing of penetrating force and tonic intellectual integrity. The reader will not accept Mr. Brownell as an infallible guide, nor will he remain patient under an occasional complexity of style which substitutes intellectual discipline for æsthetic criticism. But it is part of Mr. Brownell's fine rectitude that he does not concern himself with his reader's opinions; but no one can make these essays his own without recognizing their commanding ability as studies of the practice of the literary art by Americans.

The essay is essentially the literary expression of that quality of knowledge of life and ripeness of judgment which we call culture; the fact that it applies general as contrasted with provincial standards of judgment indicates that the stage of local opinion is definitely behind us; one would not hesitate to file Mr. Brownell's book with the best books of its class abroad as convincing evidence that we have, so to speak, arrived. Mr. Wendell, who is pungent and suggestive, although at times somewhat supercilious and patronizing, discusses educational ends and methods with characteristic frankness in his collection of essays, "The Mystery of Education" (Scribner), and confirms, by his sincere and independent handling of aims and methods which we were accepting from Europe not long ago, the impression of balanced and mature judgment which comes with ripening national intelligence.

Another indication of our maturity is the clear-sighted and dispassionate tone of our interpretations and estimates of our own achievements. The old-time jubilant, picturesque, but wearisome spread-eagleism is now so out of date that we smile reminiscently when we hear it, as some of us heard it at the Hudson-Fulton dinner in an archaic speech by the Vice-President. That particular form of provincialism and vocal prowess is as much a thing of the past as chain armor or tallow candles.

Mr. Maurice Low, in his very interesting discussion of "The American People" (Scribner), is so complimentary that he almost makes us blush; we have been so little accustomed to blandishments from our friends across the sea—always excepting Mr. Bryce, Mr. Morley, Madame Blanc, and a few other Old World critics with New World breadth of view—that very moderate praise makes us a little shy. Mr. Low's prime object is to untangle the diverse strands in our National life and show that we are a new race, and not a mere conglomerate of many races. So much has been said about purity of race that we have almost come to believe that there has been such a thing, although no trace of it can now be found. All modern peoples are of mixed races. If purity of race were possible, it would be a great misfortune; for vigor of imagination is born of such a mingling of bloods as is found, for instance, in England.

Mr. Brander Matthews has never been afflicted with that deprecatory consciousness of American inferiority which has paralyzed some native scholars who have stood so long under the shadow of foreign opinion that it has chilled their imagination and impaired their vision. The confident optimism which has but one adjective in characterizing things American—"greatest"—was not so uniformly misleading as the monotonous pessimism which has only one category and becomes a hard, automatic method of judgment. Mr. Matthews has a certain brightness and quickness of perception which one is tempted to call American, a lightness and courage of manner which give his comments the freshness of an open-minded intelligence, and the vivacity of an observer who sees things in their variety and not in a single depressing category. While most people were deploring the tall buildings in New York Mr. Matthews was pointing out their picturesqueness, which Mr. Pennell a little later made so obvious that the wayfaring critic could not escape the vision; and now, while many are bewailing the crass and devastating materialism of the American, Mr. Matthews is emphasizing his incorrigible idealism and his susceptibility to sentiment. "The American of the Future" (Scribner) is, incidentally, very good reading.

Long ago, in that delightful volume "Atlantic Essays," Colonel Higginson gave young writers and speakers wise and practical suggestions as regards style and manner, and through an active career of more than sixty years as speaker and man of letters he has given his teaching the effectiveness of example. The chapters in "Carlyle's Laugh and Other Surprises" (Houghton Mifflin Company) are happily illustrative of the light touch on the serious subject. We are fast getting away from the German academic conviction that a heavy style is a guarantee of sound learning; a maxim, by the way, honored in the breach by many German scholars. No one has suffered more from lack of the sense of humor in his biographers than Carlyle, as Colonel Higginson points out in his illuminating little paper. Few of them seem to have heard that Homeric laugh which blew the mist of cynical talk into thin air and revealed the great humorist armed with tremendous powers of invective but without malice or bitterness.

In view of the marked revival of interest in the drama and the very obvious, though in no sense didactic, endeavor to shift the emphasis of the theater from the element of trade to that of art, it is interesting to recall the many expressions of feeling from men of letters that a renaissance of play-writing would come in the near future. It is not only at hand, it is actually here. Writers are once more using this form of literature, as a few years ago they used fiction, because it relates itself vitally to the thing they wish to express. Dr. van Dyke's "House of Rimmon," reviewed by The Outlook last winter; Mr. Mackaye's "Mater," through which runs a fresh stream of laughter; Mr. Moody's "The Great Divide" and "The Healer," following his impressive poetic dramas and presenting such bold contrasts to his earlier work; Mrs. Dargan's eloquent "Lords and Lovers;" Mr. Torrence's "Abélard and Héloïse;" Josephine Preston Peabody's "Marlowe;" Mr. Hagedorn's "Woman of Corinth;" Miss Johnston's "Goddess of Reason," form an array of titles the significance and promise of which must be obvious to students of contemporary writing; to say nothing of the voluminous work of Mr. Clyde Fitch, or of acting plays of such high intellectual quality and literary feeling as Mr. Thomas's "Harvest Moon."

The latest addition to the literature of the play is Josephine Preston Peabody's (Mrs. Marks) poetic rendering of the memorable tragedy of Hamelin town in "The Piper" (Houghton Mifflin Company)—a play of fresh feeling and of original conception and charm of manner; a piece of dramatic interpretation of such poetic courage and vitality that it gives the reader an exhilarating sense of the richness of material in the hands of the American dramatist who can take his theme from the farthest West, as Mr. Moody did in "The Great Divide," or from mediæval Germany, as Mrs. Marks has done in this refreshing and promising play.

It is but a step from dramatic to lyrical poetry, and it is quite possible that while some of us are bewailing the extinction of poetry, as our fathers have done in every generation before us, the dramatic impulse, set in motion again by the tremendous stirrings of the spirit and the colossal energies of our time, may overflow into pure song. Mr. Mackaye strikes an epic note in his fine ode read at Fort Ticonderoga last July with such energy and expression that it held five thousand people spellbound. The poet had shown his lyric gift in one of his earliest plays, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," but its volume and variety of movement are made manifest for the first time in his "Poems" (Macmillan). No one can read the Ticonderoga ode without a sense of the presence of a large and free imagination. The poem is planned on a large scale and developed strongly and unconventionally in relaxed meters and rhythmical lines; while the "Sistine Eve" has a rare beauty of feeling and phrase. The courage and unconventional handling are admirable, but the work is occasionally rough and inharmonious. Mr. Mackaye has abundance of material and the highest aims; he needs more patience and restraint to give his work that touch of art without which genius is crippled.

A poem of terrible precision of characterization and sting of phrase has been so widely commented upon by the newspapers that the vigor and dignity of Mr. Watson's verse in his latest volume, "New Poems" (John Lane), are in danger of being overlooked. "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," whoever she is, has had the misfortune to have her portrait drawn with rare satirical power; but the reader will find the strength and beauty of Mr. Watson's poetic quality in songs of lesser journalistic interest. It is not great poetry, but it keeps the tradition of art on a high level, and there are lines from which a large music flows:

> "Delight
> That hath all pain within it, and the whole
> World's tears; all ecstasy of inward sight;
> And the blind cry of all the seas that roll."

Mr. Watson remains, as in his first promising work, distinctively a critic of life; that is at once the strength and the limitation of his poetry.

It has been the good fortune of Dr. van Dyke to write a little group of songs which are likely to hover above the horizon of our workaday American world for many decades. He knows his birds and flowers thoroughly, but the secret of his poetic and graphic celebration of them lies in his love for them. They do not flutter in his hand, but are content to make their shyness and wild music his; so it has happened that he has written a little group of lyrics of convincing fidelity to nature and to art. He is afraid neither of deep conviction nor of deep emotion, and he has given his verse that quality which in a somewhat skeptical age, with its overemphasis of the purely intellectual element in art, is so often missed.

Several of these books have already been reviewed by The Outlook; others will be commented upon at greater length hereafter; they represent serious work and a high degree of skill in two fields of writing which are far from the interest of the "madding crowd."

Richard Watson Gilder

Heart of a hero in a poet's frame,
Soul of a soldier in a body frail,—
Thine was the courage clear that did not quail
Before the giant champions of shame
Who wrought dishonor to the city's name,—
And thine the vision of the Holy Grail
Of Love revealed through music's lucid veil,
Filling thy life with song and heavenly flame.

Pure was the light that lit thy glowing eye;
Strong was the faith that held thy simple creed;
Ah, poet, patriot, friend, to serve our need
Thou leavest two great gifts that will not die,—
Amid the city's noise, thy lyric cry!
Amid the city's strife, thy noble deed!

Henry van Dyke

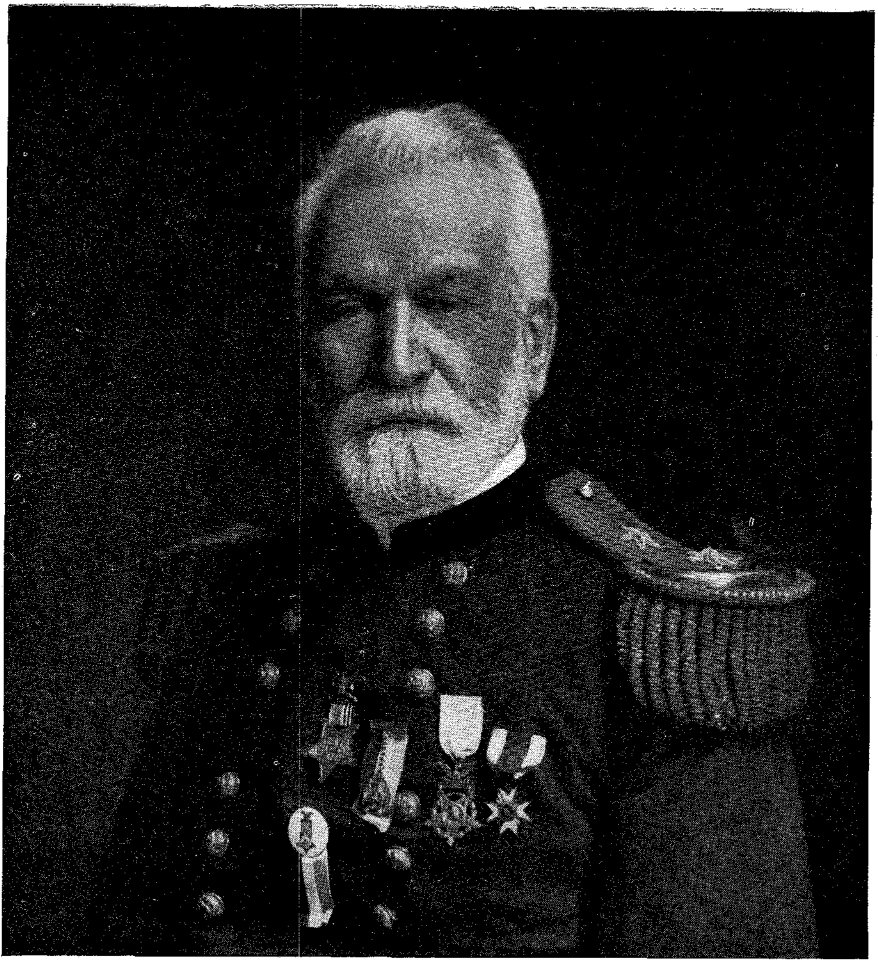
Working People

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE

HENRY L. STIMSON

The Prosecutor of the Sugar Trust

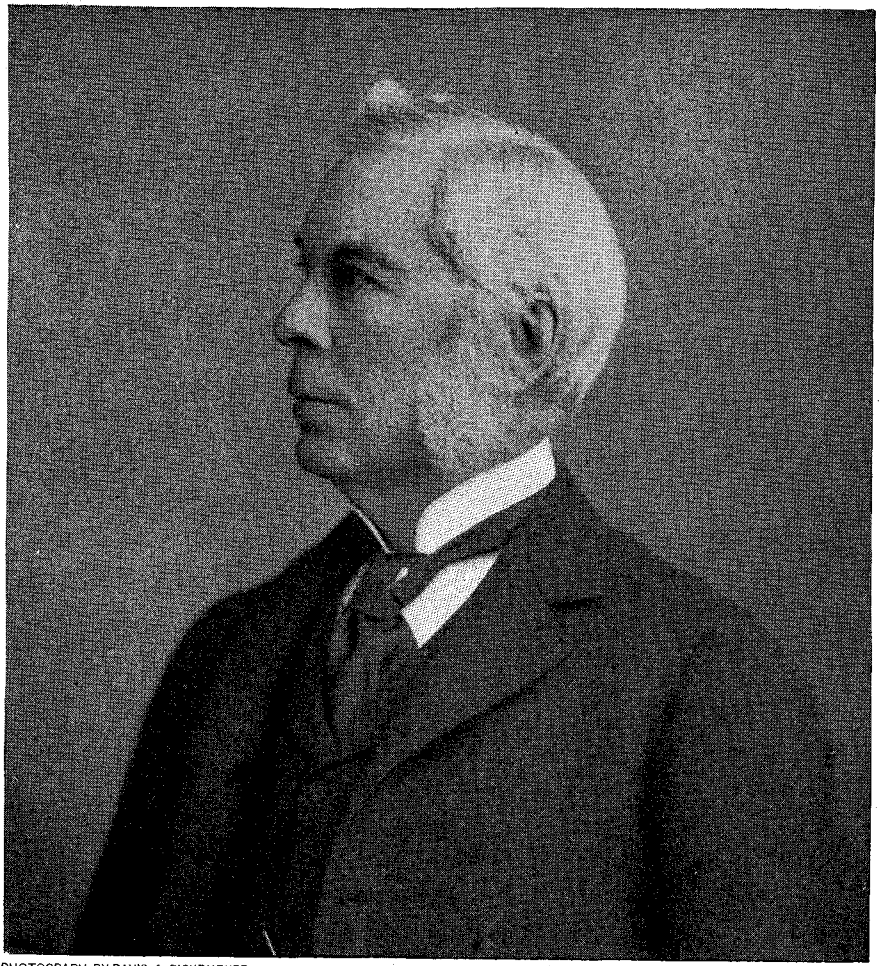
The prosecution of the Sugar Trust for cheating the Government out of duties on millions of pounds of sugar—with the resulting conviction, fine of $135,000, and forced restitution of $2,000,000 in back duties—has come to be one of the most famous cases in the campaign against corporate wrong-doing. The prosecutor in this Case of the Seventeen Holes was Henry L. Stimson. It was not his first victory over the Sugar Trust. He was made United States Attorney for the district which includes New York City by President Roosevelt in 1906. One of the first cases which it fell to him to prosecute was against the American Sugar Refining Company for accepting rebates. The Company was convicted and fined $168,000, four times as much as had been previously collected from any violator of the anti-rebating laws. Mr. Stimson continued as Federal Attorney for three years, and since his resignation is still serving the Government as special attorney in charge of prosecutions arising from the Sugar Trust frauds. During his term of office he represented the Government in many cases of the greatest importance, and practically always with success. He prosecuted the New York Herald and James Gordon Bennett for sending obscene matter through the mails. Mr. Bennett pleaded guilty and paid a fine of $25,000. This prosecution put an end to the notorious "Personal" column in the Herald. He



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

conducted the suit under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which resulted in the dissolution of the Manila Fiber Paper Trust. He appeared for the Government in the proceedings to compel Mr. Edward H. Harriman to testify before the Inter-State Commerce Commission as to his financial transactions in connection with the Chicago and Alton and the Union Pacific Railroads. He convicted Charles W. Morse for offenses against the National banking law—a conviction since sustained by the Circuit Court of Appeals. He procured the indictment of Fritz Augustus Heinze for misapplication of the funds of the Mercantile National Bank, and Mr. Heinze is still awaiting trial under this indictment. At the request of the Attorney-General, Mr. Stimson argued on behalf of the Government before the Supreme Court the appeal from the conviction of the New York Central for rebating. The convictions were unanimously sustained by the Court in an opinion which for the first time laid down the important doctrine that a corporation can be criminally prosecuted. Mr. Stimson is a young man, who has been practicing law for eighteen years. He was born in New York in 1867, and was educated at Phillips Academy at Andover, Yale, and the Harvard Law School. His first legal work was done with the firm of which Elihu Root was the head, and he soon became himself a member of the firm. His success in the onerous and responsible position of United States Attorney has been so striking as to make him one of the most prominent of the younger members of the New York Bar.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & EICKEMEYER

JOHN STEWART KENNEDY

Two Workers for Their Kind

General O. O. Howard and Mr. John Stewart Kennedy were men of widely different occupations and interests, but they were at one in their unselfish devotion to the betterment of their fellow-men. General Howard was a college-bred man, and, after his graduation, an instructor in mathematics. He was a soldier by profession. His military experience was long, varied, and was stamped by personal gallantry. He was more than once wounded, lost his right arm, was promoted several times for his service on the battlefield, and was in command of the right wing of General Sherman's army on its historic march to the sea. Later he saw military service in the Far West in various fights against the Indians. He became Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. During all his active professional life as a soldier General Howard was also a devoted Christian man. He has been called the Havelock of the American army, and he had much of the implicit Christian faith and the Christian courage of the gallant English commander in India. As the head of the Freedmen's Bureau he had not only a very difficult task to perform, but a position to fill which was rendered almost impossible by lack of sympathy and support from President Johnson. It was an act of great self-sacrifice on his part to remain, out of love for the work, in a situation which exposed him to the severest criticism. The record

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of General Howard's life as a soldier and the record of his life as a worker for his fellows ran parallel. He was much criticised. It is quite possible that he was guilty of a disastrous military blunder; but there was no disagreement between his professions as a Christian and his practice as a soldier.

Mr. Kennedy, on the other hand, was a poor Scotch boy, with a common school education, who came to this country at the age of thirteen and was soon engrossed in business affairs, pushing rapidly to the front by virtue of his eminent trustworthiness, his capacity for dealing strongly and wisely with great interests, his foresight in the matter of commercial development, and his tireless industry. Like General Howard, he too, from a very early period in his life, was a devoted Christian man, and his service to his fellows began and ran parallel with his active business career. During the last twenty-seven years of his life, while he took time to direct and manage his great fortune, he was the servant of many noble causes, the supporter of many noble enterprises. Having laid a broad foundation of independence which enabled him to dismiss all care of his own support and put him in command of large resources, he became a worker for his kind.

General Howard was a princely giver, and he gave not only money, but time and thought and hard work. Religion, education, and practical philanthropy invariably found in him a helper of the rarest devotion and ability.

The Author of the British Budget

Since Gladstone there has been no such forceful personality in British politics and finance as the Unitarian schoolmaster's son, David Lloyd-George, leader of the Liberal forces, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and author of the Budget just passed by the House of Commons and now awaiting the action of the House of Lords. The best personal description of Lloyd-George we have seen is that lately given in The Review of Reviews by Mr. W. T. Stead, who says that he is "dark of hair and keen of eye, full of fire and impulse." This "man who made the Budget" has been a fighter against circumstances all his life. He was born in Liverpool, but when he was two years old, says Mr. Stead, "his mother, the daughter of a Welsh Baptist minister, took her children home to Wales, where they were brought up under the eye and with the financial assurance of her brother, who kept a shoemaker's shop in the village of Llanystumdwy, in South Carnarvon. The shop was the hub of the village, the place where all the village folk met to discuss the affairs of this world and the next. As might be supposed, it was a forcing-house of Radicalism." Young David as a boy showed astonishing application, and, aided by an uncle, he gained a thorough practical legal education before he was of age. When the opportunity came to defend certain political rioters who were "demonstrating" against what they considered oppression and injustice at the time of the "peaceful resistance" against sectarian taxation, Lloyd-George leaped into public conspicuousness and was returned to the House of Commons; his opponent was the Tory squire of his own village. He fought Mr. Chamberlain vigorously on the Boer War issues, and was so outspoken in his opposition to the war that he was not only vilified, but was twice attacked on the street and once was seriously injured by an infuriated "Imperialist." His place as a Parliamentary leader was won in the long contest over the Education Act. As a speaker he has been described as carrying conviction by the decision and certainty of his manner. The purpose and application of the really revolutionary proposals made in Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget were explained at some length in The Outlook of last week. His own characterization of the underlying motive is found in the final words of his great speech in the House: "This is a war Budget! It is a Budget for waging implacable warfare against poverty, and I cannot help hoping and believing that before this generation has passed away we shall have made a great advance toward the good time when poverty, with the wretchedness and squalor and human degradation which always follow in its camp, will be as remote from the people of this country as the wolves which once infested its forests."

A Business Man for Governor

Many a Harvard man has read with interest that "Cam" Forbes, the famous football coach, will shortly be inaugurated Governor-General of the Philippines. W. Cameron Forbes was born in Milton, near Boston, Massachusetts, in 1870. His mother was a sister of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In 1892 young Forbes was graduated from Harvard University as an A.B. Immediately thereafter he began a business career marked by great energy and success. His principal endeavor was the construction of electric railway lines in various States and the consolidation of existing electric lines into systems. In 1899 he became a member of his uncle's firm, J. Montgomery Forbes & Co., of Boston, and acquired large means. In 1904 he was confirmed by the Senate as a member of the Philippine Commission and became Secretary of Commerce and Police upon the Commission.

The arrival of such a man at such a time was most opportune, and his designation as the head of the department over which he presided until his elevation to the governorship was peculiarly fitting. The Philippine Government was thoroughly organized, no large governmental policies remained to be inaugurated, and the chief problem confronting the administration was that of making the Philippine

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W. CAMERON FORBES

people industrially prosperous. The business knowledge and experience which Mr. Forbes brought to this task were of immense value. He has been largely instrumental in the extension of education, and particularly industrial education, in the Islands, his idea being to develop cottage industries in weaving, wood and iron working, boat-building, and agriculture, in order that the people of the localities in which each industry could best be carried on might have technical instruction to add to the mechanical aptitude and high artistic quality which are practically universal among that people.

To Mr. Forbes's efforts are largely due the adoption of the Burnham plan for the beautification of Manila, the installation of sewer and water plants in Manila and other cities, the building of roads, the extension of railways throughout the archipelago—there are now under construction, or authorized for immediate construction, about a thousand miles of railway, where less than a hundred and thirty miles were in operation at the time he went to the Islands. Largely through his efforts the mountain resort of Baguio has developed from a small sanitarium for officials and soldiers needing the relief of a high altitude into a beautiful place with sewerage, lighting, water, macadam roads, and good hotel facilities. It will shortly be connected with existing railways by an electric line on the grade of the famous Benguet road, and will be easily, inexpensively, and quickly reached from Manila. Baguio will doubtless be to the Philippines what the mountain resort of Simla is to India.

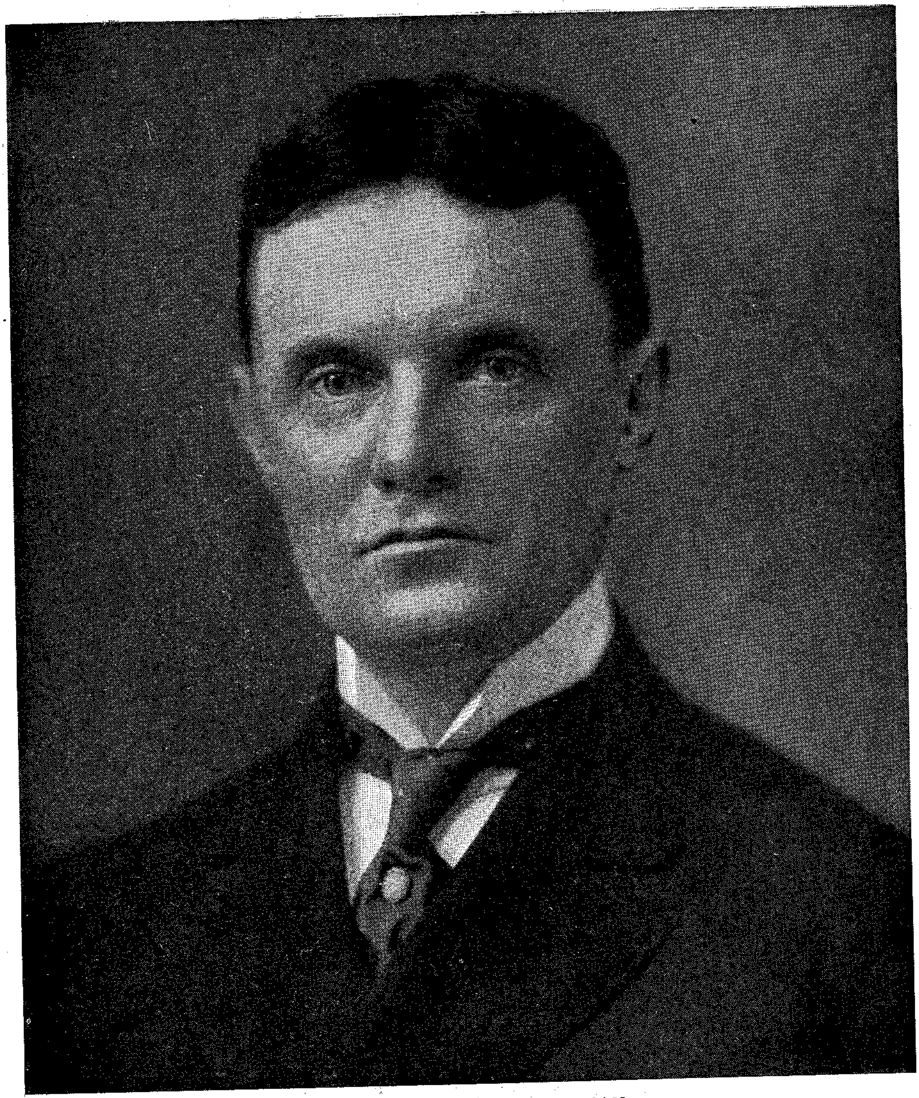
Mr. Forbes was an athlete when in college, and remains a patron and participant in all clean sport. About his beautiful summer home at Baguio he has a golf course, a polo ground, and tennis courts, and he is the center around which revolves most of the athletic and social life of our people in the Islands. An indefatigable worker, he carries to the highest office in the Philippines remarkable habits of industry and application. These should make his administration a beneficence to the people for whose uplifting he has given up the comforts and associations of his own country.

A Fighting District Attorney

A glance at Mr. Whitman's face will convince the observer that he is a good fighter. Only two qualities are more essential in a district attorney than the fighting spirit—an educated intelligence and a profound sense of justice; for the District Attorney of New York County has a lot of difficult fighting to do. He is not a judge, he is an advocate whose chief work it is to fight vice, dishonesty, and crime, on the one hand, and, on the other, to protect those who are oppressed, abused, or injured. He not only prosecutes those who are accused of lawbreaking, but he initiates proceedings against suspected lawbreakers by procuring indictments. Mr. Whitman is the son of a clergyman, was born in Connecticut, and was graduated from Amherst College nineteen years ago. He was an assistant corporation counsel in Mayor Seth Low's administration, and was assigned particularly to watching legislation in Albany that affected the city of New York. He was appointed a city magistrate by Mayor Low, and, although the youngest member, was elected President of the Board of Magistrates—a striking tribute both to his ability and to his popularity. He was promoted from the City Court to fill a temporary vacancy in the Court of General Sessions by Governor Hughes. His judicial record is a fine one, and in many instances he displayed a courageous support of justice, honor, and integrity in performing his duties, in the face of the political and personal influence which is too often brought to bear upon criminal court judges. Mr. Whitman is a man of high personal character and broad human sympathies, as well as of first-rate legal attainments. He works well with other men, and takes the point of view and the opinions of his colleagues into consideration in forming a judgment, but, when his judgment is once formed, he pursues it unswervingly. If he once gets on the track of a lawbreaker from whom he believes society should be protected, no political or social or personal or commercial "power behind the throne" is likely to divert him a hair's breadth from what he conceives to be his duty. As his standards of personal ethics are high, we expect to see him measuring malefactors of great wealth or of great political power by the same standards.

A Keeper of the City

Mr. George McAneny, the new President of the Borough of Manhattan in the city of New York, is the chief executive of a city with a population of two millions and a quarter. Next to the Mayor, he holds the most important municipal office in the city of New York. He not only wields an important influence in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which controls the finances of the entire city, but in his borough he has entire charge of the paving and repairing of all streets and sidewalks; he must direct the street railways as to how they shall repair their tracks, what kind of rails they shall use, and see that they replace torn-up street surfaces after repairs; he supervises the sewerage and drainage of the borough; all municipal public buildings except school-houses and fire and police stations are under his care; all contracts entered into by his borough must be framed by him; and a great force of assistants, clerks, and workmen of all grades are under his direction. It will at once be seen that the opportunities for inefficient and even dishonest administration are great; Mr. Ahearn, President McAneny's predecessor, was removed for inefficiency, which was particularly displayed in his management of street paving. The average citizen hardly realizes what an important bearing upon the health, the comfort, and the commercial efficiency of the city street paving has, and this is only one of the many directions in which the work of the Borough President intimately touches the



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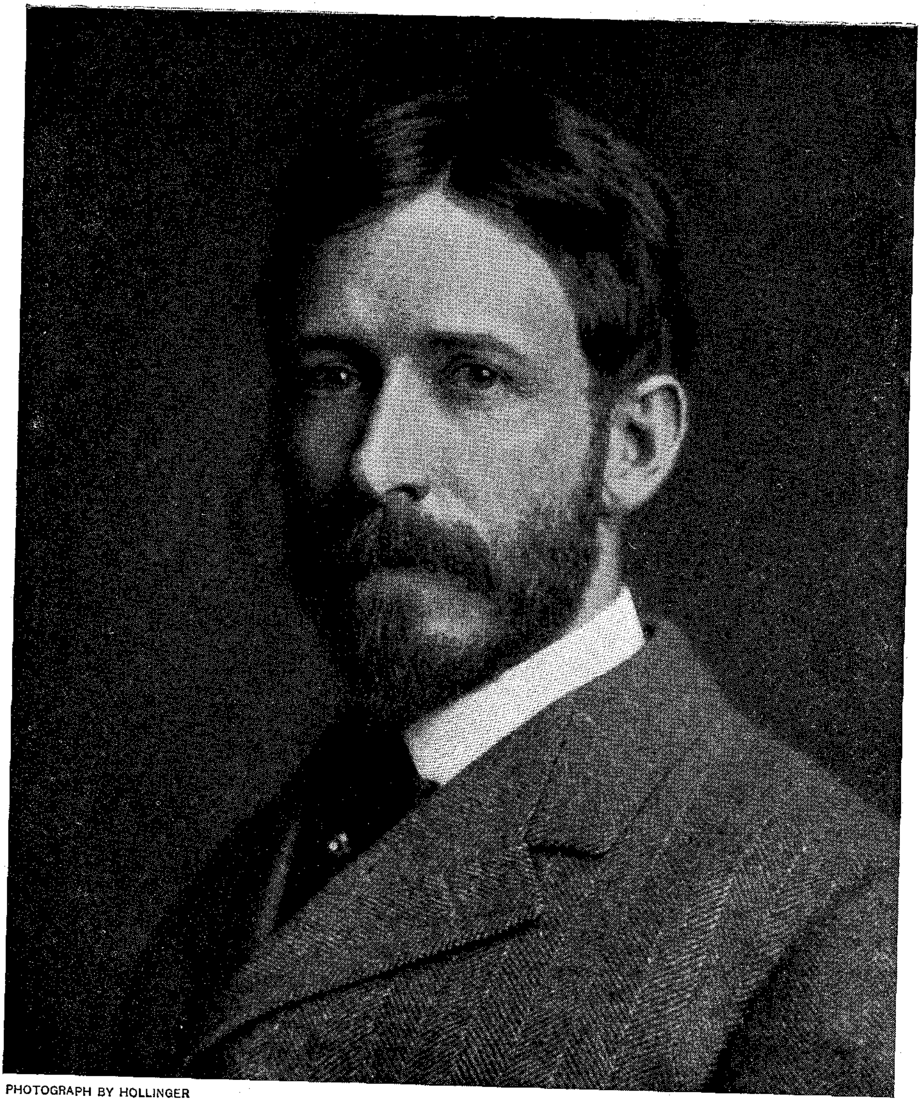
CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN

life of the two millions of people whose welfare is in his hands. Mr. McAneny is a young man, not yet having reached his fortieth birthday. His original profession was that of journalism, which he left to become Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, and for many years he was the executive officer of that body, which has played so useful a part not only in direct political reform but in creating public opinion in support of the principle of good government. Mr. McAneny has studied law but is not a member of the bar. His legal education, however, fits him for dealing with the legal aspect of government administration. At the time of his election Mr. McAneny was President of the City Club, in which he has always been actively interested, and which is the meeting-ground of experts in governmental administration. He is a member, and in some instances an officer, of various useful associations engaged in philanthropic and educational work. A man of quiet and delicate personality, he has nevertheless vigor and persistence of action, and his friends believe that the qualities which have enabled him to achieve success in all the administrative work he has undertaken so far will



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

GEORGE McANENY

make his administration of the richest and most important New York Borough by far the best on record.

Givers of Good Music

Musically Cincinnati has a reputation chiefly because of its May Musical Festivals. The high character of these festivals is due to the fact that year in and year out a large number of the people of Cincinnati have created in that city a musical center. There, for example, has been for many years one of the most prominent music conservatories in the country, namely, the College of Music of Cincinnati. There for a number of years was also maintained an orchestra. There was also one of the most able choral conductors of the United States, Mr. Frank van der Stucken. Because of an unhappy disagreement, the Cincinnati Orchestra was discontinued a few years ago. And now Mr. van der Stucken is no longer in Cincinnati. It is therefore of considerable significance to those who value the art of music not only in Cincinnati but also to a large region in the Middle West, and therefore to music lovers throughout the country, that the Cincinnati Orchestra has been raised from the dead. As a consequence of the efforts principally of a group of Cincinnati women there is assured a fund sufficient to maintain the orchestra for the coming five years. Since the members of the orchestra are under contract to play only symphonic music, they will not suffer the distractions that have been known to beset many an orchestra. They hold daily rehearsals. They ought to constitute a body of players of high quality. The selection of conductor for this resuscitated organization has fallen upon a young man, Mr. Leopold Stokovski. Although Mr. Stokovski is not an American, he is as cosmopolitan in his antecedents as if he were. He was born in London of a Polish father and an Irish mother; he was educated at Oxford; he was early in association with leading English composers, including Sir Hubert Hastings Parry, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, and Frederic H. Cowen; he studied instrumentation in Paris; and he later conducted important orchestral concerts in Paris and London. For an interim he was Musical Director of one of the finest choirs in the United States, that of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, and during that time conducted a number of oratorio performances. He declined an offer from a German municipality in order to return to America and take the post at Cincinnati. He is said to have a practical acquaintance with virtually every orchestral instrument. Much is expected of him. He has a great opportunity in a field that, so far as promise of future development is concerned, is practically new. Not less noteworthy than the choice of a new conductor is that of the new concert master—the leader of the first violins, who is, as it were, an officer in the ranks, the conductor's lieutenant. The concert master

PHOTOGRAPH BY YOUNG & CARL

LEOPOLD STOKOVSKI

EDMOND ROSTAND

of the Cincinnati Orchestra is Mr. Hugo Heermann. Few violinists of the day equal Mr. Heermann in musicianship. He has been professor of the violin at Frankfort, Germany. He first appeared here six years ago. As a soloist he makes no display. When he comes upon the stage, he appears like a quiet, studious German professor, and when he plays he plays as if he were not thinking of himself or of his technique or even of his instrument, but only of the music; and he plays so that his audience forgets everything but the music, too. He is to be the soloist at one of the concerts of the Cincinnati Orchestra this coming season.

A Maker of Great Plays

Three dates must always be memorable in the history of the French stage as "first nights" of instantaneous successes—1636, when Corneille's "Cid" was produced; 1830, when Victor Hugo's "Hernani" appeared; and 1897, when Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano" was presented.

A youngish-looking man of forty-one years, M. Rostand is now again to appeal to the public, this time with "Chantecler," or "Chanticleer," as it will be known in English—a barnyard play! Will it equal "Cyrano's" success? At least it has piqued public curiosity as even "Cyrano" did not. "Cyrano" was something out of the ordinary, but "Chantecler" is to be something very much out of the ordinary.

Before 1897 M. Rostand was not accounted a great dramatist save by one woman and one man. The woman was Sarah Bernhardt, the man was Constant Coquelin. The young playwright had already written two dramas—"Les Romanesques," a comedy in three acts, which had taken one of the French Academy prizes in 1894, and is graceful, light-hearted, charming, with a curious artifice of style, more sugary and much more *rococo* than most contemporary dramas; and "La Samaritaine," written, it is said, before M. Rostand wrote "Les Romanesques." He called "La Samaritaine" a "gospel in three tableaux." It is a kind of revival of the miracle drama, very mystic and pre-Raphaelite and not too profound. But the play to excite the sympathy of the greatest living French actress was published a year later, "La Princesse Lointaine," a piece in four acts. It was brought out at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in 1897, and is a troubadour love story. Before the drama was produced, Madame Bernhardt invited M. Coquelin to listen to a reading of the text by the young author. The actor was astounded at its promise of future achievement, and said to M. Rostand: "Without even reading it I bind myself to take any play you may write in which there is a part for me. Furthermore, I will produce your play with the least delay."

The result of all was "Cyrano," a piece in five acts, founded on the life of an actual person, Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac. M. Rostand calls it a *comédie héroïque.* Already it is a literary classic; for, like Shakespeare's, Goethe's, and Schiller's plays, it may be enjoyed as much in the reading as in the seeing. The title rôle was specially created for M. Coquelin, and its success was prodigious. At the close of each act the entire audience would rise and cheer for ten minutes. Paris had discovered what it has called "the greatest dramatic genius of the century."

Is he? M. Rostand has indubitable claims to great distinction, even if one may withhold superlatives from a description of his work. His dramas are human, his poetry is vital, his manner is the manner of music. These qualities are also evident in his historical drama in six acts, "L'Aiglon" ("The Eaglet"). It was produced in 1900, and describes the pathetic little King of Rome, "Napoleon II." It, too, is sparkling, witty, brilliant, yet with an added tenderness. But in all of M. Rostand's work the strain for effect seems too evident, no matter how clever the effects. Theatrical climaxes follow each other with well-nigh wearisome vivacity. There is an abundance of what we call "splurge." In other words, the dramatic unity of the piece is sometimes injured both by flamboyant rhetoric and preciosity of diction. The Rostand plays may be regarded as dramatic poems rather than as real dramas. This impression was particularly felt in the American reproductions.

Turning from Rostand's work to Rostand himself, while he may be very French in his work, he is not very French in appearance—that is, if we are to realize the untraveled American's idea of a Frenchman, namely, a nervous, excitable, emotional person, a man of constant "poses," with an undue consciousness of his own identity. Edmond Eugène Alexis Rostand was born in Marseilles. His father is Eugène Rostand, the eminent economist and publicist; his uncle is Alexis Rostand, also well known as an economist and critic in addition to his work as a banker, railway magnate, and manager of the Comptoir National d'Escompte. Edmond Rostand married his cousin Rosemonde, the daughter of Alexis, a woman of fine literary attainments. When not in their Parisian city or suburban homes they live at Cambo, in that delicious district warmed by an almost southern sun on the slope of the Pyrenees. The father of Edmond Rostand has spent most of his life in Marseilles, and the son was educated at the same Lycée where his father was once a student. Edmond's education was completed at the Collège Stanislas, at Paris. He studied law and was admitted to practice as a *Licencié en Droit.*

But the impulse to produce poetry was far stronger in him than any impulse to interpret law, and in 1890, when but twenty-two years old, he made his début in the literary world with a volume entitled "Les Musardises." He has since published other works in verse, aside from the dramas in verse above mentioned. It must be admitted that this style did not exactly please either of the two great schools then reigning, the so-called Parnassians or the Symbolists. The first school had been represented by such cold, glittering, and yet worthy men as Leconte de Lisle and Sully-Prudhomme. The younger critics of the Symbolist school were also chary in their appreciation. But both schools have gradually been conquered by the continual output of a fluent and sinuous speech, full of individual, delicate, and bewildering fancy.

Amid all his success M. Rostand has shown a fine sense of personal balance and poise. M. Coquelin says of his appearance on the first night of "Cyrano:" "The *coulisse* and the dressing-rooms were packed by the critics and the author's friends, who were beside themselves with delight. I was trembling so that I could hardly get from one costume into another, and had to refuse my door to every one. Amid all this confusion Rostand alone remained cool and seemed unconscious of his victory. He continued quietly giving last recommendations to the *figurants*, overseeing the setting of the scenes, thanking actors as they came off the stage, with the same self-possessed urbanity which he had shown during the rehearsals, and finally, when the play was over and we had time to turn and look for him, our author had disappeared, having quietly driven off with his wife to his house in the country, from which he never moved for a week."

Prince Ito and Korea

By George Kennan

MY personal acquaintance with Prince Ito was largely, if not wholly, the result of an article that I wrote for The Outlook, in the fall of 1905, entitled "The Japanese in Korea," in which, for the first time, I criticised unfavorably the policy of the Japanese in the peninsula and attacked some of their methods.[1] The story of the way in which that article affected my relations with the Japanese Government is partly a personal one, and I did not expect ever to tell it; but since it reveals a very admirable side of the Japanese character and throws light upon the attitude of Prince Ito toward the Korean people when he went to Seoul as Resident-General, there is more reason, perhaps, for telling it now than there ever has been before, as well as more justification for a narrative that I cannot help making personal.

When I arrived in Tokyo, as correspondent of The Outlook, in the spring of 1904, I called upon Count (now Marquis) Katsura, the Japanese Prime Minister, with a letter of introduction from Baron Takahira, the diplomatic representative of Japan in the United States. Count Katsura received me pleasantly, and, after a few courteous inquiries with regard to my voyage across the Pacific, looked again at my letter of introduction, and said:

"Baron Takahira tells me, Mr. Kennan, that it is your intention to write about Japan. Now I hope that when you do, you'll describe things as they are, and especially things that seem to you bad. Most travelers who come here praise us too much and with too little discrimination. Three-fourths of them try to make it appear that Japan is a sort of fairyland of picturesque scenery, beautiful geisha girls, fascinating tea-houses, wonderful flowers, men who are never discourteous, women who are never immodest, and babies that never cry. Now that sort of thing doesn't do any good, and, besides, it isn't wholly true. If you want to write something that will be useful and helpful in Japan as well as in America, wait until you have been here long enough to form accurate opinions, and then write about things that are of some consequence. And, above all, don't hesitate to say that things are bad when they seem to you bad, and when you have studied them enough to know why they are bad. If you do this, your work will be useful to us, and perhaps it won't be any the less interesting in America."

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[1] The Outlook, November 11, 1905.

I was not a little surprised and taken aback by this frank advice from the Prime Minister, but I thanked him for it sincerely, and said that, although I feared I should make a good many blunders, I would try hard to see things aright, and, at any rate, would never call a bad spade a useful agricultural implement, just out of courtesy. At the same time I said to myself: "People have asked me before to tell them of their faults frankly, but I have never tried it on without getting into trouble. That will probably be the result when I begin to criticise things Japanese; but—we'll see!"

A year and a half elapsed before I had occasion to criticise the Japanese unfavorably or to say anything of them that was not pleasant. I saw in Japan and Manchuria hundreds of things that were either admirable or remarkable, and wrote twenty-six letters to The Outlook about them; but I did not find it necessary to condemn the Japanese or their methods until I prepared a series of three articles on Korea, in the fall of 1905. In the second of these articles I attacked Japan's administration of affairs in the peninsula; pointed out what seemed to me fatal mistakes in her policy; condemned the Nagamori land scheme as apparently an attempt to exploit the defenseless Koreans in the interest of Japanese speculators; gave details of many cases in which unscrupulous Japanese immigrants had treated the natives with cruelty or gross injustice; showed the inadequacy of the Japanese consular courts as a means of affording the Koreans protection or redress; accused the Japanese authorities of weakness or indifference in sanctioning the appointment of Korean Ministers whom they knew to be liars, robbers, and extortioners; criticised unfavorably the virtual confiscation by the Japanese military authorities of large areas of private Korean land; deplored the failure of Japan to protect the people of Korea from the violence and extortion of corrupt Korean officials; and, in general, described as bad everything that seemed to me bad in Japanese management of Korean affairs. In conclusion, I said:

"It is an ungracious and unwelcome task to criticise, in what may seem to be a hostile spirit, the administration and the behavior of the Japanese in Korea; but I am extremely anxious that they should succeed and prosper there, and it seems to me better to deal with the situation honestly and frankly than to pretend that everything is all right when I know that it is not all right."

Although in thus criticising the Japanese I was acting strictly in accordance with Count Katsura's advice, it seemed to me that I ought, in common fairness, to let the Government see the unfavorable report on its Korean administration that I was about to make to the readers of The Outlook in America. The Premier and Baron Komura had both been more than ordinarily courteous to me; I had three times been the guest of the Government on its war-ships or transports, and, in view of such friendliness, I felt in honor bound to play not only a fair but a perfectly open game. I therefore made a typewritten copy of my three Korean articles —about 14,000 words—and sent it to the Japanese Foreign Office at the same time that I mailed the original manuscript to The Outlook. I greatly feared that it would make me a *persona non grata* in Japanese official circles, but it had to go to them, nevertheless.

Day after day passed without bringing any reply to my brief note of transmittal, and I was beginning to feel rather low in my mind when I happened to meet on the street one afternoon a friend from one of the legations who was on very friendly terms with the Japanese and generally knew their views with regard to current events.

"Have you heard what happened to your Korean articles in the Foreign Office?" he inquired.

"No," I said, with apprehensive anticipations; "but I'm afraid they weren't very well received."

"On the contrary," he replied cheerfully, "they made a great hit. The Japanese say they are true and fair, even if they are not favorable. The Foreign Office has called the Premier's attention to them, and he is having them translated so that he can read them."

A few days later I chanced to meet Count Katsura, for the first time in several weeks, at the American Legation. He greeted me with more than usual cordiality, grasped me warmly by both hands, expressed approval of my Korean articles, and, turning to Minister Griscom, said, with emphasis, "This is a true friend of Japan."

Such a large-minded way of looking at fair but unfavorable criticism was an absolutely new thing in my experience, and it surprised me even more than the advice that Count Katsura gave me when I saw him first. But there was still another surprise in store for me. When I came to Japan I brought a letter of introduction to Marquis (afterward Prince) Ito. In accordance with Japanese custom, I left it personally at his house, with the expectation that he or his secretary would notify me when it would be convenient for him to see me. Week after week passed, however, without bringing any request from him to call, and, concluding, at last, that he did not particularly care about meeting newspaper men from abroad, I abandoned the hope of making his acquaintance and sailed for Manchuria.

In the year and a half that followed I did not happen to be brought into contact with Marquis Ito, and in all probability I should never have met him if I had not written the article on "The Japanese in Korea." That, apparently, attracted his attention, and, after quoting parts of it with approval in an address that he made to the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, he sent me an invitation to dine with him. It is a fact which is rather creditable, I think, to the Japanese character that a foreign newspaper man could thus win the confidence and approval of the Prime Minister and make the acquaintance of the most distinguished of the Elder Statesmen through hostile but fair and temperately expressed criticism of Japanese methods.

I afterwards saw Marquis Ito a number of times before he left Japan to become Resident-General in Seoul, and had several long talks with him about China and Korea and the policy that Japan ought to pursue in the latter country. He impressed me as a man who combined vast experience, sound judgment, and penetrating foresight with the most winning simplicity of manner and great natural kindliness of disposition. Like most Japanese, he could probably have been hard, inflexible, and pitiless in any matter that involved honor or duty; but his references to other men and other nationalities seemed to me singularly fair and sympathetic, and I never heard him speak bitterly, contemptuously, or slightingly of any person or any people. He admitted with regret that Japan had made many mistakes in Korea, but he hoped to correct them and to give the Koreans a government that would make for their ultimate prosperity and happiness.

"They seem to think," he said one day, "that they have hitherto been an independent nation, and that we Japanese have deprived them of their ancient liberties; but historically such is not the case. Korea was for centuries a dependency of China, and all the national freedom she has ever had she owes to us. When the war with Russia broke out, we were compelled to assume control in the peninsula, in order to preserve our own independence, but we aim to educate the Koreans and help them to a freer national life rather than to oppress them and exploit them for our own benefit. You are trying to do the same thing in the Philippines, and you ought to understand. That Korea will ultimately be a source of profit to us is quite likely; but if so, it will be because we shall have made the Koreans prosperous. Exploiting a country of which you happen to have gained control, without regard to the welfare of its inhabitants, is a most short-sighted policy. First make the people rich, and then they will be profitable to you."

In his talks with me, as well as in the public speeches that he made about the same time, Marquis Ito expressed the utmost sympathy with the Koreans and the strongest possible desire to promote their welfare. In an address that he made to the journalists of Tokyo just before going to Seoul to assume the duties of Resident-General he said:

"The population of Japan is increasing with great rapidity, and it is only natural that it should overflow into Korea. But, unfortunately, the behavior of our people in that country has hitherto been bad. They have put the greatest indignities upon the Koreans, and the latter have simply had to suffer with tears in their eyes. The people guilty of such conduct constitute, it is true, only a small part of the whole Japanese population; but they must be rigorously controlled, because the Imperial Government is now responsible for the Korean administration. When I assume the duties of my position as Resident-General, I shall give adequate protection to Japanese who are engaged in legitimate enterprises in Korea, but I shall take all necessary measures for dealing summarily with *mauvais sujets*."

In a speech made a little later to the parliamentary members of the Seiyu-Kai—his own political party—Marquis Ito said:

"I go to assume office in Korea with much trepidation, and with a full consciousness of my own incapacity. Nevertheless, though I cannot certainly count on achievement—since in all things failure is more frequent than success—I am resolved to labor to the full extent of my powers.

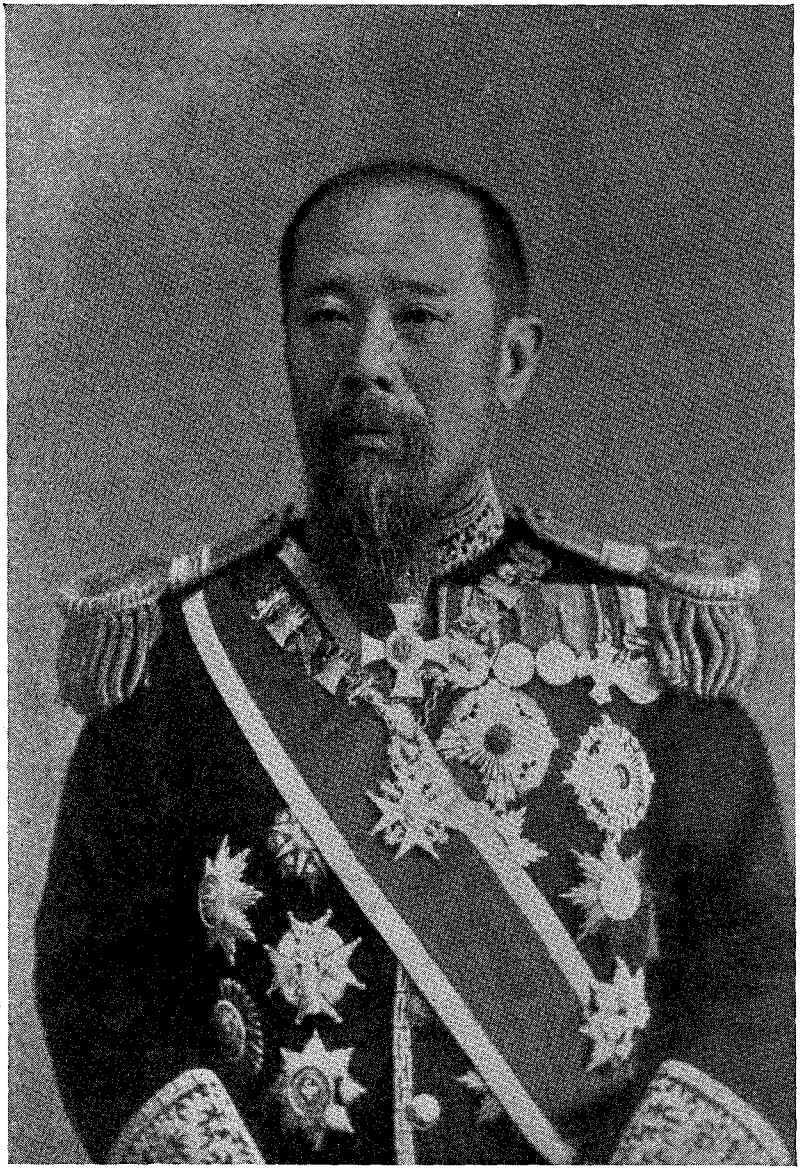
"From our point of view, we have certainly had in Korea a most painful experience; but, on the other hand, the Koreans, looking at it from their point of view, doubtless think that they too have been subjected to great pressure. They do not submit to us willingly, and, under bad guidance, they might break away altogether from our control. If, therefore, we do not win their sincere allegiance, we may have again all the old troubles. We must make them understand that if Japan subjects them to a protectorate, it is only because she is compelled to do so in order to preserve her own independence. She does not wish to deprive them of their liberties nor to injure them in any way.

"In dealing with the Korean problem, and with the pitiable condition of the Korean people, I shall not confine myself to words, but in matters of finance, as well as in matters of administration, I shall give them practical proofs of my sympathy. In view of their restlessness under our protectorate, I hope that you, gentlemen, will not give them cause of offense, but will try to make them see that we have common interests. Show them, if possible, that we are fellow-passengers in the same boat, and thus remove their feelings of suspicion and hostility. This is not merely my thought; it is what our nation hopes for and what our Sovereign desires. I take office with the firm resolve to carry out his Majesty's purpose, and I therefore pray that you also, gentlemen, will sympathize and will take care that the lives of tens of thousands of our countrymen shall not have been sacrificed in vain."

The last time I saw Marquis Ito before he left Tokyo for Seoul, I said to him that I hoped to return to the Far East in two or three years for the purpose of watching the development of China and seeing how the Korean problem worked out.

"You'll probably be disappointed," he said, "so far as Korea is concerned, because you'll expect too much. I hope to accomplish something—to lay the foundations of order and prosperity—but when a country has been misgoverned for centuries, things can't be set right in a couple of years."

Professor Ladd has recently given us an account of Prince Ito's work in Korea, but it is too soon yet to estimate properly its value and importance. Meanwhile, the distinguished worker has been murdered by one of the people whom he so earnestly tried to help. It is one of the tragic facts of history that ignorant and misguided patriots often kill the very men to whom their country is most indebted and from whom it has most to expect. In assassinating Durham W. Stevens in San Francisco a year and a half ago and in shooting Prince Ito to death in Harbin the other day a few deluded Koreans not only disgraced their country but deprived it of two of its best and truest friends.



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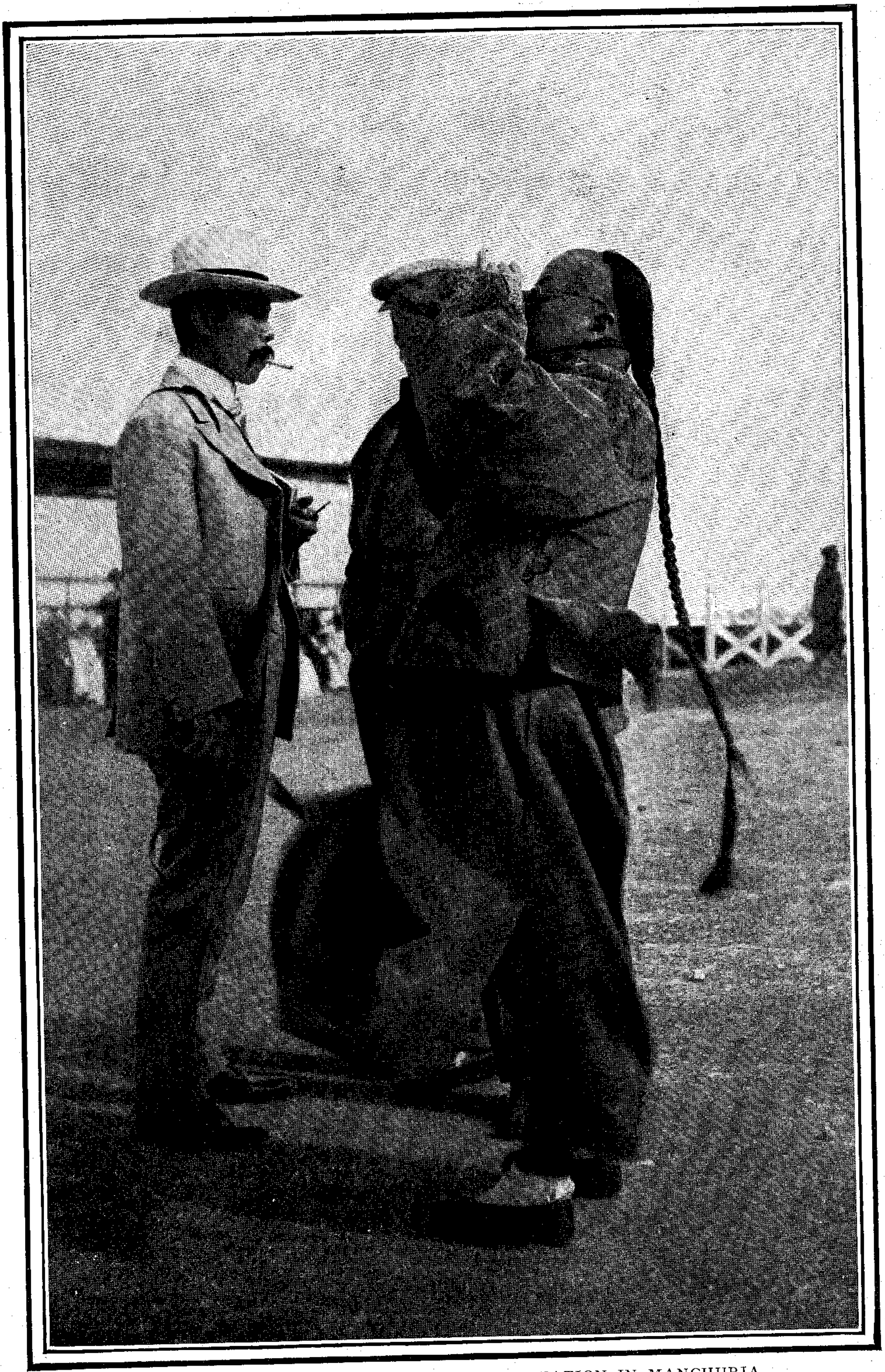


A PHOTOGRAPHIC EPITOME OF THE SITUATION IN MANCHURIA

Chinese, Japanese, and European. A chance group at a race meeting

Manchuria
Desired of Nations

By George Marvin

The attention of Americans, and indeed of the whole world, is just now forcefully directed to Manchuria, partly because of the assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin, and partly because of the important financial, commercial, and international problems in which the United States, with other nations, has an interest. In 1907 the author of this article was American Vice-Consul-General at Mukden, Manchuria, the great northeast viceroyalty of the Chinese Empire, and has since been in intimate connection and friendship with Orientals and Occidentals influential in Manchuria. Mr. Marvin is one of the American Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society.—THE EDITORS.

MANCHURIA! The very name has a charm

> "Of old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago."

About some names, as about old tunes or familiar scenes revisited, hangs an aroma definitely felt but most indefinite and difficult to describe. This is a name for some to conjure with, and even to travelers out of the West it acquires a real and rich meaning. Its liquid syllables, like "Indiana" or "California," define openness and fertility, "the high, blue afternoon," and waving fields of plenty—sunshine and serenity.

It is a noble country; in winter mournful, if the truth be told, swept by the bitter northwest wind from Mongolia, but with its face set in sleep, noble still in its brown-furrowed fields and distant snow-relief mountains. In summer and autumn it is one great answering smile of earth to sun, of infinite sowing and infinite harvest, a country blessed not so much with milk and honey as with *kaoliang*, millet, and wheat, but blessed exceedingly; where the earth gives forth manifold her increase, and where, but for the accidents of life in China, such as *likin* taxes and "expeditions" and racial dissensions, the song of a prosperous husbandry would continually go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land.

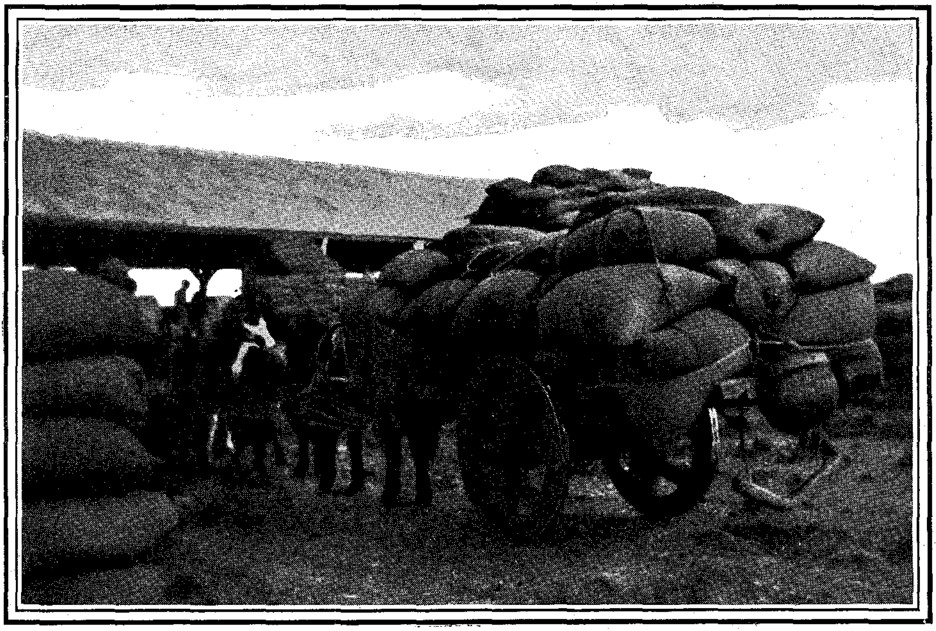
No region could be more perfectly adapted by nature for the arts of peace, and yet few regions in the world have been more dedicated to war. Manchuria is the field of the greatest military campaign of modern times; it has seen from the beginning of records marching hosts and burning cities; it is actually rich in "battles long ago." From its borders are sprung those warlike Tartar and Mongol tribes who, under their indomitable leaders, spread in the first half of the thirteenth century over the East, and even up to the gates of Vienna, threatening the civilization of Europe. Indeed, Manchuria must always be to those who do not live there a name suggestive far more of armies and contention than of harvests and content. Throughout history it is invariably the best land that is coveted, and therefore the barren regions rarely become the scene of great warlike operations; it appears almost that as the much-desired territory becomes rich in historic associations, its very soil is made ultimately more productive by the wars which plow and fertilize it.

The elements of strife and discord have not yet forgotten Manchuria; there is no feeling in the East that the "Three Eastern Provinces" may now certainly rest in peace; the wars are probably not yet over, but, though they have not forgotten her, Manchuria has forgotten the wars. About Port Arthur the scars remain, the tops of the hills blown off and harrowed in the appalling way which has been made so familiar by photographs and written descriptions in many magazines, their sides still seamed by zigzag trenches and spotted so deep by shell-fire that the grass has never grown again. But outside the tip of Liao-tung, in Central Manchuria, the traces of the recent war have disappeared as completely as the memory thereof from the mind of a certain Anglican bishop who, stopping in Mukden one day in November, 1907, only two years after the Peace of Portsmouth, inquired, "Was there any fighting in this neighborhood during the recent war?" *Sic transit gloria mundi;* nearly a million men fought each other nine days with great skill and ferocity for Mukden, and Kuroki and Kuropatkin were great shibboleths once upon a time. The wonderful Chinese agriculture, helped by dust storms, which shift soil like snow, and the three years of post-bellum grass, have healed her scars. Perhaps already in the fields about Liaoyang or Mukden some Chinese "old Kaspar" turns up with his wooden plow a Russian skull—as the Manchurian farmers sometimes do—and, moralizing thereupon to his little, round-faced "Peterkin" and "Wilhelmine"—

> "'But what they fought each other for
> I could not well make out,
> But everybody said,' says he,
> That 'twas a famous victory.'"

For Central Manchuria the Indiana or Kansas likeness is very apt, but better still, Manitoba. As you go north from Dalny, on the South Manchuria Railroad, or, many miles to the west, by the Imperial Railways of North China from Peking and Tientsin, your train follows an undeviating straight line through the midst of seas of cultivation. Only the rivers provide engineering difficulties; there are few grades, no tunnels; cuttings and high embankments are rare. As in Manitoba, the landmarks are the high foliage along hidden water-courses and the clumps of elm-like trees about sporadic villages, which, at a distance, might be large farmsteads.

But in addition to the Manitoba-Indiana impression Manchuria contains a greater meaning. I have used the term "Three Eastern Provinces" once before. That is the name the Chinese use to apply to the region northeast of the Great Wall, which extends in a great crescent around eastern Mongolia from the Gulf of Pei-chihli to the Amur. As that usage implies, what the world calls Manchuria is in reality three separate provinces: Hei-lungchiang, to the northwest along the Amur, with the Chinese Eastern Railway (Trans-Siberian) running along its southern borders through the capital city of Tsitsihar; Kirin Province, farther to the south and east, on the convex of the crescent, bordering eastward on northern Korea



MANCHURIA: "A COUNTRY BLESSED WITH KIAOLIANG, MILLET, AND WHEAT"
Congested freight stored at Changchun, northern terminal of the South Manchurian Railway

KOU-PANG-TZE
溝
帮
子
Гоу-БАНЬ-II

CHINESE THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS ARE MOVED ABOUT MANCHURIA LIKE FREIGHT

At every station platoons of hucksters are maintained. The signs are in Chinese, English, and Russian

and the Primorsk; and Fengtien, or Central Manchuria, southernmost, between Chihli, the capital province of China, and Korea, and running down into the tip of the Liaotung peninsula, which last district, under the terms of the Japanese lease acquired from Russia at the Peace of Portsmouth, becomes politically for the present still a fourth division. The three provinces taken together form the administrative unit of Manchuria, governed by a Viceroy whose viceregal seat is at Mukden.

In a region so large will be found a varying topography and soil and gradations of climate. The Liaotung peninsula, for example, is much more like northern Korea than its own Manchurian *hinterland*. It is a tumbled geology of stony, rain-washed hills, and in all Liaotung it is scarcely an exaggeration to say no tree grows. The lack of forestation gives the waters their way unchecked, and consequently the rainfall sluices off the stony heights of land to dig channels through the red clay and loamy slopes and valleys. Much of the Japanese Leased Territory has thus come to look like infinite beginnings of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; every water-course means a miniature cañon; nothing grows upon the hills, but in the valleys the channeled soil seems as prolific as elsewhere in Manchuria. Down at the very tip, between Dalny and Port Arthur, the sea makes in over sandy marshes and along the estuaries left bare at low tide, and it is here that the salt industry flourishes.

The Eastern Marches of Fengtien[1]—that region northwest of the Yalu through which Kuroki fought his way over the Motienling (Heaven-kissing pass) down into the central plains about Liaoyang—together with the eastern half of Kirin Province, form still another topographical division of Manchuria. This is a mountainous country, and one of rare beauty; vegetation is plentiful, and, although many of the highest peaks rear their summits up as barren as the Dolomites, the tops of others and all the slopes are well wooded, and the streams follow deeply defined, tree-bordered courses. Winding over the passes on the Decauville Railway from Antung to Mukden, one is continually reminded of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, with their tributary ranges; the contours are the same, the soil and vegetation very similar. Northern Kirin and northwestern Heilungkiang are also mountainous, not unlike the lower levels of the Canadian Rockies. Central Heilungkiang, from Tsitsihar north to the Amur, is a rolling, hilly country, a great majority of it still unredeemed for agri-

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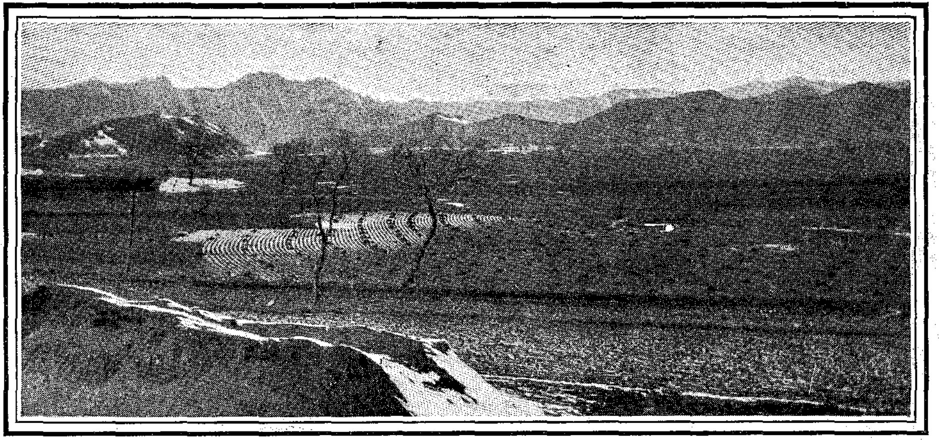
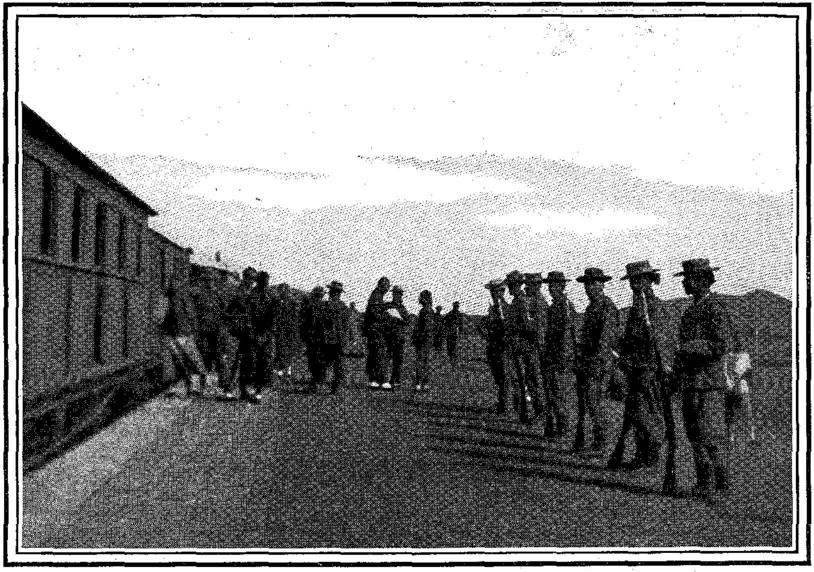
[1] Pronounced "Fung-tien."



A VIEW FROM THE CAR WINDOW

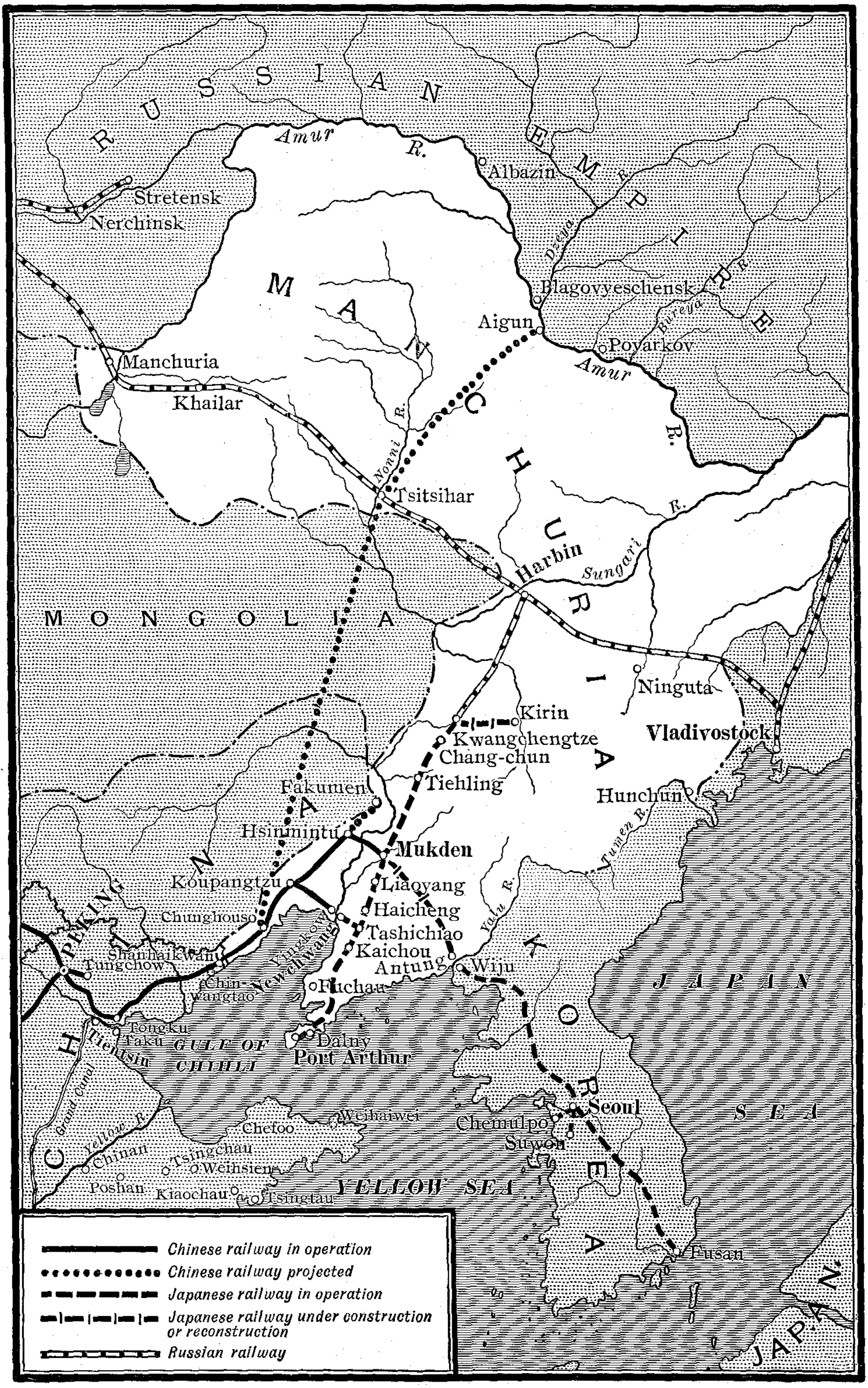
The farmers trace with their prehistoric wooden plows "furrows as exact as a geometrical design or the strands in watered silk"



HOW THE CHINESE POLICE THE RAILWAY LINES OF MANCHURIA

"THE PACIFIC PENETRATOR"

Peking-Mukden line—"a roadbed as level and firm as the Pennsylvania tracks"


RUSSIAN EMPIRE
Amur R.
Albazin
Stretensk
Nerchinsk
Dzeya R.
Blagovyeschensk
Bureya R.
Aigun
Poyarkov
Amur R.
MANCHURIA
Manchuria
Khailar
Nonni R.
Tsitsihar
Harbin
Sungari
R.
MONGOLIA
Ninguta
Kirin
Kwangchengtze
Chang-chun
Vladivostock
Tiehling
Hunchun
Fakumen
Hsinmintu
Mukden
Tumen R.
Koupangtzu
Liaoyang
Haicheng
Chunghouso
Tashichiao
Yingkow
Newchwang
Kaichou
Yalu R.
Antung
Wiju
Shanhaikwan
PEKING
Tungchow
Chin-wangtao
Fuchau
JAPAN SEA
Tongku
Taku
Tientsin
GULF OF CHIHLI
Dalny
Port Arthur
KOREA
Seoul
Chemulpo
Suwon
CHINA
Grand Canal
Yellow R.
Chefoo
Weihaiwei
Chinan
Tsingchau
Weihsien
Poshan
Kiaochau
Tsingtau
YELLOW SEA
Fusan
JAPAN
Chinese railway in operation
Chinese railway projected
Japanese railway in operation
Japanese railway under construction or reconstruction
Russian railway

MANCHURIA AND HER RAILWAYS

cultural purposes, although Mongolian shepherds and herdsmen find good pasture for their flocks and cattle in the lowlands and along the lower slopes of the hills.

The three Manchurian provinces, Fengtien, Kirin, and Heilungkiang, contain respectively 60,000, 110,000, and 190,000 square miles, an area collectively larger than that of all the New England, Middle, and South Atlantic States, from Maine to Georgia.[1] Fengtien, the southernmost province (omitting the Japanese Leased Territory), is the best settled and most fully developed of the three, with a population of about 8,000,000, Kirin having but 4,000,000 and Heilungkiang only 1,500,000 inhabitants—a total population of 13,000,000. Taking the neighboring provinces of Chihli and Shantung as a basis of comparison, this region should be capable ultimately of supporting at least 130,000,000 persons.

Over the face of the country swarms the ant-like activity of its people; in the hills and on the plains busy and silent; in late harvest time most visible, when against dead browns of corrugated fields the dark-blue piece-goods stand out very plainly miles away. In China every one works, including father, and, watching that wonderful and ceaseless industry, so effective and contented, the perfect sowing and the perfect harvest, one is moved to question Western labor-saving devices. Would the introduction of agricultural machinery prove a positive benefit to these people? It cannot make the land more productive. May it not rather dislocate a fixed order of society and send legions of contented tillers of the soil to make a discontented army of the unemployed? Labor-saving devices in agriculture are suitable to great tracts sparsely populated, as, for instance, North Manchuria, eastern Siberia, and the grain-fields of Canada. Production in South Manchuria must be near a maximum, but with the existing population swelled by yearly migrations from Shantung and Chihli, employment is provided for every one, and generation after generation has developed a familiarity with conditions and methods which amounts to a science. No farmers in the world trace more perfect furrows than those of Manchuria, miles in length, exact as a geometrical design or the strands in watered silk, yet made with a little wooden plow drawn by every possible combination of biped and quadruped that the farm affords. The speed of the gleaning seems almost miraculous. The last week in September I traveled from Mukden to Peking through some six hundred miles of Chinese harvest, the train moving all day long in the midst of endless armies of brown sheaves. Exactly one week later I retraced the same path, to find the fields freshly plowed and bare—in one week, over an enormous territory, from sheaves to empty, recultivated fields.

When one considers that only the south-western, central southern, and eastern portions of Manchuria are at present under cultivation, the agricultural wealth of the viceroyalty is particularly impressive. The annual grain production is roughly valued at $40,000,000 gold, a conservative estimate. In this connection the following extract, quoted from the most recent report of the Imperial Maritime Customs, provides immediate and emphatic corroboration. The figures are published in Haikwan (customs) taels, quoted on exchange at 65 cents United States currency:

> The splendid harvests of Manchuria in 1908 are variously reported as "twelve-tenths" or 20 per cent above a full crop, and as 20 per cent above the average. It is in this part of the Empire that trade is at once most flourishing for the moment and most promising as regards the immediate future. The progress made in Manchuria from 1906, when Newchwang was still its only port, to 1908, when the ports of Antung, Tatungkow, and Dairen, and the frontier stations of Manchouli and Suifenho, under Harbin, had been added, is illustrated by the following figures:

	1906 Hk. tls.	1907 Hk. tls.	1998 Hk. tls.
Net foreign imports...	13,720,743	30,040,212	42,118,568
Net native imports...	15,971,046	6,740,288	8,550,701
Exports..............	14,790,212	26,657,663	45,143,358
Total Hk. tls...	44,482,001	63,438,163	95,812,627

The total trade through the open ports, then, valued at $62,278,207.55 gold, must be taken as a low minimum estimate of the

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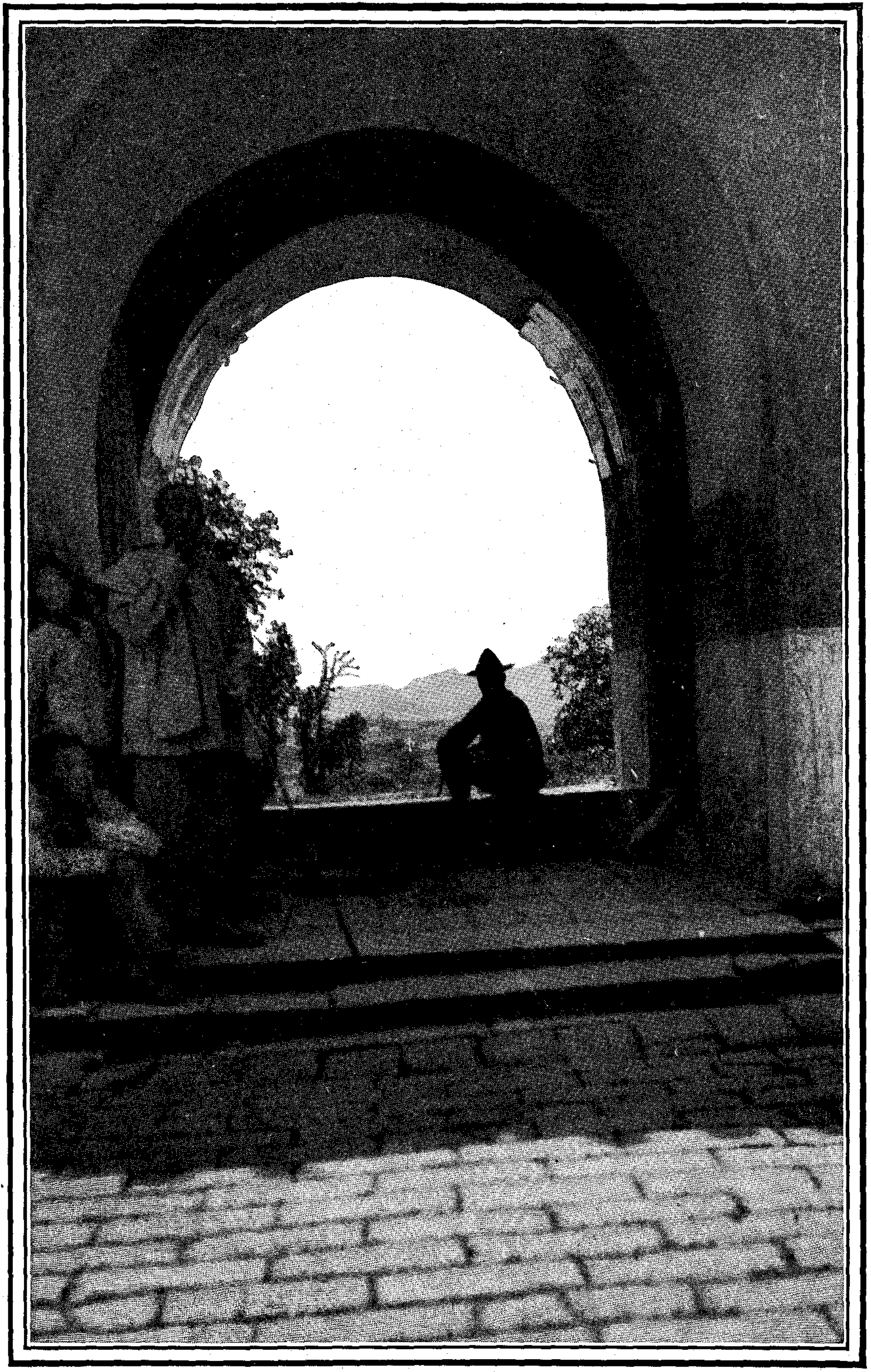
[1] (1) Manchuria, 360,000 square miles.

(2)

Maine..............	33,040	New Jersey	7,815
New Hampshire	9,305	Delaware.......	2,050
Vermont........	9.565	Indiana.........	12,210
Massachusetts...	8,315	Virginia........	42,450
Rhode Island...	1,250	West Virginia..	24,780
New York.......	49,170	No. Carolina....	52,250
Pennsylvania...	45,215	Georgia.........	59,475
Total square miles....................			356,890



"THE OPEN DOOR"

actual productive wealth of the three provinces, since the Imperial Maritime Customs figures above quoted are based only upon trade through the open ports over which it has jurisdiction. An estimate to include the frontier trade with the Russian Far East, together with the extensive overland traffic between Manchuria and China proper and Mongolia, which never touches the customs ports, and is only subject to *likin* (Chinese local interior tax), would greatly increase the export valuation. And it must always be remembered that this is a territory which has been since 1900 handicapped by the Boxer uprising, the Russian occupation, and the Russo-Japanese War.

Coal is abundant, and is being mined to some extent by the Japanese and the natives. Other minerals have as yet been mined only in a small way, and the possibilities of their wealth can only be conjectured. Gold is found along the rivers in many parts of Manchuria. Copper and silver mines have been roughly worked by the Chinese since the earliest times.

If the introduction of European farming implements and methods into this region may be questioned, in other ways many Occidental inventions have become established in Manchuria, to the commercial advantage of its people. It is all a matter of the past twelve or fourteen years. Manchuria in 1896 was still the land of Ghenghis Khan, but now it has caught up the centuries all in a breath; in the north it is Russified, in the south Japanned, here and there Europeanized; on a Sungari River boat a phonograph utters profane Sousa marches and coon songs; the magistrate of some rural *chow* (village) or *fu* (town) has a Waltham watch which chimes the hours equally profanely.

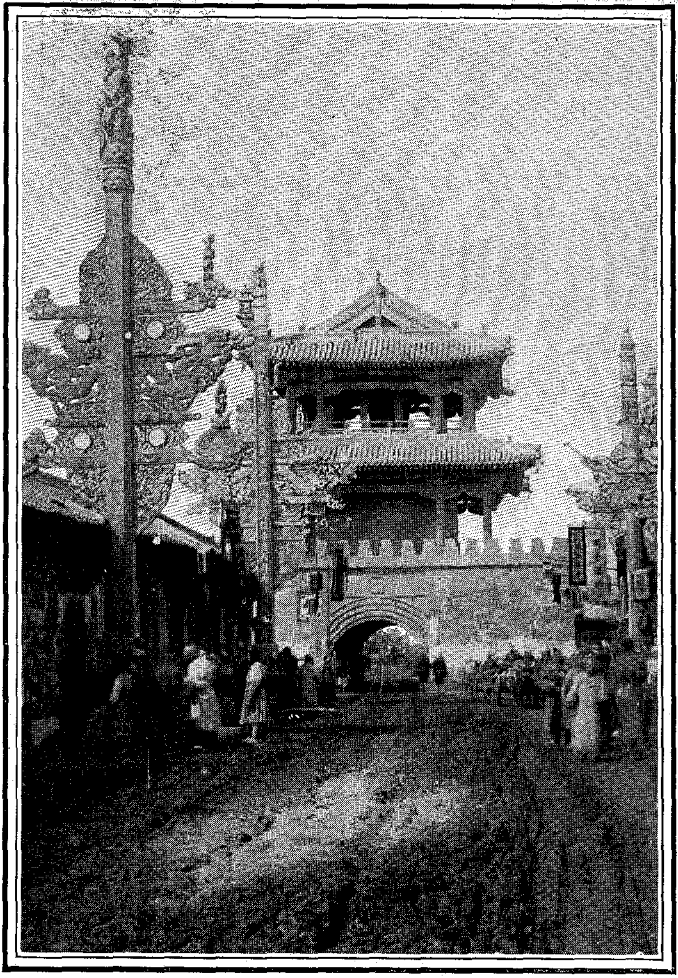
First of all in the Westernizing process come the railways. That section of track which the Japanese so hurriedly knocked together for military purposes in the last months of the war to connect Mukden westward with Hsinminfu has now been bought by the Chinese, and forms the present northern terminal division of the Imperial Railways of North China. A huge steel bridge across the Liao, which has been two years in construction, is now completed, and the entire branch line has lately been ballasted and graded to conform to the high standard of the Imperial Railways. Buffet cars now come through to Mukden from Peking and Tientsin, and as you sit in a comfortable chair at a well-laid tiffin table, rolling smoothly along over a roadbed as level and firm as the Pennsylvania tracks, it is difficult to imagine you are in the "wilds of Manchuria."

This long "pacific penetrator," bringing with it the attendant civilizing forces which follow railways, runs up six hundred miles into Manchuria from the capital, connecting the northern provinces with the Peking-Hankow line to the Yangtse, and at Tientsin with the various steamship lines to Japan, Korea, and South China. By the spring of 1911 the British-German syndicate will have completed its new railway, for which the concession was obtained in the spring of 1908, joining Tientsin to the lower Yangtse at Pukow, directly opposite Nanking. At the probable expense of Tientsin this new artery will bring within easy reach of foreign trade the year round at an ice-free port all the products of the northern provinces.

From Dalny, down in the tip of the Liaotung peninsula, the Japanese South Manchurian Railway runs up to meet the Chinese line at Mukden, although a connection is also made a hundred miles farther south through Newchwang at the head of the Gulf of Peichihli, each railway running a transverse branch line across to meet at that point.

A look at the outline map printed with this article will indicate the two railway systems, Japanese and Chinese, as a rough ladder reaching northeastward into Manchuria. The base of the ladder is provided by the two points Shanhaikwan and Dalny, the former the starting-point of the Imperial Railways outside the wall, the latter the southern commercial terminus of the South Manchurian Railway. Two rungs join the sides of this ladder, the more southern running across from Koupangtzu, on the Chinese line, to Yinkow, and from Newchwang to Tashichiao, on the Japanese railway; the northern, from Hsinminfu to Mukden. The sides of this two-rung ladder converge gradually from its base to the top rung. The line of the proposed British-Chinese extension would have continued this convergence slightly, bringing Fakumen two or three miles nearer Japanese rails than Hsinminfu is from Mukden, but this extension has been abandoned by the Chinese in their most recent agreement of September, 1909, with Japan.

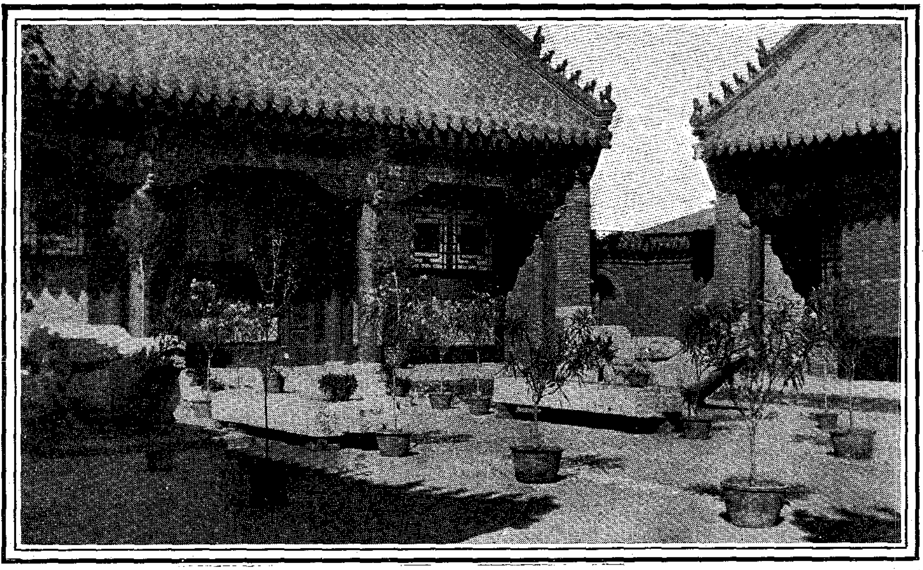
After laboring under many difficulties since the war, the Japanese have at last standardized their line through to its present terminus at Changchun, one hundred and sixty miles north of Mukden. The old narrow-gauge, third-hand rolling stock has been retired to Japan—and, it is fervently hoped, to its long home—and now handsome trains of American coaches and Pullmans, drawn by Baldwin locomotives, are rapidly wiping out the reproach of the old régime, when, under military management, travelers on the South Manchuria Railway were treated more like cattle than human beings. At Kwangchengtzu, the Russian branch of the Trans-Siberian, all that is now left to them of the line they built to Port Arthur connects South and Central Manchuria with the great Siberian system at Harbin.



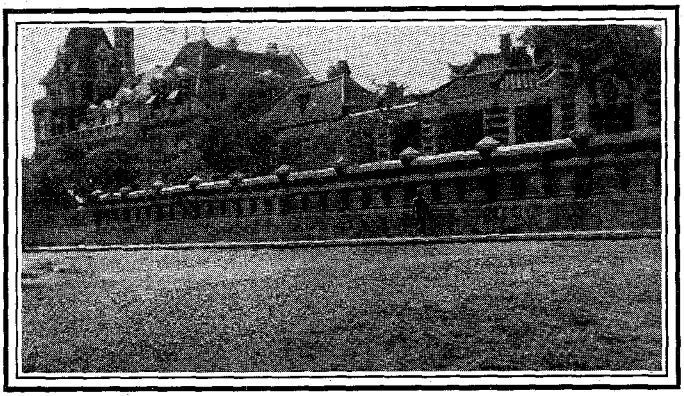
THE MAIN STREET OF MUKDEN IN 1905

To-day the same street is macadamized. The Chinese decorative poles at the left have made way for the modern advertising bills that are pasted on the walls of the town

Again the map makes clear a striking and memorable figure. The South Manchurian Railway forms by its transverse juncture with the Russian line a great cross. Along each line for a distance of a few miles both sides of the track extend the so-called "zones" of railway jurisdic-



COMPOUND OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE-GENERAL AT MUKDEN



ALEXIEF'S MANSION AT DALNY, NOW OCCUPIED BY OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY

tion. Throughout these two long strips of territory, with the steel rails as spines, Russia and Japan exercise rights of control and development amounting to practical sovereignty. These zones broaden the beams of the cross upon which Manchuria is crucified.

In addition to the three main trunk roads (Chinese, Japanese, and Russian) branch lines are beginning to sprout. The Imperial Railways have already built some sixty miles of such feeders, and during the past few months engineering work has been going forward on the important branch line—a joint Chinese-Japanese project—connecting Kwangchengtzu eastward with Kirin, on the river Sungari, the capital of the province of the same name. Mention should also be made of the little ultra narrow-gauge Decauville Railway—a relic of the war—running across the mountains from Antung, on the Yalu, to Mukden, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. In 1904 it insured Japanese success by feeding Kuroki's hurrying armies, and now it is to be converted into a standard line of great commercial value, linking the northern terminus of the Korean railways at Wiju, on the Yalu River, with the great railway junction and distributing center which Mukden has now become.

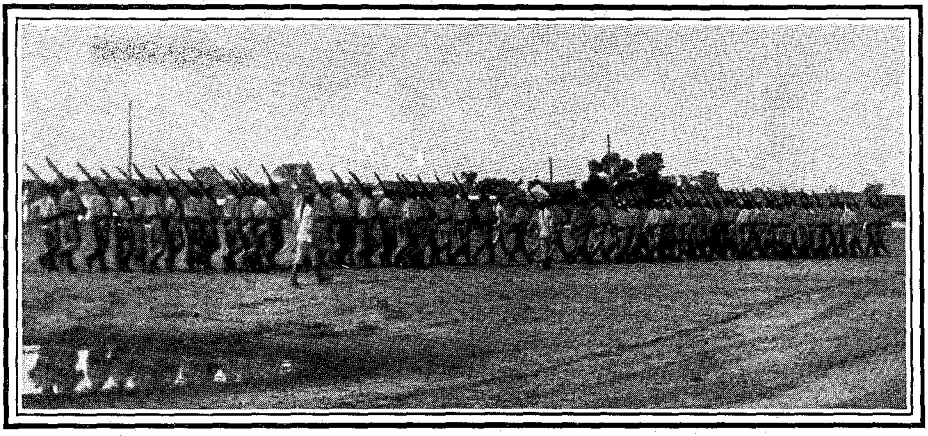
In their yards and shops at Tongshan, near Tientsin, the Chinese, under the direction of British engineers, have for the past few years been building their own rolling stock and locomotives. They have recently completely the construction of two trains *de luxe* for a new service inaugurated during the past summer, by which the journey from Peking to Harbin, formerly requiring four days with a stop overnight at the Great Wall, is now reduced to thirty-six hours. This change, together with projected improvements on the Trans-Siberian, will make it possible in 1910 to reach London from Peking in less than a fortnight.

The traffic on the railways of Manchuria is enormous. First and second class carriages are always comfortably filled and the goods trains always heavily laden, but the most impressive transportation sight is the human freight in the Chinese third-class. Jammed into open or roofed-over box cars without seats, oftentimes literally spilling over the sides or through the windows, this class of freight, paying one-third first-class tariff, is moved about North China actually by the thousands of tons. Every train as it passes seems one expansive, quizzical Celestial face. Whence they come and whither they go no man knoweth. But there is no panic among them, no dismay. They travel very easily and with that same content which marks them in their native fields. Somehow their children do not cry, and it seems that the one absorbing interest in life for young and old is

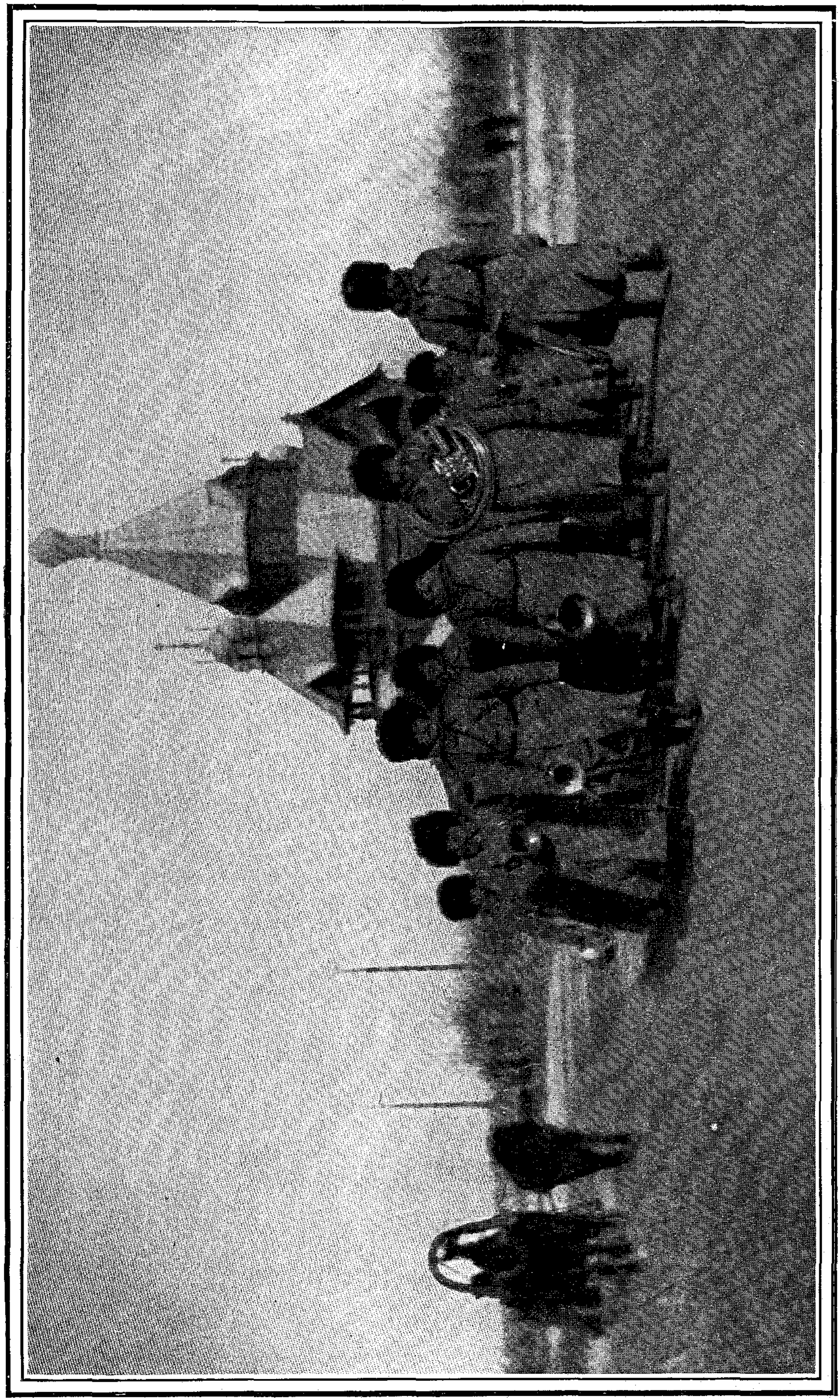
> " For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide."

Nor are these herded thousands destitute or in distress. There is no visible disease, their clothes are, as a rule, fairly clean, and they have money to spend. Over the sides of their cattle cars at every station their small coins flow, maintaining platoons of hucksters and venders of things to eat and drink which only a Chinaman could consume and survive.

With the exception of Kirin, the railways reach all of the chief cities of Manchuria: Mukden, Harbin, Dalny, Newchwang, Tsitsihar, Liaoyang, and Kwangchengtzu. The country places still remain much as they have been probably for thousands of years, but in the cities reached by the railways may be seen unmistakable signs of the new Manchuria. Dalny has now become a Japanese city, Harbin is a bit of European Russia set down bodily in the midst of China, but the other cities are still in character Chinese. In some of them macadamized streets are taking the place of the ditches, in the dry times columns of dust, and in wet weather quagmires of black mud and other ingredients. European shop fronts with plate-glass windows display goods of European and American manufacture side by side with Chinese and Japanese products. After sundown electricity or Standard Oil gives a brilliance and life to old cities which used to fold their wings at nightfall. Telegraph lines were in use before the war, and stations since then have multiplied, taking together the Russian and Japanese zones and Chinese territory outside. Now local telephone service has been installed in the chief Manchurian cities, and you



MANCHURIAN RECRUITS DRILLING ON THE PARADE GROUND AT MUKDEN



RUSSIAN MANCHURIA. A COSSACK BAND IN THE STREETS OF HARBIN may order your coal and groceries, make and avoid engagements, or keep track of trains at the station over the 'phone. You may, but you generally do not. Even an emphatic convenience makes headway slowly against old customs, and you continue to send your boy or coolie with a *chit*, which is always cheaper and generally quicker.

With great strides the changes come. Three years ago the European traveler in Manchuria either imposed upon his consul or, if of heroic mold, took chances in the Chinese and Japanese hostelries, the only alternative being the open sky. Now Mukden has its "Astor House," Harbin a "hotel" truly "Imperial" by contrast with the old order, and at Dalny, Liaoyang, Mukden, and Kwangchengtzu, the South Manchurian Railway Company has established a system of hotels under its own management which are really models of neatness, comfort, and efficient service.

The long three-mile boulevard from the railway to Mukden city walls is now much shortened by a tramway which spoils the beauty of the thoroughfare but pays dividends to a joint Japanese-Chinese stock company. Furry Mongolian ponies are the present motive power, but the line is shortly to be electrified. Half-way up to the city, in front of the German and American Consulates, you pass a new park with graded walks, flower-plots, a fish-pond, and a band-stand. Streets in the principal Chinese cities are well policed by gendarmerie with long black wand-like clubs, which at night they exchange in some districts for rifles. In the zones of Russian or Japanese domination the police are soldiers from line regiments, always armed with rifles. They have their quarters near the stations, ride upon the trains and inspect them and control the adjoining railway settlements. A year ago the arrival and departure of trains at stations along these lines was more of a military than a civil function. In appearance it is much the same on the Imperial Railways also, where a detachment of imperturbable Chinese guards present arms at every station, but generally subside into citizenship between train times.

The political situation in Manchuria to-day cannot properly form part of an article such as the present. It is in itself a subject of the greatest importance to China and to all the Powers enjoying concessions or treaty rights in China, and it is a subject of such magnitude and complexity that merely a superficial glance would far exceed the limits of this paper or destroy its proportion. It remains merely to indicate in a few words a bare outline. Manchuria provides a political problem the factors of which are China's relations regarding that territory with (1) Japan, (2) Russia, and (3) all other Powers; and, finally, (4) the relations of Manchuria between these various Powers.

Russo-Chinese relations now cluster about the municipal administration of Harbin, upon the final definition and understanding of which depend their respective rights of sovereignty and possession in North Manchuria. Russia, through the agency of the Trans-Siberian (Chinese Eastern) Railway, has attempted to establish a form of city government founded upon premises amounting to Russian sovereignty. Whether or not Russia shall administrate this and other municipalities included in the railway zone, without regard to Chinese sovereignty or the treaty rights of other nationals resident therein, is a matter which has remained undecided since the Peace of Portsmouth. Chiefly owing to representations made by the American Government, the city of Harbin is still nominally a treaty port, opened by China as a place of international residence and trade.

Japan's position *vis à vis* China in South Manchuria, outside the Leased Territory, is very similar to that already indicated at Harbin. The two assumptions are mutually self-supporting, and either would probably be affected by the modification of the other. Practically all of the outstanding Manchurian questions which have troubled the relations between China and Japan during the past four years have now been adjusted to the mutual satisfaction, as stated, of the two parties by the convention concluded September 4 at Peking. The terms of this convention have been so often and so recently reviewed in the daily press as hardly to require repetition. The most important settlements were (*a*) the Chientao Boundary, by which China retains title to a large and valuable territory on the northwestern border of Korea;

(*b*) the acquisition of many valuable mining concessions in Manchuria; and (*c*) the abandonment by China of her asserted right to extend the Imperial Railways northward from Hsinminfu to Fakumen, parallel to the South Manchurian Railway.

Russia, France, and England have each entered into plighted agreements with Japan, the terms of which expressly and emphatically reiterate the pledge contained in the Peace of Portsmouth, that the door into Manchuria shall remain open and that commercial opportunities in that country shall be equal and open to all foreign competition. By an interchange of notes between Secretary Root and Ambassador Takahira at Washington, in November, 1908, Japan further agreed mutually with this nation that neither should take steps toward the modification of its policy as regarded Manchuria without consulting or advising the other. The said interchange of notes was also made the occasion for mutual reassurance as to the "open door" and equal opportunity.

And yet, after all the treaties and the notes and the lapse of years, the definition of the "open door" does not seem identical in all languages.

Sometimes it seems as though a celestial committee of arrangements had set a scene, placed therein an unmistakably appropriate set of nature's properties, and used mankind and all his works as the dumb show in their divine morality. And so on an October late afternoon we ride out north of Mukden, across a few miles of rolling downs, to the Peiling (Northern Tombs), where lies buried the Emperor Taitsun, son of Nurhatchu, who founded the Manchu line. The Tombs are deeply hidden in a sacred forest of pines. In October the thrifty Chinese husbandry has garnered for fuel or thatch or fodder every leaf and fallen twig, cut and raked all the tangle of dead weeds and flowers and vines, so that we ride under a canopy of branches between the boles of the trees and down the glades they form over an autumn forest carpet, clean and crisp as a manorial park.

In the midst, out of the deep-green frame of the pines, rise the memorial pavilions, golden-yellow roofed, surrounded by a red turreted wall, in the southern face of which a marble *peilov* lifts its white traceries against sky and trees. Sleepy-faced Banner men guide us down long vistas checkered by slanting afternoon shadows to Titanic gates, opened by small silver coins and ponderous brass keys, in the order named. Other custodians gather, velvet-footed, inscrutable-eyed, with their deep-throated Manchu as to whence we come and whither we go, and why. When satisfied, they follow mutely, men of five hundred years ago, and we become aware of the brooding silence of the place. Little bells on the pagoda eaves tinkle faintly. Overhead an evening wind makes music in the pine branches, singing to sleep the old Emperor Taitsun.

The spell is on us as we get our ponies and start to ride back again; back from the forest of enchantment, out of this Chinese Mabinogion, across the downs which dip like long, low waves at sea with unsuspected hollows, to the old gray city walls. And the *motif* changes acutely. The Russian Vice-Consul, in his drosky, rattles down the road we cross, two Cossacks cantering behind. What has seemed for some moments a small sham battle in the distance resolves itself, once we have cleared the trees, into a group of Japanese sportsmen after snipe along the marshes. Out to the left, coming in on a converging line, we make out the unmistakable figure of the German Consul mounted on his big black Russian horse; we answer his far-off English "Hello!" and the shouts of his companions, the British Imperial Postal Commissioner and an Austrian attaché from Peking. Against the darkening sky-line, along the level of its high embankment, moves the slowly crawling silhouette of a north-bound freight train on the South Manchurian Railway, and as we pull up our ponies to cross the tracks, electric lights in the railway settlement and up the long boulevard to the west gate glitter out sharply, and we hear the urban roll and tinkle of tramway wheels and bells.

Over the mute city of Chinese graves, outside the walls of the living town, flocks of crows innumerable come wheeling home in black squadrons to roost in the old temple trees with discordant cries for the days that are no more.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE MEMBERS

Edwin Austin Abbey
Charles Francis Adams
Henry Adams
John Bigelow
Edwin Howland Blashfield
William Crary Brownell
John Burroughs
George Washington Cable
George Whitfield Chadwick
William Merritt Chase
Samuel Langhorne Clemens
Kenyon Cox
Henry van Dyke
Daniel Chester French
Horace Howard Furness
Richard Watson Gilder
Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve
Arthur Twining Hadley
Thomas Hastings
Thomas Wentworth Higginson
Winslow Homer
Julia Ward Howe
William Dean Howells
Henry James
Robert Underwood Johnson
John La Farge
Henry Cabot Lodge
Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
Hamilton Wright Mabie
Alfred Thayer Mahan
Brander Matthews
William Vaughn Moody
John Muir
Thomas Nelson Page
Horatio William Parker
James Ford Rhodes
Theodore Roosevelt
John Singer Sargent
William Milligan Sloane
Francis Hopkinson Smith
Abbott Handerson Thayer
Elihu Vedder
John Quincy Adams Ward
Andrew Dickson White
Woodrow Wilson
George Edward Woodberry

Deceased

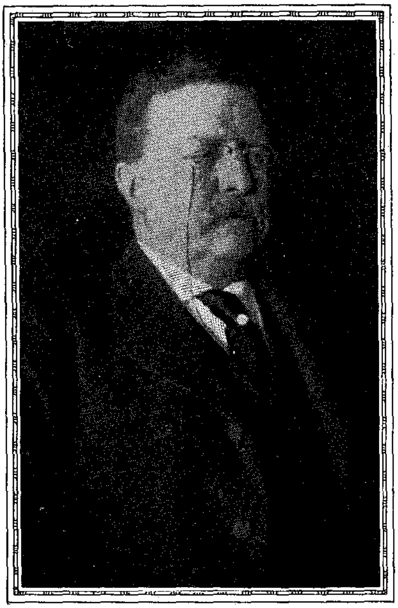
Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Francis Marion Crawford
Daniel Coit Gilman
Edward Everett Hale
Joel Chandler Harris
John Hay
Bronson Howard
Joseph Jefferson
Henry Carey Lea
Edward MacDowell
Charles Follen McKim
Donald Grant Mitchell
Charles Eliot Norton
Augustus Saint-Gaudens
Carl Schurz
Edmund Clarence Stedman

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MORE than once has it been pointed out as an interesting fact that the only two institutions of monarchical France which survive to-day with undiminished prestige are the Comédie Française (consolidated by Louis XIV in 1680) and the Académie Française (established by Richelieu under Louis XIII in 1635). Both of these were originally private enterprises, after a while taken over by the Government. The French Academy was intended by Richelieu to be the guardian of the French language and of French literature, to be a high court of letters for France and, as far as possible, for all Europe. Sainte-Beuve declared that it was "a sovereign organ of opinion" in that it had upheld the standard of taste and of scholarship. Renan asserted that it had always done its best to create "a form of intellectual culture which shall impose itself on all around." It has generally gathered to itself a large majority of the chiefs of French literature, and all French men of letters feel that election to its membership is the final reward of accomplishment. It is now, as it always has been, a most efficient instrument for preserving the loftier ideals of literature. Owing in some measure to the high eminence of the French Academy, there have been organized in France the four other academies which combine with it in what is known as the Institut de France—namely, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts, and, finally, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

The stimulating effect of the French Academy and of the other French academies which make up the Institut de France has been so obvious that other countries have been moved to organize similar associations. Academies closely akin in character to the French Academy exist in many of the countries of Continental Europe. Matthew Arnold, fifty years ago, in his suggestive paper on the "Literary Influence of Academies," expressed a hope that a body of this sort might be organized in England, and this hope has recently been fulfilled by the foundation of the British Academy. As a general rule these European academies have been established by royal edict, and they are under the protection and guardianship of the government. This is not our American way of doing things; and therefore the difficulty of starting any academy here in the United States was greatly increased. We have here no autocrat like Richelieu or Louis XIV; and it would seem to us foreign to the function of the Government for the Nation to undertake the founding of anything like an academy. We prefer to see things of this sort left to private initiative. Fortunately, however, there was an American precedent; the National Academy of Sciences was at first a voluntary organization of certain scientific men of the United States, a private body of scientists, which received in 1863 a formal act of incorporation from Congress. This act limited the National Academy of Sciences to fifty



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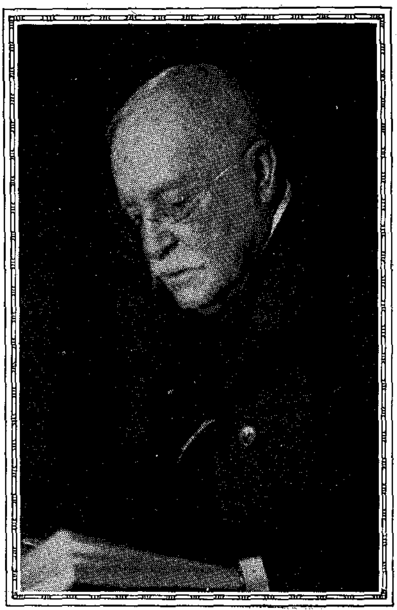
THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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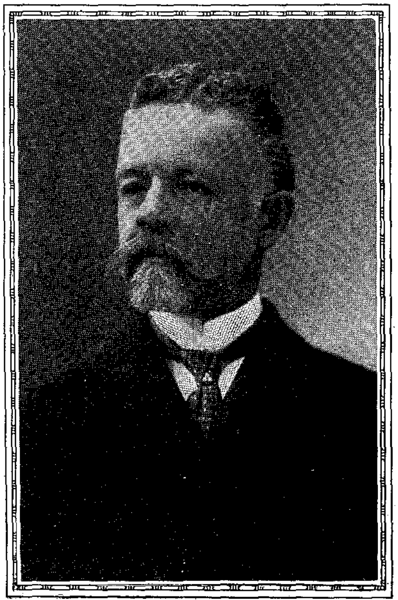
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



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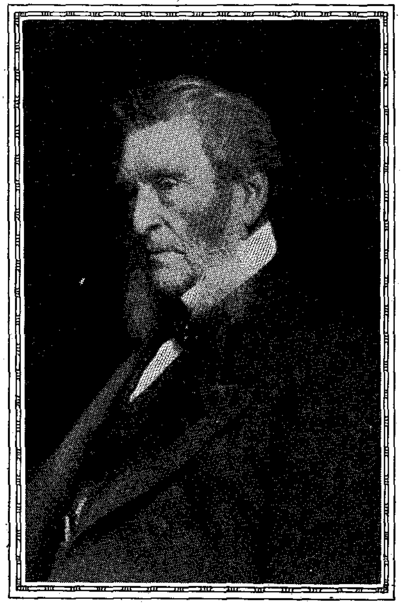

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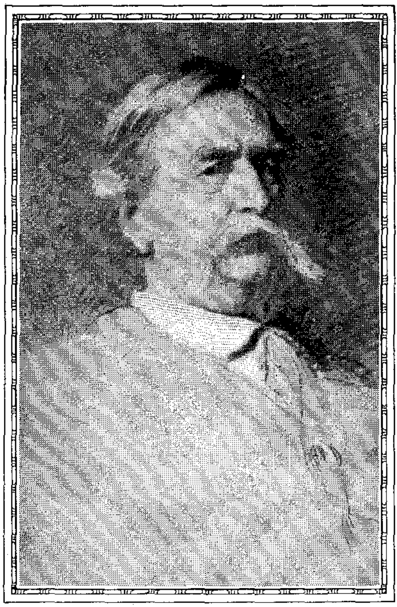
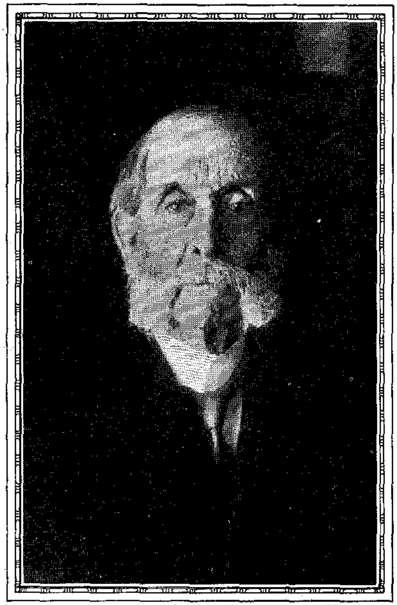


ELIHU VEDDER



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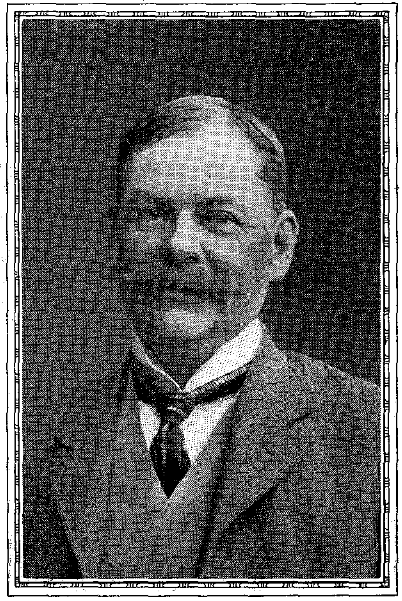
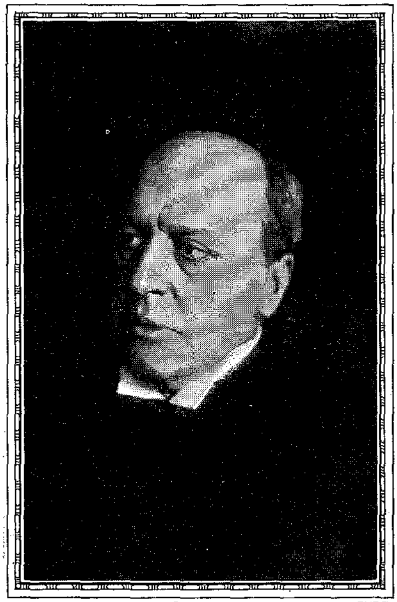
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON



THOMAS NELSON PAGE



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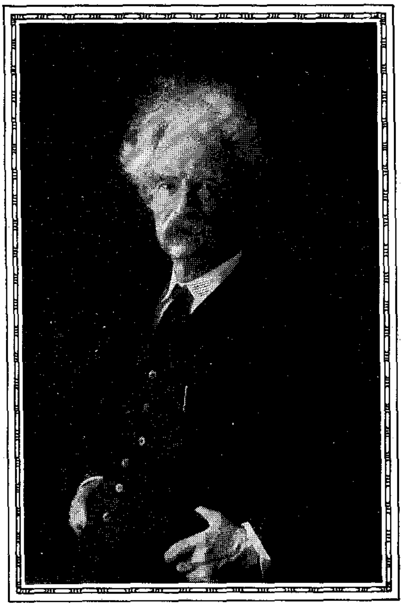

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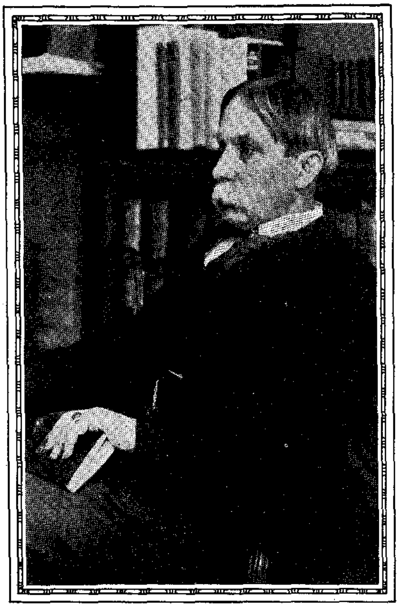

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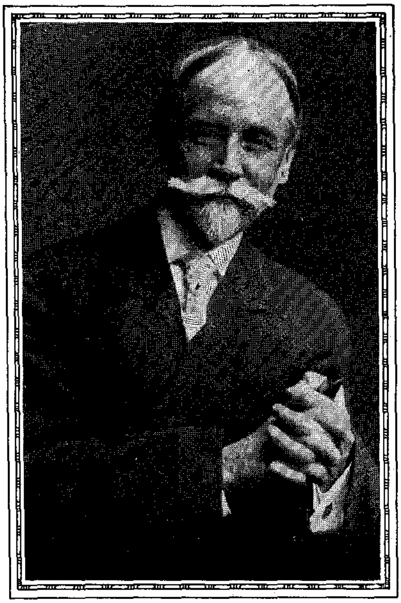
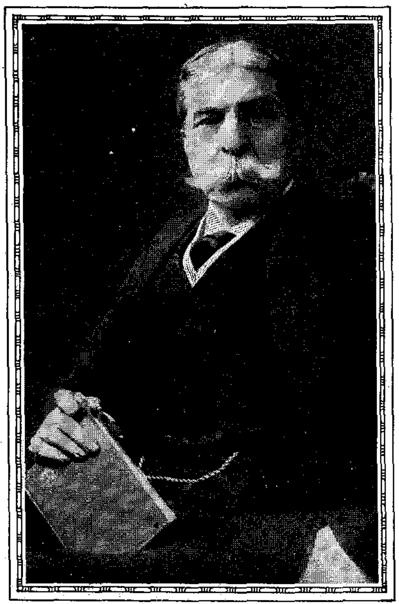


GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER CHICKERING

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

members, and declared that "the Academy shall, whenever called upon by any Department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment, and report upon any subject of science or art." And as a consequence of this charter the National Academy of Sciences makes an annual report to the President of the Senate.

The initial difficulty of organizing a corresponding body which should represent literature, music, and the fine arts with the same authority that the National Academy represents the several sciences lay in discovering some method by which there might be selected a small body of men of an undeniable distinction to whom could be intrusted the duty of enlarging their number by choosing fit associates. As a preliminary step to the selection of this germinating nucleus of a future Academy of Arts and Letters the American Social Science Association, at its annual meeting in 1898, nominated a small group of authors and artists to constitute a National Institute of Arts and Letters. The qualification for membership in this body was stated to be "notable achievement in art, music, and literature," and the membership was limited at first to one hundred and fifty and afterward to two hundred and fifty. The Institute slowly enlarged its membership until it had gathered to itself a large proportion of the chief authors and artists of the United States; and then it declared its purpose of proceeding to the organization of an Academy of Arts and Letters, the members of which should be chosen from the membership of the Institute.

It solved the difficulty of bestowing at the start upon the proposed Academy a high standard by limiting the number of the original members of this body to seven, and providing for a progressive responsibility in the choice of those to be elected later. The majority of the Institute believed that any seven men thus chosen by ballot would certainly be the leaders of their several arts. And this belief was found to be justified when the vote was taken. The first seven members of the proposed American Academy of Arts and Letters were thus selected in 1904; they were: William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John La Farge, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, John Hay, and Edward MacDowell. These seven original members were empowered immediately to elect eight more; and thereupon they chose Henry James, Charles Follen McKim, Henry Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, J. Q. A. Ward, T. R. Lounsbury, Theodore Roosevelt, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. These fifteen then proceeded to elect five more—Joseph Jefferson, John S. Sargent, R. W. Gilder, H. H. Furness, and John Bigelow. And these twenty representatives of literature and music, painting, architecture, and sculpture, then adjoined to themselves ten more, raising the membership to thirty. These new members were: Winslow Homer, Carl Schurz, A. T. Mahan, Joel Chandler Harris, D. C. French, John Burroughs, J. F. Rhodes, E. A. Abbey, Horatio W. Parker, and William M. Sloane.

Thus definitely in existence with thirty members carefully chosen by this selective process, the American Academy of Arts and Letters adopted a constitution, in which it declared that its aim was "to represent and further the interests of the fine arts and of literature." It established fifty as the limit of its membership; and here it may be pointed out that this is a comparatively small number when we consider that the United States has twice the population of France and that the American Academy of Arts and Letters is to represent not only literature but also music and the fine arts, whereas the French Academy, which has a membership of forty, was intended to represent literature only. Elections have taken place at intervals during the past five years, first to enlarge the membership from thirty to fifty, and then to fill the vacancies which have been caused by death. There are still several vacancies to be filled to make up the full membership of fifty. As now constituted, the Academy has chosen to membership one architect, two composers, two sculptors, eight painters, and thirty-odd men of letters.

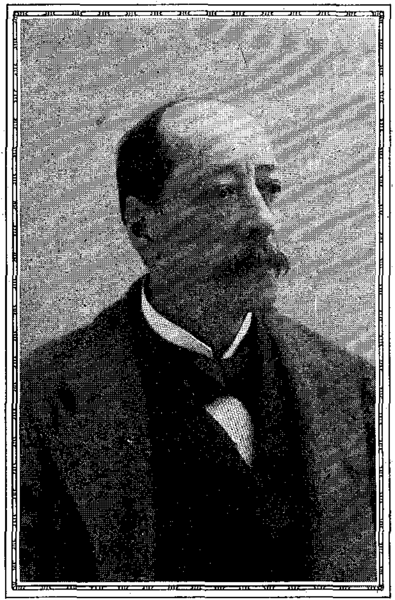
Whatever may be said of those already elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, no competent observer could deny that this membership is truly characteristic of the best that the United States has to show in poetry and in fiction, in history and in the drama, in criticism and in scholarship, in music and in architecture, in painting and in sculpture. In case any one who reads the list printed elsewhere should fail to find on it the name of one or another of the prominent artists or authors whom he may more particularly admire, it may be well to record that three men of undeniable distinction have seen fit to decline election, for reasons of their own. And no reader could fail to be struck by the high character especially of the list of deceased members, sixteen in all—T. B. Aldrich, F. Marion Crawford, D. C. Gilman, E. E. Hale, J. C. Harris, John Hay, Bronson Howard, Joseph Jefferson, Edward MacDowell, C. F. McKim, D. G. Mitchell, C. E. Norton, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Carl Schurz, and Henry C. Lea. Of a truth, these men were all of them chiefs in their several callings.

The officers of the Academy are: President, Mr. Howells; Chancellor, Professor Sloane; Permanent Secretary, Mr. Johnson; Finance Committee, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Gilder, and Professor Sloane, one of this committee serving as Treasurer.

The constitution of the American Academy of Arts and Letters requires occasional meetings for the discussion of appropriate topics, in order that its members "may be bound together in community of taste and interest." One of these meetings will be held in Washington in December, on Monday the 13th and Tuesday the 14th. President Taft has already signified his intention to give a special reception for the Academy at the White House at that time; and it is hoped that before this event the pending bill granting a charter to the American Academy of Arts and Letters will be passed by Congress.

When the American Academy of Arts and Letters shall have received its charter from the Government of the United States, its members may feel assured that it has been solidly established. What influence and what authority it may acquire in the future can be determined only by time. It will develop only in response to the demands which are made on it. Even though it may have lofty ambitions, it began modestly—as did the French Academy, which was only a private gathering of scholars and critics until Richelieu took it under his personal protection. That the American Academy of Arts and Letters should ever attain to an equality with the French Academy may be more or less unlikely, since, as Matthew Arnold declared, the French Academy is "an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking." Here in the United States our National bent is not that of the French; and perhaps it is not improper to suggest that there is all the more necessity here—or at least all the more opportunity—for a body which shall serve (to quote again from Matthew Arnold) as "a center and rallying point" of educated opinion on such matters as may be within its sphere of influence. Perhaps occasions may arise when the Government may see fit to call upon the American Academy of Arts and Letters for an expression of this educated opinion; and even if such an occasion should be delayed or should not arrive, the members will gain in wisdom by the mere fact of their association with one another and of their incorporation into a single body which has authority to speak for literature and for the fine arts.

The older members of this new company are well known to the American people, and their names may be taken as warrant for the belief that an American Academy of Arts and Letters is likely to be useful, as a guarantee against any arrogant assumption of undue authority, and also as an assurance that the Academy will be animated by a desire for service to the community in whatsoever way the demand for this service may hereafter make itself felt. At last there is in existence in these United States an organization which represents the various arts that unite to make life more interesting and better worth living—an organization which has now existed for five years, and which is justified in the belief that it is genuinely representative of these several arts. Certainly no group of authors and of artists could have been selected by any other process or united in any other way the members of which would be more likely to know from experience and from association how to advance the interests of the several arts in the interest of the whole people.



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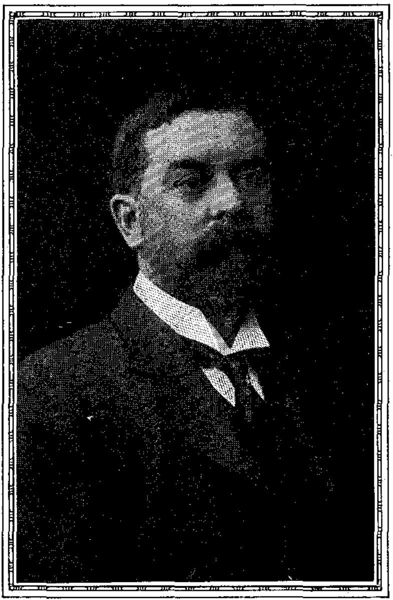

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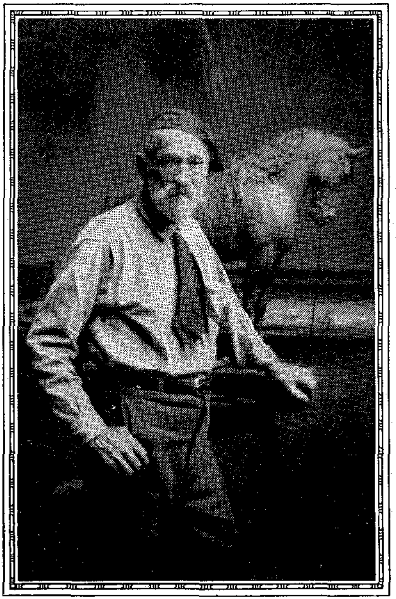

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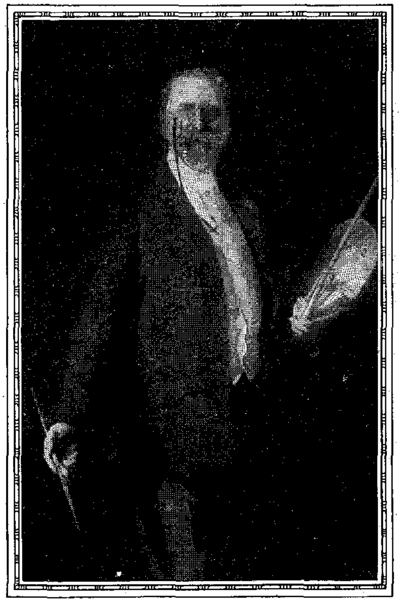

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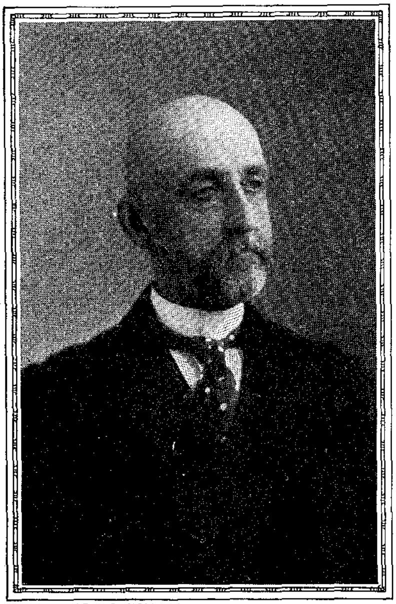

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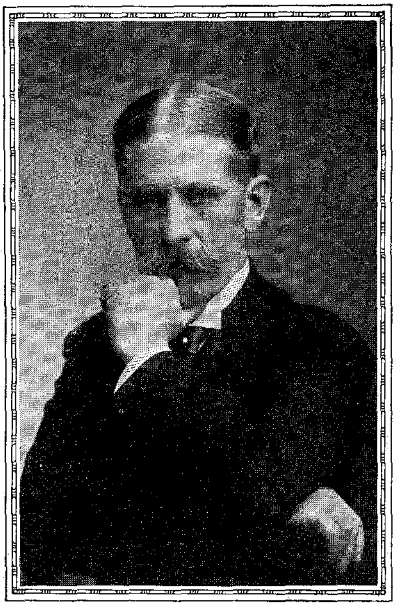

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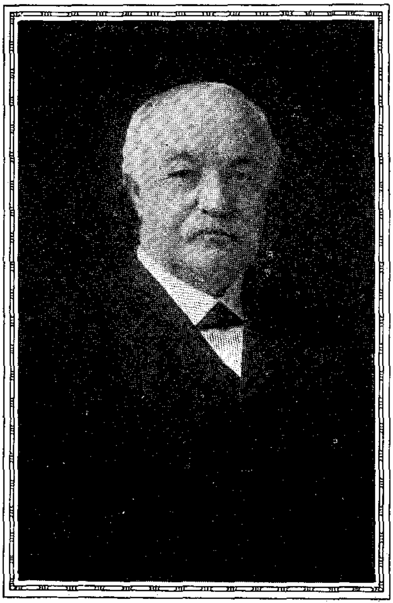

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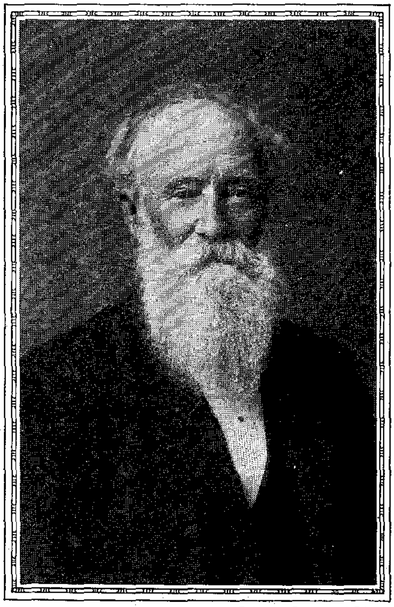

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JOHN BURROUGHS

The Proving of the Prophet

By Edwina Stanton Babcock

With Pictures by Elizabeth Howell Ingham

THE disturbance began as disturbances often begin, the result not so much of a difference of principle as of personal taste. And when one thinks of it, is not the erection of a penitentiary on the general idea of uplift through architecture a difficult feat? The misunderstandings culminated at the construction of the entrance. The Prophet, lying on his stomach for the better survey, argued in favor of a chaste Greek portico supported by four Doric columns. The Believer, her apron full of blocks, stood by demonstrating as to the beauty and solidity of the Roman arch. The Wight, lounging disconsolately around the room, looked askance upon the whole scheme. Urged to give his opinion, he refused to commit himself. "Are you," he asked, "going to have a tunnel under it? Are you going to have a fort in front of it?" Answered in the negative, the Wight signified his disapprobation. "All right for you," he said; "I won't play."

But this unlooked-for withdrawal, instead of bringing operations to a close, only served to show up the intenser responsibilities of the enterprise. Now arose the question, How about steeples on a prison? How would the prisoners take to the idea? Would they not, considering their unanimous wish to lead the higher life, yearn for surroundings ecclesiastic, aspiring, more suggestive of the things they hitherto had, as a class, entirely overlooked? More discussion, more indecision. The red tape, the entanglement of it all, fairly sickened the Wight. Steeples indeed! mere finicking! What prisoner but would scorn the attenuated optimism of steeples? What prisoner but would feel morally strengthened, the more encouraged by solid battlements, palisades, and a tunnel running under him? With the thirst for reconstruction which starts the thirst for destruction, he lurched near to the Greek portico. With a sudden sweep of his arm he leveled the outlines of the penitentiary. At the same time a blight came over his vision. "Aw," said the Wight, scornfully, "there isn't any prison; there aren't any prisoners—there isn't anything—it's only old blocks. Everything's nothing."

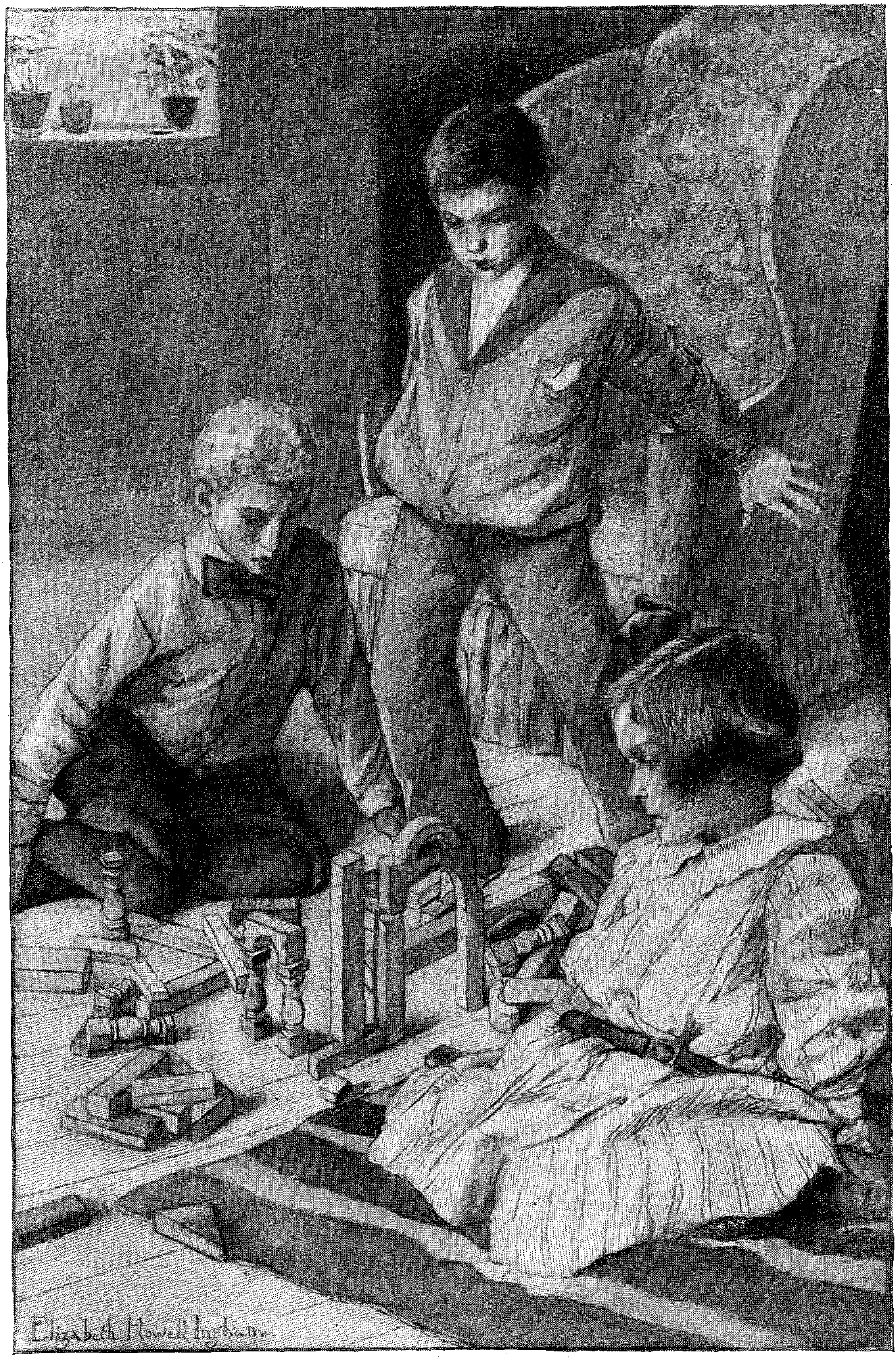
There was a desolation following in the train of this remark. Whether this desolation was real or imaginary the Prophet did not stop to see. His energies were completely paralyzed. Leaving the ruins, he sadly and gravely mounted up into the window-seat. Here, looking out of the window, his chin in his hands, he withdrew from the world. He stared gravely down at the red roof beneath the window.

But the Believer, seated by the ruins, remained to grieve. Also she reviled the weakness of the Prophet. To give it all up like this! to her the thing seemed pusillanimous. There were the blocks, there (saving the slight consideration of fleshly entity) were the prisoners; why not try again? The Believer was all woman.

"Everything's nothing," persisted the Wight, firmly, morbidly. He spoke out of such disillusionment, such *ennui*, as he alone had achieved. He rather enjoyed the arid waste of existence as his inner eye saw it. "Nothing's anything," he chanted triumphantly. The Believer turned on him.

"Nothing always is something until you go and spoil it," she accused. "It's churches, it's bird-houses, it's castles, until you call it just blocks! You're a hateful boy!"

For answer the Wight picked up a flying buttress and squared off. The Believer, seizing a steeple, also squared off. It was a red-hot moment, but it dissipated in mere steam and sputter at the cooling influence of the Prophet's voice. He was the oldest. It was his soul-harrowing task to keep peace in the nursery. Now he seized upon the nearest suggestion that, as he sat in the window-seat astride of a


Elizabeth Howell Ingham

"AW," SAID THE WIGHT, "THERE ISN'T ANY PRISON. THERE AREN'T ANY PRISONERS —THERE ISN'T ANYTHING—IT'S ONLY OLD BLOCKS. EVERYTHING'S NOTHING!"

faded cushion, came to him. It was in a voice more casual than excited that he called:

"Look here—angels! See 'em? See 'em?"

Down dropped the blocks, up sprang the combatants. "Where?" asked the Wight and Believer, eagerly. Angels were tempting bait. What a way they had of circling round and round overhead—millions of them one minute, no sign of them the next! What a way they had of keeping themselves to themselves! Entirely hoky-poky in their manifestations, they must be caught, as it were, on the wing. At best the Believer could swear to having seen only two, the Wight never so much as the tail feather of one. Now they gazed hungrily into the lowering sky, where, by his absorbed gaze, the Prophet evidently entertained his hosts. But no bright beings soared. The Believer rubbed her eyes.

"I don't see the littlest smitch of a one," she complained. "Aw," the Wight spoke contemptuously to hide the agony of his disappointment, "it's raining. They don't come out in the rain—it takes off their silver stuff—it spoils 'em."

The Prophet gazed up suddenly, interestedly. He was struck by this acute remark of the Wight's; he brooded over it. It was true, rain would be likely to tarnish the silver stuff. He could see how an angel, economical of glister, careful for the general effect of halo and round tire like the moon, would be likely to eschew such weather. On rainy days angels doubtless sat at home, entirely ladylike. He could imagine them grouped around some central radiance, shaking out gold and silver plumage, rebroidering stainless hems. Yet, angels failing—and it was plain that they had failed him—how to provide entertainment for the weary afternoon?

It rained hard. From the nursery window it seemed to rain black rain, gray rain. It rained rain that blurred the panes and made the trees sticky with wet leaves, and beat down the faces of the flowers. Down on the red tin roof below the window there was din, fusillade, the smoke of battling drops. A raging stream ran along the gutter-drain, the big leader gushed white torrents, the rain-barrel overflowed. The universe seemed somehow down-pelted, insucked, out-flattened. The Three, along with everything else, felt smitten and effaced.

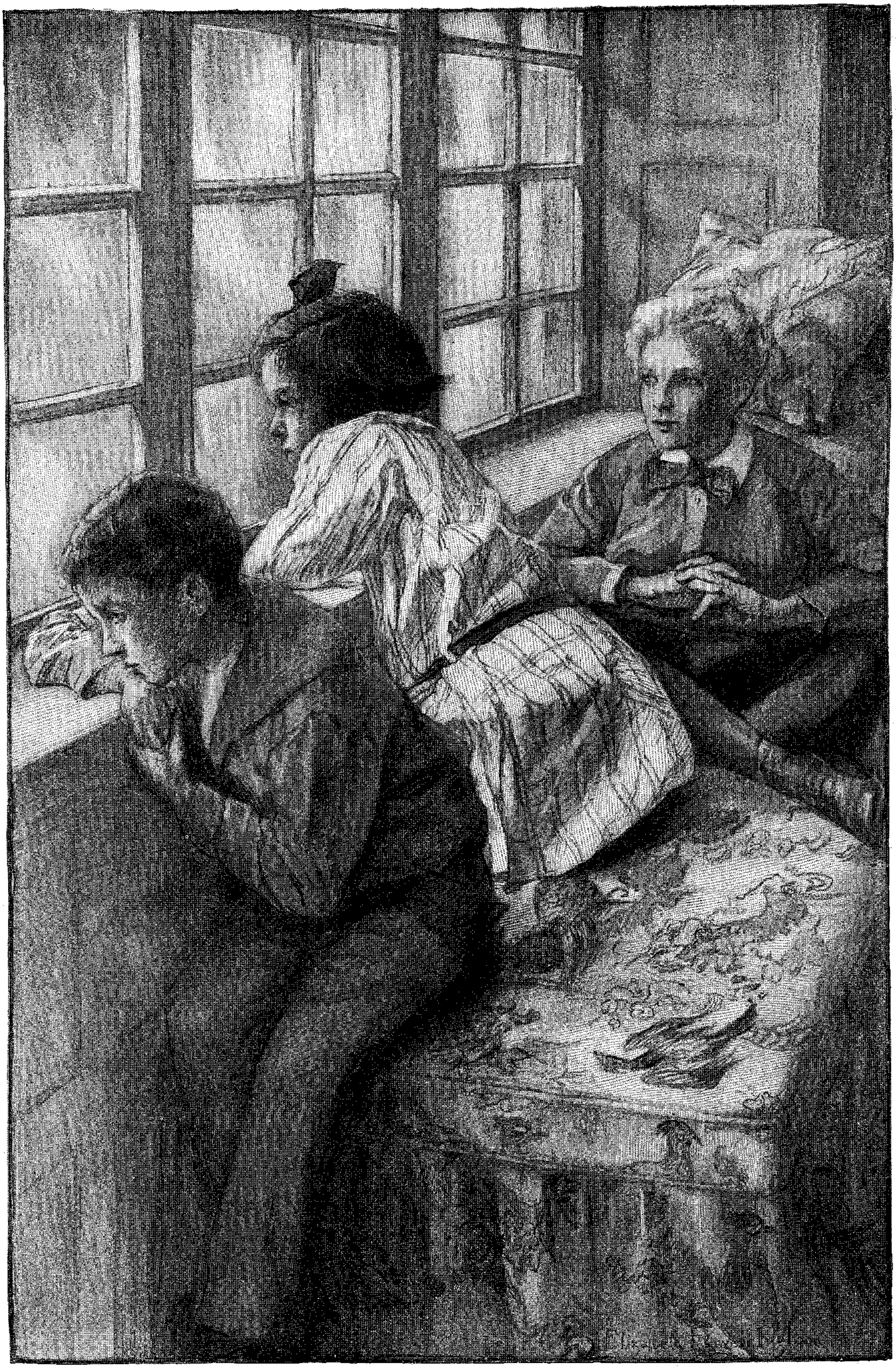
"The rain hates us," at last observed the Wight, gloomily. "It wants us not to have any fun; it wants us to stay in the house all our lives."

The Wight was at best a melancholy character. He had gummidged along to seven years with a spirit that would have been fairly suicidal except for its lack of initiative. The pleasant platitudes, the homeopathic philosophies of "Little Drops of Water" were not for him. To him, if it rained, it rained. Whether vitriol or attar of roses made no matter. Now he smeared a dreary finger along the panes in cabalistic outlining of his mood. "It hates us," he repeated.

"If the drops were all different colors, red and blue and green, or if they were beads and we could catch them and string them into necklaces, I wouldn't care so much," said the Believer. "But it isn't drops of rain, it's ropes of rain; it's what Cook calls 'pouring'—she has a nice funny song about it, Cook has." With a view to general entertainment, the Believer raised her small voice against the elements, delivering Cook's song:

"It's raining, it's pouring, old men are snoring,
It's raining, it's pouring, old men are snoring,
It's raining, it's pouring, old men are snoring,
It's raining, it's pouring, old men are snoring."

This song, it was true, was short. It was to a certain degree unsatisfactory and lacking outline and climax, but to the resourceful Believer, sung over and over again, each time with some new nasal intonation or with difference in key and measure, it held great charm. To her mind, as she crooned it, came strange pictures of the somnolent old men, lined up against walls stretching away into infinity, snoring with a concerted drone that one could hardly distinguish from the accompaniment of the stifling rain. Slightly terrifying to the Believer were these somnolent old men—if she had been alone in the nursery she would not have dared to sing about them; as it was, surrounded by an audience, she found them gro-



"FROM TIME TO TIME THE PROPHET BROKE THE SILENCE WITH AGREEABLE AND STIMULATING COMMENT" tesquely attractive. They gave her something to think about, and she bent to her chanting:

"*It's raining—it's pouring—old men are snoring.*"

But if the luckless Believer had any idea of relieving the general monotony, she was doomed to disappointment. With rising gayety she sang her rune six times. The Wight, gloomily listening, regretted that he himself had not established connections with the old men. He cast about for a way of depriving the Believer of their fascinating society. At the seventh time he decided to sever her connections with them. He looked at her, then at the closed nursery door. He was ominous.

"You know we aren't allowed to sing that," he growled. "It's common. It's like 'Yes, siree, horse and buggee.' It's like 'You bet' and 'That's the ticket.'" The Wight dwelt lingeringly on these delicious forbidden expressions. "You mustn't sing common things—if you do, I'll go and tell."

"'That's the ticket' isn't common," said the Believer, querulously, "it's nice—it's what the Patch boy says."

Even for the Wight there was no disputing the integrity of the Patch boy. Such a creature of wisdom—such a master of the arts! A romantic person who preserved all the unities by living on a Patch, wearing patches, and having a mother who was a cross-patch. The Wight considered. "Well," he argued finally, "he says it because he doesn't know it's common, he thinks it's nice; if he knew, he wouldn't say it."

There was a short pause. The Believer pondered. She mourned; the Patch boy, too—he also only needed knowledge to be deprived of all the joys of free and untrammeled expression—soon by fatal enlightenment he would be done out of the juicy triteness of "That's the ticket." A great sorrow welled up within her. She saw the whole world, whole regiments of Patch boys and lonely mortals like herself, being stifled, being cabined away from the flow of natural gayeties, the spicy stream of "common things." She settled down and deliberately moped. Gradually this moping took on a final and terrific hysteria.

"If I can't sing 'Old men are snoring,' I don't know what to do," she wailed. "I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do." The cry seemed to come from the very depth of the Believer's consciousness; it was clear that inaction was preying upon her inmost vitals. She turned upon the Prophet, entreating: "What shall I do? what shall we play? Why don't you make up something?"

The Wight looked a trifle disturbed. He had raised a storm, he dreaded its breaking; he now looked for means to quell it. "Yes," he said hurriedly to the Prophet, "go on—why don't you make up something?"

Make up something. What mockery! The situation for the Prophet was hollow to the point of swallowing itself. He stared out of the window. It takes nerve to stand, as it were, lonely on a peak in Darien, trying to read some meaning into the desolate waste around one with one's people standing at one's back clamoring, "Why don't you make up something?"

What sort of background was this against which to set the figures and machinery of one's making up? Not only was it a time of crazy and meaningless waste on the part of the elements, but things usually reliable, sedate of surface, had thrown themselves into the general extravaganza. The red tin roof was a sea of whirlpools and waterspouts. Old dead leaves, writhing, desperately afraid, were by these whirlpools and waterspouts hauled out of sanctuary, maltreated, cruelly rushed hither and yon. A fleet of hickory-nut husks, dried black and battered, put out from safe harbor to sail on uncharted reckless courses. With ghastly effects of shipwreck these nut-husks jostled one another into the crowded eddy by the leader. The Three, watching them, saw them hesitate on the edge of this fatal whirlpool, shrink away—almost escape—get caught again—until finally shell after shell detached itself from the central group and was swallowed up by the leader.

"There, now they're gone," moaned the Wight. He had been looking at the shells; suddenly and too late, he perceived their peculiar value as entertainment. "If we could only go out, we could get 'em and set 'em afloat again and play we were kings and they were wicked people, and let 'em go down again, and see 'em come out of the leader again—but we can't, oh, dear!"

It was a Prophet's psychological moment. This one seized it. "No, we couldn't either;" he wagged his head mysteriously. "We couldn't 'a' got 'em again. You don't know what happens to 'em when they come down through the leader. *They don't come out plain nut-husks.* They get changed into something else. They come out looking like water, and they sink into the ground and travel away off—and—and come up hickory-nut trees again."

It was one of those untruths the haunting attraction of which lies in its pale resemblance to truth. It was innocently like all other improbabilities. Good lack, why should it not be true? Was not ribbon-grass, with its countless patterns, all alike, yet all different, true? Were not pollywogs, mere pond punctuations, as it seemed, yet full of the wondrous ego of frog, true? Were not soap-bubbles, things that ensphered the color and stuff and movement of dreams, only to burst in wet flashes of nothingness, true? The Wight, staring at the Prophet over the melancholy dribble of his plaid necktie, almost smiled. To him this idea of the transubstantiation of the nut-husks was irresistible. "They do not, either; how do you know they do?" he demanded. The challenge might seem unanswerable, but, coming from the Wight, it was a handsome tribute.

"I know it," the Prophet replied, oracularly, "the same as I know everything. I see those nut-husks all sailing out of the corner together as if they were going across the ocean. Then I see 'em all crowding around the gutter saying good-by to each other. And then I see 'em go down the leader-pipe, and then I don't see 'em, and then I go out into the woods and see hickory-nut trees coming up in queer places where nobody planted any, and that's how I know."

His conferees agreed that it was good. They fell to helping him out with it. They also saw possibilities, drew inferences.

"Do the hickory-nuts like to go down the dark leader?" asked the Believer, artistically feigning ignorance.

The Prophet was cautious. "Some of 'em do and some of 'em don't," he answered.

"I see one that don't like it." With a stubby finger the Wight pointed out a pusillanimous specimen of nut-husk that had been caught in the whirlpool and struggled to get out, veering this way and that in cowardly hesitations.

The Prophet considered. "That one," he said, "is waiting for his brother, that other one that's stuck in the gutter over there. They don't want to get lost from each other, they want to go down the leader together, and come out together, and grow up trees together, and do everything together."

This fraternal devotion on the part of the nut-husks was very interesting. There was peaceful silence while the Three contemplated their maneuvers, their battling with the floods on the red roof, their endeavors, sometimes fortunate, sometimes futile, to foregather in an eddy. As for the laudable ambition of the nut-husk brothers—that of keeping in the same whirlpool together and then dashing suddenly out and going down the leader together, and afterward (by the Prophet's slightly unscientific vouchsafing) coming up hickory-nut trees together—oh, it was all immensely pleasing and proper.

"One of the nut-husk brothers is a little frightened; he keeps close to that old dead leaf. She wants him to. See her following him round and round. She's his aunt. Not a mean aunt that makes him brush his teeth and learn lessons, but a nice aunt that brings him things and makes cookies for him. He doesn't want to go away from her and slip down the dark leader—he's afraid of the leader; it's so dark and long and full of hop-toads, and spiders, and lost rubber-balls all wrinkled and horrid." Thus the Believer, staring down at the red roof cataclysm.

There was a short pause in which the Wight, smearing his nose along the window-pane, commented upon its refreshing coolness.

"Do like this," he advised; "it makes you feel almost like lemonade inside of you."

The Believer and the Prophet gratefully

"did like that;" and, from their soothed though somewhat flattened expressions, seemed to derive comfort. They expressed their satisfaction, whereupon the flattered Wight, one eye upon the dreamy Prophet, himself took up the case of the nut-husk brothers. He professed himself skeptical as to the genuineness of their devotion. He hinted at some treachery on the part of the reluctant brother, who, traveling round and round the whirlpooled roof in company with the bedraggled old leaf aunt, still balked at the Adventure of the Leader.

"Aw," apostrophized the Wight, nose on pane, eying the vacillating nut-husk; "aw, go on, 'Fraid-Cat! Look at your brave brother, sailing right up to the leader hole—all ready to go down, and waiting for you! Why don't you hurry, Cry-Baby?"

There was a pause, while the Three awaited the response of the cowardly nut-husk to this challenge.

"Aw," said the Wight again, "look at him—he's sticking himself to his aunt—he wants her to keep hold of his hand."

It was true. Whatever was the motive of the recreant nut-husk, his behavior was most scandalous. Beaten here and there by the driving rain, persistently followed by the crazy old leaf, all the original dignity of his position was lost; over and over again he let slip his chance to escape his female relative's clutches and dive with his devoted brother into the only avenue of escape.

But, in spite of appearances, the Prophet believed in him. Somewhat earnestly he took his part. He recommended the Wight not too hastily to condemn. He suggested that appearances were sometimes deceitful.

"I wouldn't make fun of him, Ted. The poor thing! Look at him. I do believe he's trying to save his aunt's life!" The Prophet indicated, now executing various maudlin maneuvers of her own, the doughty old leaf relative. "The silly old goose!" was his commiserating comment. "See her spin round and round. If it hadn't been for that nice, kind nut-husk she'd have been drowned long ago."

"The window-pane's got tears on it," complained the Believer. She drew pathetic fingers down the glass. "I can't see very well. I wish," she resumed unconventionally, "I wish I was out there on the roof without any clothes on and the drops falling on me."

"That wouldn't be nice," reproved the Prophet, perfunctorily.

"*I* think it would be nice," the little Believer persisted. "See how the little drops splash. I wish they were lemon-drops."

For a moment the Prophet looked at her guardedly, then—

"They are candy," he announced. "Rain," still covertly regarding her, "rain is a kind of candy—to the flowers and the trees."

"Oh, dear, then I wish *I* was a flower! See all the lemon-drop rain-candy they're getting." The Believer already begrudged the blossoms their wings and their joyous confidential friendship with uncatchable birds and butterflies and bumblebees; now, it appeared, by reason of this transmutation of raindrops into fairy sweets, she must further envy them. Her brow clouded; her mouth took on the dolorous lines the Prophet had grown to dread.

"Keep looking at the nut-husks," he advised, somewhat hastily. "They're getting interestinger and interestinger—they neither of them want to take care of their old aunt; and she keeps hanging on to them and telling them they mustn't go down the leader, but that they must stay on the red roof and get drowned with her, and they are talking to each other about it and saying how they don't want to—look at 'em—look at 'em!"

Once more his counsels prevailed. Once more the Three gave themselves up to the struggles on the red roof below their window. They saw, half fearfully, the transition of the devoted brothers from whirlpool to whirlpool, noted the crabbed old leaf desperately dogging their progress. They saw the gray sky curtained with rain, unhung with an angel. They saw the wet green trees tossing, the brown rivulets raging; here the depressing sight of a bedraggled bird, there the amusing spectacle of an unsheltered chicken—the whole mad scene of sane things when handled by that crazy stage-manager, a rainy day.

From time to time the Prophet broke the silence with agreeable and stimulating comment. He explained the predicament of the nut-husk brothers, how presently they, much against their wills, would feel it necessary to drown the old aunt in order to obtain the freedom of action essential to those who go on the Adventure of the Leader. When the Wight, always ready with a suggestion, intimated that the aunt might be willing to commit suicide herself could she be made aware of her dead weight on two ardent and enterprising relatives, the Prophet calmly reproved him.

"The idea!" he argued, solemnly; "the idea! can't you see that she never could be as nice and unselfish as that? She's nothing but a bothering old thing. Can't you hear her squawking and screaming and acting silly as anything?"

His hearers maintained that they could hear the squawking and screaming, but that, in their ignorance of leaf-aunt character, they had supposed the commotion to be merely the generous outcry of the aunt that the two nut-husk brothers should not mind her, but proceed on the Adventure of the Leader.

The Prophet, wise from experience, then knew that the premises necessary to the successful staging of the red roof play were established. Vice and virtue, so to speak, were at their old fisticuffs.

"Pretty soon," he said, gravely, "the brothers will get so they can't stand her any more. They will send for some of their other brothers to come in private ships and take her away. I'll be glad when those pirate ships come sailing along—won't you?—for then those two nice nut-husk brothers that love each other so can get away and go down the leader. That'll be nice for them—to have the other brothers come and take that old aunt away in their ships—won't it?"

Yes, this seemed to his audience, perfectly still, thinking it all over, good. The Believer, hugging her knees, drank it all down with the fervor of a fanatic. The Wight, speechless, absorbed it at every pore. And so surely as the former felt that it was all blissfully true, just as surely did the latter bide his time to confront the Prophet with contradictory evidence. After their own manner did the hearers hear.

As for the Prophet, what did discovery matter to him, what did he care for any subsequent showing up of fact, as long as for the present peace reigned and his people no longer lamented? Seated astride of his faded cushion, as he might have sat a ship of the desert, he played the old Prophet-play and drew imagery, interpretation, meaning, from the chaos below.

Until, of a truth, great things seemed to happen. The dead-leaf aunt, according to the old rule of "*Cherchez la femme*," brought terrible things to pass. For her punishment the red tin roof was lashed by winds that were understudies to Tramontana and Euroclydon. Her relatives, other dead leaves (all female, and consequently perverse and foolish), grew to be wicked old witches perishing on ducking-stools and in caldrons. More black nut-husks, such as had escaped the Hazard of the Leader, seemed to spread lateen sails and turn into Chinese junks and privateersmen, that she and they might be hunted down and done to death.

There is a peculiar croon, a sing-song Edda style, by which a Prophet translates and dilates. It accords well with the drone of rain. Under its spell a satisfaction full and perfect gradually descends. A Wight forgets to lament. A Believer knows the triumph of faith.

Heigh-ho, the long, low, rakish-looking craft that bore down upon each other and fought to Cooper and Marryat conclusions! Heigh-ho, the stately comporting of heroes that walked the plank to save the lives of droves of heroines—heroines a-plenty, one for every man! Ah, the unspeakable mystery of mad nut-husk barks, sailing inscrutable courses, derelicting themselves in a manner so determined, survived by regret so sincere, until it grew darker and darker and one had to strain one's eyes even to ascertain where the red roof's tumultuous seas ended and where began the rim of that other world-engulfing Sea of Night; until red riot and tempest were suddenly forgotten at the entrance of the adult, tutelary nursery lamp, the surprising bright realism of the nursery tea-bell!

The Wight descended from the window-seat. He stretched himself and yawned. He thought of syrup and bread with a sense of rapture. Still, he walked grandly, as one returning, somewhat fatigued, yet elated, from battle and conquest. He smiled benignly upon Life.

"I never mind when it rains," he remarked superbly; "I don't get cross and mad because I can't go out. I just look out of the window and make up things and have a nice time."

The Believer, quick to see the superiority of this mental attitude, as quickly assumed it.

"I do, too," she averred grandly. "I never get cross like other children. On rainy days I just play pirates, and ships, and witches, and everything, until I get so I think I'm in other countries where it isn't raining. That's the way *I* do."

The Prophet said nothing. He still perched on his faded cushion, looking out of the window. These things were not for him to say—for him it had indeed rained. The afternoon had been gray, and droning, and long. The universe that had dripped and sniveled and that had in so cowardly a fashion run away from itself in muddy streams of disillusion had all but carried him with it. And, worse yet, he knew! He knew the truth about angels, the improbability of the devotion of the nut-husk brothers, the emptiness of the old-leaf-aunt theory; he knew by what undefined power the ducking-stools and the Chinese junks had appeared. But what shall a Prophet say to his people—his people whom he caused to see the Vision he himself could not see?

"Aw," said the Prophet, getting down out of the window-seat, "aw, I'm sorry its tea-time. I don't care for syrup, not very much. I'd rather have stayed by the window. They were all going to do different things—the pirates and everybody—they were just waiting till it got a little darker."

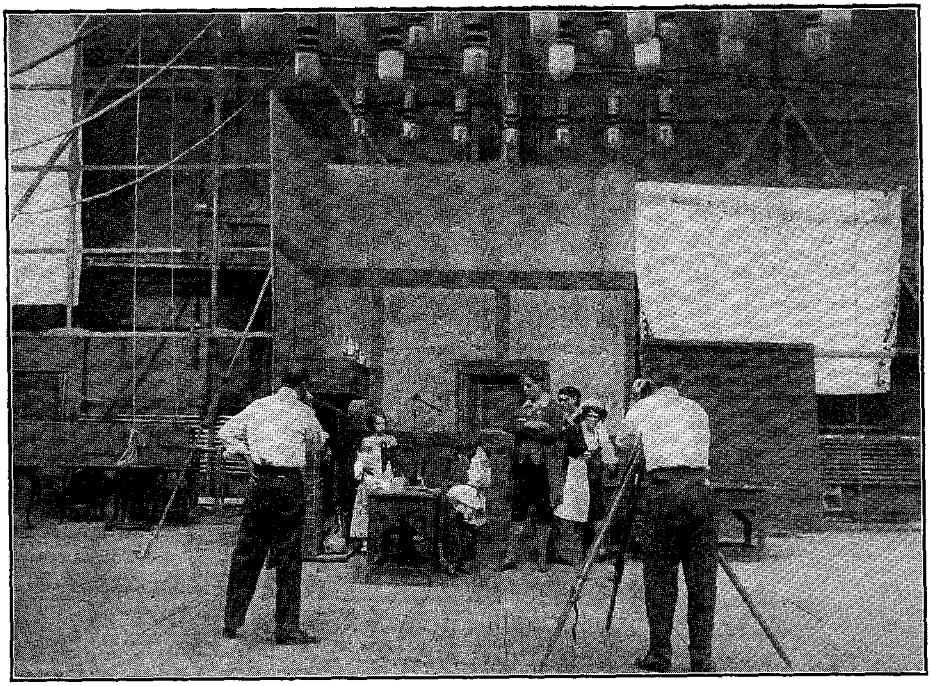
NOVEMBER

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

All in a chamber
Besprent with amber
The parting Year his guests receives.
His sunsets tender
Their robes of splendor;
Still is he crowned with golden leaves.

While yet he lingers
The Frost's swift fingers
Are weaving him his wintry shroud;
A pall descending
With crystal blending
Shall veil his forests, slumber-bowed.

Beyond this curtain
His end is certain.
Why, then, does he still smile and sing?
Because a vision
Of hope elysian
Reveals the promise of the spring.



REHEARSING A SCENE FROM "LES MISÉRABLES"

The players are directed by the stage manager, who stands at the left with a megaphone. Meanwhile the photographer is focusing his camera

Picture Plays

By

Edward W. Townsend

Mr. Townsend's long experience as a newspaper writer gave him a broad and intimate knowledge of the life of the city, especially of those parts of it where the picture play makes its strongest appeal and finds its widest patronage. This knowledge found expression in the humorous sketches of which Chimmie Fadden was the central figure, and in other books from Mr. Townsend's pen. He knows the stage, not only as a playgoer and critic, but as a dramatist, for he has written several plays, one of which is to be produced in New York this winter. He has also, as he tells in the following article, written picture plays. This is doubtless quite a different art from that of the "legitimate" dramatist, but it perhaps requires no less of the dramatic sense and power of construction.—THE EDITORS.

"PAUPER" is about to be crowned; the coronation chamber fills with notables, courtiers, soldiers, and high officials of the court, and finally "Lord Bishop" enters, following "Pauper," who ascends to the throne; "Bishop" takes the crown and is about to place it upon the supposed Prince's head, when the real Prince enters. Now for a few seconds the general movement among those composing the swiftly changing tableaux becomes less active, but the dramatic situation is more intense; more depends, picturesquely, upon expression than upon large movement; the turn of an eye, the movement of a lip, now interprets the story of the play, and as eye and lip move more rapidly than the whole body, the operator at the camera accelerates his work—twenty-two pictures a minute are now being snapped instead of sixteen or eighteen. Not the slightest expression of "Prince" or "Pauper" but is caught and fixed upon the film.

"Moving pictures" they were generally called a few years ago, when rushing express trains, racing horses, or marching troops were shown on the screen. Now it is more proper to speak of picture plays, because the present state of this amazingly developed industry of entertainment is largely along the line of picturing plays—tragedy, drama, comedy, and farce—with all the details of the theater stage except sound and variety of color. Color is coming, and the inclusion of sound, the spoken word, the song, the orchestra, is within sight and hearing of the experts who in many parts of the world are at work to effect synchronous and convincing co-operation of sound and movement reproducing machines.

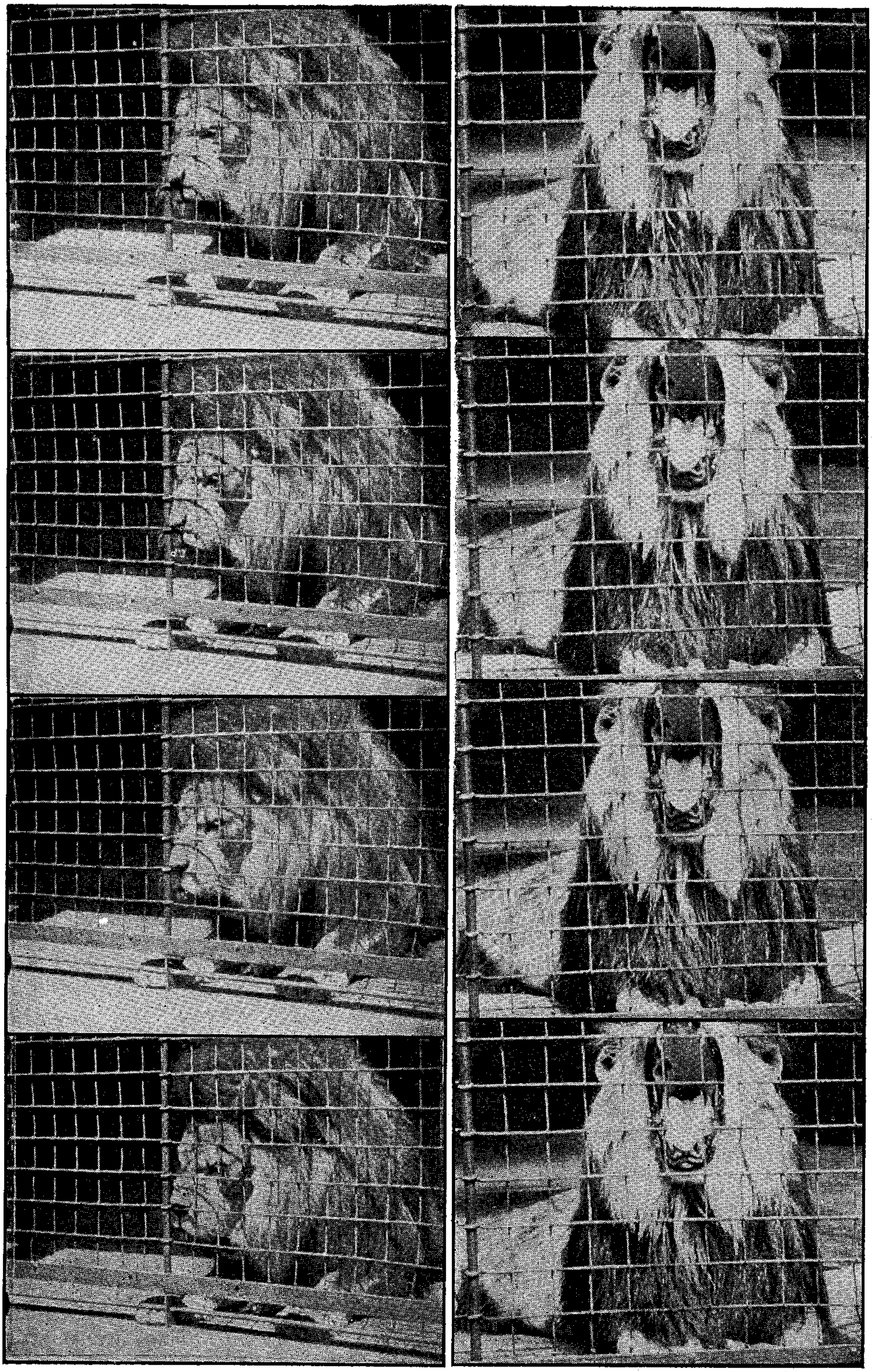
When I was first asked to write picture plays, my mind promptly did a bit of picture-making on its own account; I mentally saw as the staging scene for such work a stuffy photograph gallery and a squad of undrilled models—photographer's models! But it was suggested that before deciding upon the offer I visit the Company's studio in the Bronx.

I speak specifically of the theater of the Edison Company only because I am more familiar with that than with others, but in a general way the description will answer for the theaters of the several other licensed American moving-picture makers. Picture-play workshops are called "studios" by those working in them, probably because in the early stages of the work they were little more than large photographic studios, and the name clings, although the workshops now are theaters with stages, paint bridges, property and costume rooms, actors' dressing-rooms, stage carpenters, and all that pertains to the theater except the auditorium. I found at the Bronx establishment a stage twice as large as that of the Metropolitan Opera House, large enough, indeed, for the production of two plays at one time, as is sometimes found necessary. The nearest resemblance to a studio was in the glass roof covering the great concrete building; and that slopes to the south, instead of to the north light as in artists' studios, for the work requires all the daylight which can be coaxed to shine upon the stage.

Here we are, then: a roomy stage with its paint bridge, as in the real theaters, suspended high against the back wall, all the familiar mechanical devices of the theater stage whereby demons or clowns may be shot up or down through trap doors, where fairy aviators may be suspended and swung in birdlike flights from regions aloft, corridors with men's and women's dressing-rooms opening therefrom, a greenroom with waiting players in makeup chatting shop, and offices for the stage managers and executive staff.

Work preliminary to production runs parallel with that in a Broadway theater. Plays, some in scenario form, some fully developed, are received by every mail and examined by professional readers, who select the possible for managerial consideration. Those finally accepted, if in scenario—the sketch of a play—are given to a playwright to be fully developed. In their final form plays are turned over to a stage manager, who first proceeds, as does his brother of Broadway, to draw off scene plots for the painters and carpenters, and property and costume lists for those in charge of those departments. Then the people of the play are cast. This may be done from the stock company wholly, but if the play requires a player of specialized talent not found in the company, the part is filled by selection of some player engaged elsewhere, but at liberty to work by daylight in the picture-play theater.

Up to this point the familiar stage routine is followed, but thereafter all is changed. This is first observed in the work of the scenic artists; they paint only in white, black, and gray, for the camera still ignores colors. But the work the painters produce when mounted and set by the carpenters is no less detailed and complete than that used in other theaters. And this provision of scenery is an expense which exceeds the scenery cost in other theaters. An elaborate set is painted, mounted, and set up for, say, one of six scenes in a play; the scene takes three minutes to photograph, the camera man examines his films, and, if he reports "all right," the stage manager calls to the stage hands, "Strike!" and, instead of the scenery being moved to the rear, or to one side, or hoisted out of sight, to be used many times again, it is forthwith



ZOÖLOGICAL EDUCATION BY MOVING PICTURES
The biggest lion in the Zoo in repose, and roaring

instantly destroyed—reduced to lumber débris and painted rags.

The players respond to the first call for rehearsal made up and dressed for their parts, because they may be photographed in the scene only after one or two hours' rehearsal, and when they are "pat," there must be no delay for dressing, or they may come back "stale." They are instructed and drilled in the situations in which they are to appear, the story they are to tell and the emotions they are to portray by gesture and play of feature alone, and just at the moment that the stage manager finds they are keyed right the camera begins to snap—there must be no delay then. The principal people have probably read the play, and have done some rehearsing before a mirror; but minor people depend upon instruction at rehearsal to learn how their movements and expressions are to help interpret a story they may never know.

While the stage manager is drilling the players the operator is adjusting his camera, an expert is controlling the amount and direction of light, and the stage hands are fastening the last grips, or possibly hanging a practical door to be used in the scene. One notices that some players are natural pantomimists, while others find it difficult clearly to express emotions which are supposed to direct their actions unless they have lines to speak. As picture-play manuscripts consist largely of descriptions of character, explanations of emotion, instructions for entrances and exits, and other stage directions, and contain but few lines (and those merely for guidance), those players who must talk to act exercise their wits in inventing lines, sometimes with surprising results. In a play of my own there is a scene on a tenement roof, in which a stout old Irishwoman comfortably gossips with a sky-parlor neighbor. Enter a tenant who pretends to be an honest peddler, but who is more than suspected of being a sneak thief—and looks it. During rehearsals the capable actress playing the Irishwoman had admirably expressed her objection to the presence of the thief with action and muttered rage. But when the scene was on, the camera clicking sixteen pictures a minute, the stage manager shouting warnings and directions designed to keep every one keyed up, the actress suddenly found need of speech to help her express her objections to the thief. Her sputters of honest rage were not enough. Staring at him as he deposited his fake peddler pack near her, she exclaimed, with a quaint backward jump of her memory to aid extempore speech: "Get along wid ye, thief that ye ar-re! Sure it's little ye look now like ye did whin I seen ye last, playing dude wid Jahn Drew!"

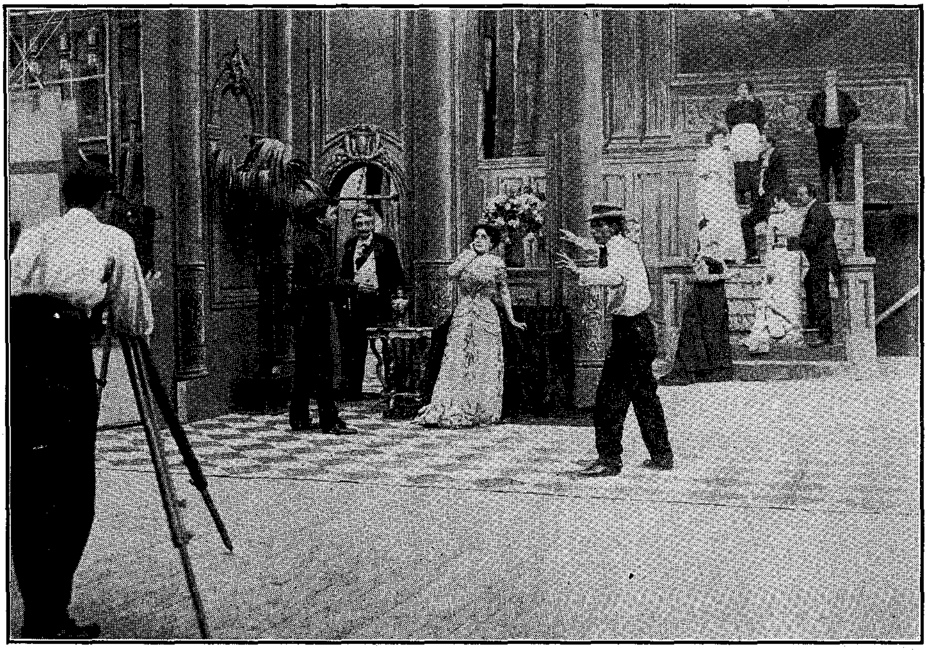
This was too much. The player thief had appeared in a Drew company as a fop the while the player Irishwoman was sweeping the stage in the finery of an aristocratic dowager. The pathetically drawn face of the thief twinged with the pain of effort to control expression, but all illusion was suddenly shattered by a hearty guffaw—and the scene had to be started all over again.

A WINTER'S TALE
One scene in a picture play

Some of the picture-play makers do inside or "studio" work exclusively, some outside work altogether, and some, like the Edison and other American makers and the best of the French, combine inside and outside work at times, but give preference to wholly inside work. The reality of outside pictures gave them their first popularity, but inside work is better, and the players dislike outside work. On the streets they are the objects of overcurious observation and subject to outspoken criticism. The conditions make a seeming paradox: greater reality is effected by artificial effects; the players perform better when surrounded by painted scenery and the trappings and atmosphere of the stage. Maurice Barrymore once drawled at an advocate of "stage realism:" "After all, old chap, there is not so much art in real water as in a water cloth heaving in billows produced by a squad of supers trained by Dave Belasco to rise and kneel in wave-like rhythm."

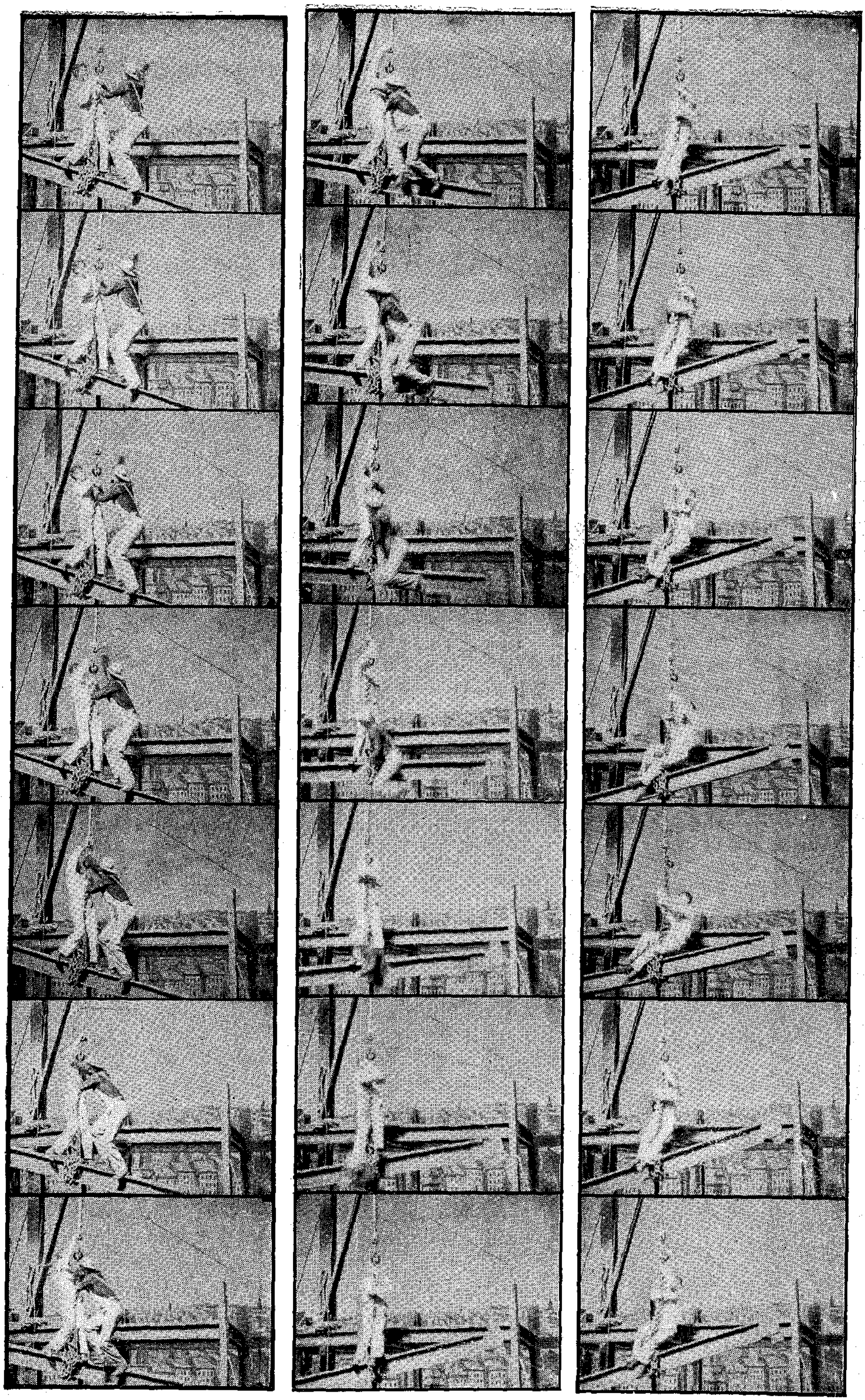
Picture plays must tell stories which can be plainly interpreted by action, and that they are so told, and generally well told, justifies a dictum of Hugh Ford, who produces plays for the Liebler firm. To an anguished playwright lamenting cuts of his lines, Ford replied, "Every substitution of action for lines increases the chance of your play being a scream instead of bloomer."

A full-length picture-play film is about 1,000 feet long and contains about 16,000 separate pictures of a play which takes about eighteen minutes to "perform"—that is, to be projected on the familiar screen in the darkened theater. It will surprise those who have seen these picture plays shown on a screen 12 x 16 feet to learn that the pictures on the film are but three-quarters of an inch square; but that surprise will be nothing to that of the amateur photographer when he learns that the expert workman who develops 16,000 negatives at once could, with perfect comfort and propriety, wear white kid gloves while doing so, for all that process, so dire and dirty to the amateur, the washing, fixing, drying, and whatsoever else which harrows the mind and blackens the hands of the amateur, is done at the studios in and through and by electrically operated vats and drums and



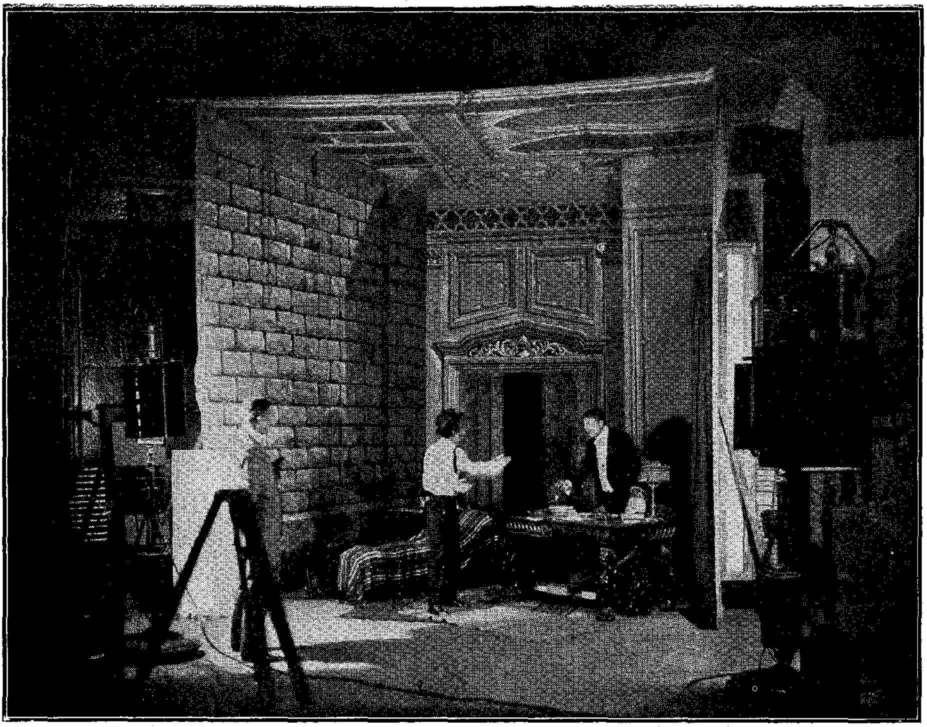
ACTING A PICTURE PLAY

The stage manager (who is gesturing forcefully at the right) is a very prominent figure in the action on the studio stage. But being outside the range of the camera, he appears not at all when the play is thrown upon the screen in the picture play theater



A FIGHT IN MIDAIR AS ACTED IN THE PICTURE PLAY THEATER

A part of a full-length picture play film enlarged. Begin at the top of the left-hand corner and look down columns 1, 2, and 3



A SCENE IN THE PICTURE PLAY THEATER

The players are surrounded with all the details of the stage of a real theater. There are only lacking the spoken word and color—the scenery is painted in black and white

spindles and whatever. The long roll of film, having been developed, is sent to the department where are made as many duplicates, positives, as are required for the trade. The distribution of the reproduced reels throughout the world is in the hands of agencies, who act for the manufacturer as distributers of periodicals act for magazine publishers.

A good purpose is well served through a friendly agreement reached between the principal picture-play makers and the organized representatives of a number of well-known church, ethical, charity, and political societies. With the resolve to raise the standard of their output ethically and artistically, and especially to discourage and, if possible, wholly prevent the making and display of pictures objectionable to the moral or physical senses, a combination of makers known as "The Licensed Manufacturers of Films" volunteered to submit, without appeal, all of their pictures to the Committee on Censoring of the National Board of Censorship, composed of men and women representing the City Vigilance League, Ethical Society League, Federation of Churches, League of Political Education, Neighborhood Workers' Association, People's Institute, Public Educational Association, Public Schools, Society for the Prevention of Crime, Woman's Municipal League, and the Association of Moving Picture Exhibitors of New York State. On one day of each week the Censoring Committee meets in a room in Fifth Avenue, New York, where the previous week's output of the licensed makers is displayed on a screen, and a vote of the censors is passed on each picture shown. The sincerity of the makers in entering into this compact in the interest of public morals has been tested: two or three films have been voted against, and, without protest, the makers have thrown the censored films on the scrap heap, although in no instance was the objection based upon a question of morals, but of taste in the matter of entertainment for women and children. Under this plan is submitted the work of these American makers: Biograph, Edison, Essanay, Kalem, Lubin, G. Melies, Selig, and Vitagraph Companies; the Gaumont and Pathé

Frères Companies, of Paris; and the Urban Company, of London.

It is a big and important business, with such authors as Mark Twain supplying literary material; with such artists as Mlle. Pilar Morin interpreting stories before the camera. But its greatest importance lies in the fact that it supplies practically all the dramatic entertainment for millions of eager seekers for such form of amusement.

And is it not possible that this business of manufactured amusement for hundreds of thousands daily may exert an influence upon those who make the dramas for the vocal stage? I even venture the opinion that one contributing cause of the failure of a number of plays within the last year can be traced to the influence of play pictures. Each year thousands of new theater-goers come from the number of those whose previous knowledge of plays has been largely gained from moving-picture plays, in which a dramatic story has been told by action alone. It is of some significance, surely, that of a score of plays withdrawn as failures in New York within the year the most common complaint against them has been that they were "too talky." It is a bold thought, and one summons all his hardihood to suggest it, but Mr. G. B. Shaw might have prospered more on the stage had he not chanced to seek success just when the picture play had come to prove that the less the player says and the more he does the more chance the play has for success.

THE FAIRIES' LAMENT

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

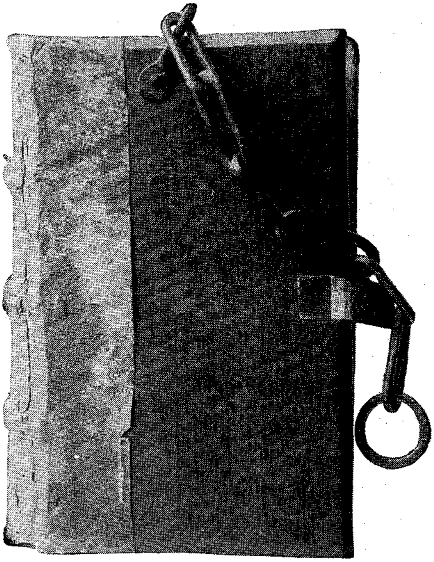
We are banished from the trusting heart of childhood,
  We have vanished from the valley and the glen.
And the daisied upland slopes, the ferny wildwood,
  All have lost the flitting forms of fairy men.
Cold and empty are the couches in the flowers,
  Long deserted is the circle 'neath the moon.
All forlorn the feasting-places and the bowers,
  And the world has lost the lilt of elfin shoon.

When the moonlight's magic spell is on the meadows,
  There is none to hear us calling shrilly sweet;
In the secret twilight's shy and shifting shadows
  There is none to note the flight of fairy feet.
Every hill is bare of scarlet cap and feather,
  And the lonesome moor no mystic music croons;
Elfin ale is brewed no more amid the heather,
  And but drifting dust are they who read our runes.

You have lost us; we have vanished from our places,
  We whose joyous lore was born of Spring and Youth.
If you long to glimpse again our wistful faces,
  You must seek us in the land where Dream is Truth;
Where the blighting storm of reason never rages,
  Where no doubt may dim that clear and cloudless clim
Where the happy heart of childhood never ages,
  In the lovely Land of Once upon a Time.

The Treasure Room

By H. Addington Bruce



A VOLUME OF OLD MONASTIC MANUSCRIPTS WITH THE ORIGINAL IRON CHAIN STILL ATTACHED

"YOUR intention toward the University which embodies our best spirit of New England touches me very deeply, and hereafter will move many others as it now moves me," wrote Charles Eliot Norton to Thomas Carlyle, in a letter warmly approving Carlyle's announced purpose of making a bequest of books to Harvard University. "You could not, I am sure, place these books anywhere where such intrinsic merit and literary interest as they have would be more highly appreciated, or where they would be regarded from their association with your life with more grateful and reverent honor than among the students and scholars of Cambridge."

These lines admirably sum up not merely Professor Norton's opinion but a widespread sentiment, and a sentiment which has brought to Harvard, during the two hundred and seventy-one years of its existence, an immense store of literary treasures. From the day when John Harvard bequeathed his curious but inestimably precious collection of books to the University that bears his name book-lovers have lavished upon it their choicest possessions, confident that their gifts would be held in due and perpetual esteem. Few people realize the extent to which the Harvard library—boasting to-day more than a million books and pamphlets and twenty thousand maps—is indebted to individual donations, not alone from sons of Harvard and other patriotic Americans, but from admirers and well-wishers of the University in many foreign lands. Only last year a single gift increased its resources by eight thousand volumes, including four hundred and thirty-three volumes of "incunabula," or books printed in the fifteenth century, and more than two thousand sixteenth-century books.

Yet, to tell the truth, it is but recently that Harvard has been able to meet the desires of its benefactors in the way of providing adequate and appropriate accommodation for their gifts. The "students and scholars" of Cambridge have unquestionably appreciated at their full value the treasures intrusted to their keeping. But they have not always known what to do with them. The library building—Gore Hall—was long ago filled to overflowing, and the needs of the faculty and students for "working material" being of paramount importance, the more accessible portions of the building were quite properly given over to books most likely to be in demand, all others being relegated to storage, or, if they were regarded as especially valuable, being locked up in closets for safe-keeping. One would come across these closets in all parts of the "stacks"—narrow, upright affairs, their oaken doors preventing even a glimpse of the rare tomes and manuscripts that they contained.

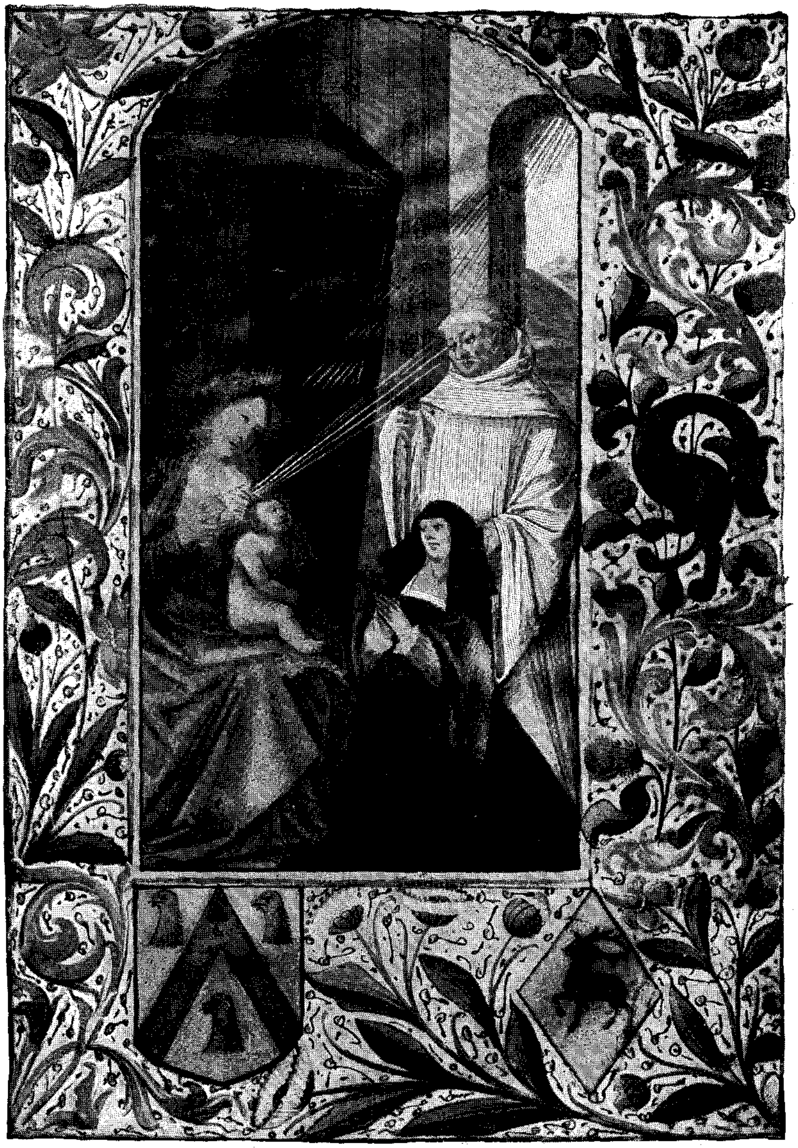
Two years ago, however, when funds were secured to build an addition to Gore Hall, the librarian, Mr. William C. Lane, determined to set apart in the addition a room—to be known as the "Treasure Room"—in which might be brought together from their scattered hiding-places all books exceptionally prized because of their age, rarity, or personal associations. The result has been to invest Harvard with a new charm for the stranger, who, if he happen to be in Cambridge on one of the days when the Treasure Room is open to the public, should on no account fail to visit it.

If it were only for the manuscripts it holds it would be well named "treasure room." In a little, thin, parchment-covered volume, bound up with other writings in the poet's own hand, the visitor will find the manuscript of Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—that "wild and matchless lyric," as it has been called. Almost direct to Harvard it came from Shelley himself, having had but two other owners, unhappy Clair Clairmont, whose life was so pathetically linked with Shelley's and Byron's, and Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, of Salem, who obtained it from Miss Clairmont in Florence, and in after years gave it to his Alma Mater. Standing by the window, the better to scan its fading pages, one seems for the moment to be no longer gazing into the college yard. with its background of Appleton Chapel and Memorial Hall, but to be looking out instead upon the garden of the Casa Ricci, and listening with Shelley and his girl wife to the spontaneous notes of the bird that inspired his own outburst of song. Nor is it hard to appreciate what Colonel Higginson felt and meant when he declared, years ago, that "this little parchment-covered book seems to throb with the poet's own heart."

In another moment, though, the mind is back in Cambridge, as the eye rests on the manuscript of Longfellow's "Excelsior"—a poem that has been so often parodied yet remains among the most popular of its author's world-loved works. Surely no more fitting repository for the original of this representative poem by Cambridge's venerated poet could be found than the Harvard Treasure Room. And just across the aisle from the case in which it rests is another famous manuscript—that of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," given to Harvard by Sir Leslie Stephen, whose wife was a daughter of Thackeray. Critics have united in pronouncing the "Roundabout Papers" a storehouse of Thackeray's best qualities as an essayist. But the visitor, turning the pages of the bulky volume in which the manuscript has been bound, will be not so much interested in its literary merits as in the fact that he is holding in his hand the final, corrected draft of every essay as it went from Thackeray to the printer, scrawled over with emendations, erasions, and interlineations, and written with a minuteness that must have sorely taxed the compositor's eyes. It was in the Cornhill Magazine that the "Roundabout Papers" first appeared, and much of the manuscript is written on the paper of that periodical, with its distinctive imprint, or on paper of the Garrick Club, or even on torn scraps of paper, suggesting unmistakably that the great novelist was always in writing trim, no matter where he might happen to be, and was perfectly willing to make use of whatever writing material came first to hand.

A BOOK IN THE QUINN COLLECTION FORMERLY USED BY LOUIS XIV

More interesting than the Thackeray manuscript, however, more interesting than the Longfellow or the Shelley—more interesting, to my mind, than any other of the numerous manuscripts of personal and historical value possessed by Harvard—is a single folded sheet of paper covered with writing in the hand and bearing the signature of Robert Burns.

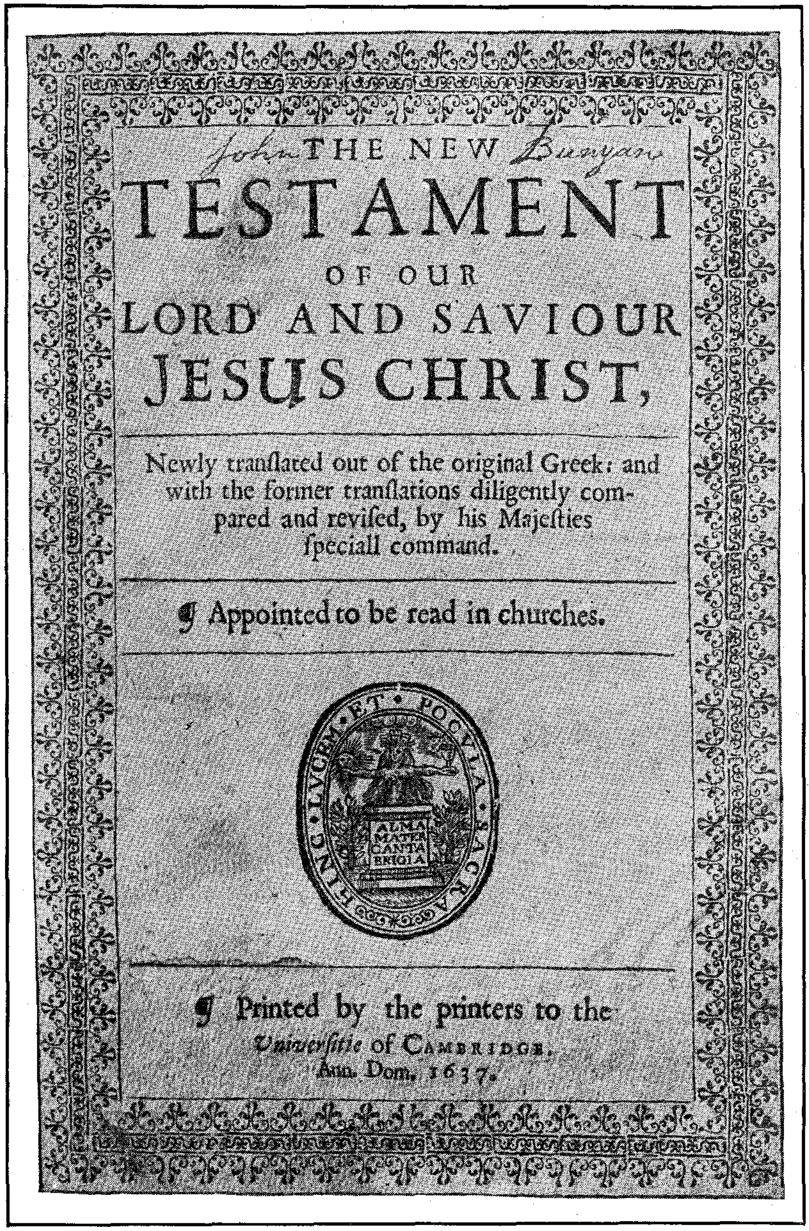


AN ILLUMINATED OFFICE BOOK IN THE SUMNER COLLECTION

It is a letter from Burns to the Earl of Buchan, begging the noble lord to do him the honor of accepting a copy of a poem he has recently written, and on the last two pages of the letter is the copy of which Burns speaks—nothing less than his soul-stirring song "Scots Wha Hae." A fine bold hand is the poet's, and a fine bold sentiment he voices, not only in the song, but in the letter.

"Independant of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman," he assures Buchan, "I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a Man equally with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured People; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant Nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her.

"Liberty! Thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable! for never canst thou be too dearly bought!"



John THE NEW Bunyan

TESTAMENT

OF OUR

LORD AND SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST,

Newly tranſlated out of the original Greek: and
with the former tranſlations diligently com-
pared and reviſed, by his Majeſties
ſpeciall command.

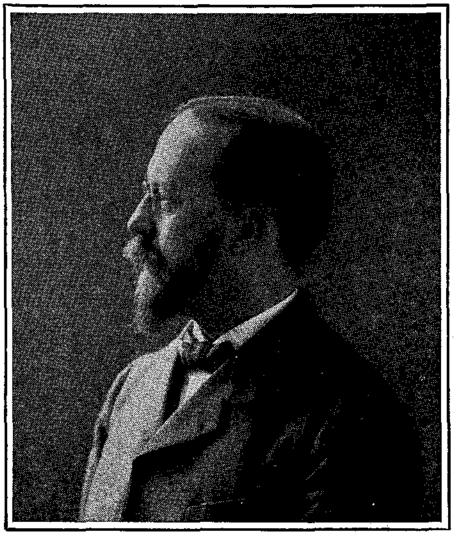
¶ Appointed to be read in churches.

¶ Printed by the printers to the
Univerſitie of Cambridge.
Ann. Dom. 1637.

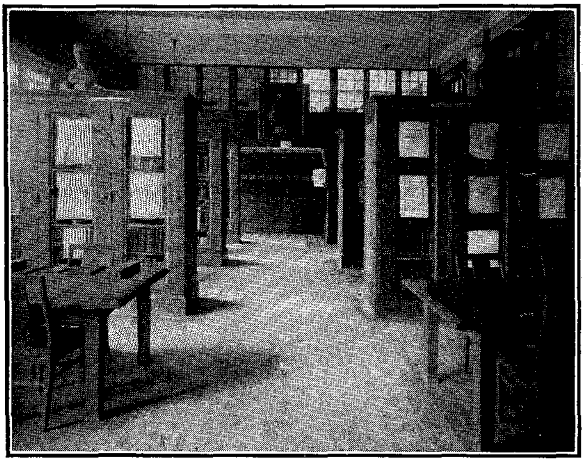
THE TITLE-PAGE OF JOHN BUNYAN'S TESTAMENT, SHOWING HIS AUTOGRAPH

For this treasure Harvard is indebted to Charles Sumner, himself, as everybody knows, a fervent, unflinchingly courageous lover of liberty. Moreover, it is only one item in a collection of some thirty-five hundred volumes of books and manuscripts that Sumner bequeathed to Harvard. Besides being a great statesman, he was a great book-lover and book-collector, or, as he preferred to put it, "a great lover of books." Personally and through agents he ransacked America and Europe for the rare, the curious, the beautiful, and the old in books, gradually amassing one of the richest individual collections in the United States. Not all of it is in the Treasure Room, but of the five hundred volumes selected by the library authorities as especially deserving of a place there, scarcely one is devoid of interest even to the casual visitor unversed in book-lore.

Undoubtedly the most attractive volume to all who are lovers of art as well as of literature is a mediæval office-book of the Catholic Church. Sumner owned a number of other office-books and missals, but none quite the equal of this. The text, done upon vellum and executed entirely by hand, is marvelously clear and legible; every page has an elaborately illuminated border, and it is further ornamented with ten full-page illuminations and twelve miniatures. As was the custom in those days, a portrait of the original owner is worked into the frontispiece illumination, which shows the Madonna and Child, St. Bernard, and, kneeling, the lady who commissioned the monks to make the office-book for her, and whose coat of arms also appears in the frontispiece. The whole book is a veritable blaze of color.


WILLIAM C. LANE, LIBRARIAN

Less ornate, but still most impressive, is a manuscript Bible of the fifteenth century, likewise written upon vellum and in a perfect state of preservation. Every page is written in double columns, each column containing in a space of only four and a half inches no fewer than forty-five lines of beautifully regular handwriting. In grim contrast with this, yet at once catching and holding the eye, is a thick, rugged volume of monastic manuscripts on various religious subjects, severely bound in covers of ancient oak, with uncouth pigskin back, and attached to it a clanking iron chain. It still seems to carry with it something of the chill of the dark, dismal monastery from which, many, many years ago, it first emerged into the free air and light of the open world.


ONE VIEW OF THE TREASURE ROOM AT HARVARD SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER, WILLIAM II

Among early printed books in the Sumner collection the oldest—and, for the matter of that, the oldest in the Harvard Library—is a copy of St. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa de Articulis Fidei," printed at Mainz about 1460 and attributed to Gutenberg. This, though, is a pamphlet rather than a book—a thin, puny fledgling compared with the portly and dignified Paulus Bergenses of 1462, which is usually exhibited to visitors as the oldest "real" book possessed by Harvard. There is also in the Sumner collection a fragment of the Fust and Schoiffher Bible of the same date, the first Bible to bear the name of a printer and the time and place of printing. But none of these is half so interesting as a 1533 copy of Erasmus's "Paraphrase on Luke," with twenty-seven original drawings in pen and ink by the illustrious artist Holbein. Tiny drawings they are on the margins of the pages, but wonderfully distinct and perfect.

And even more precious than this Holbein-adorned Erasmus is an English Bible of 1637, Bunyan's own Bible, with his autograph on the title-page of the New Testament, and every page frayed and thumbed as though by constant reading.

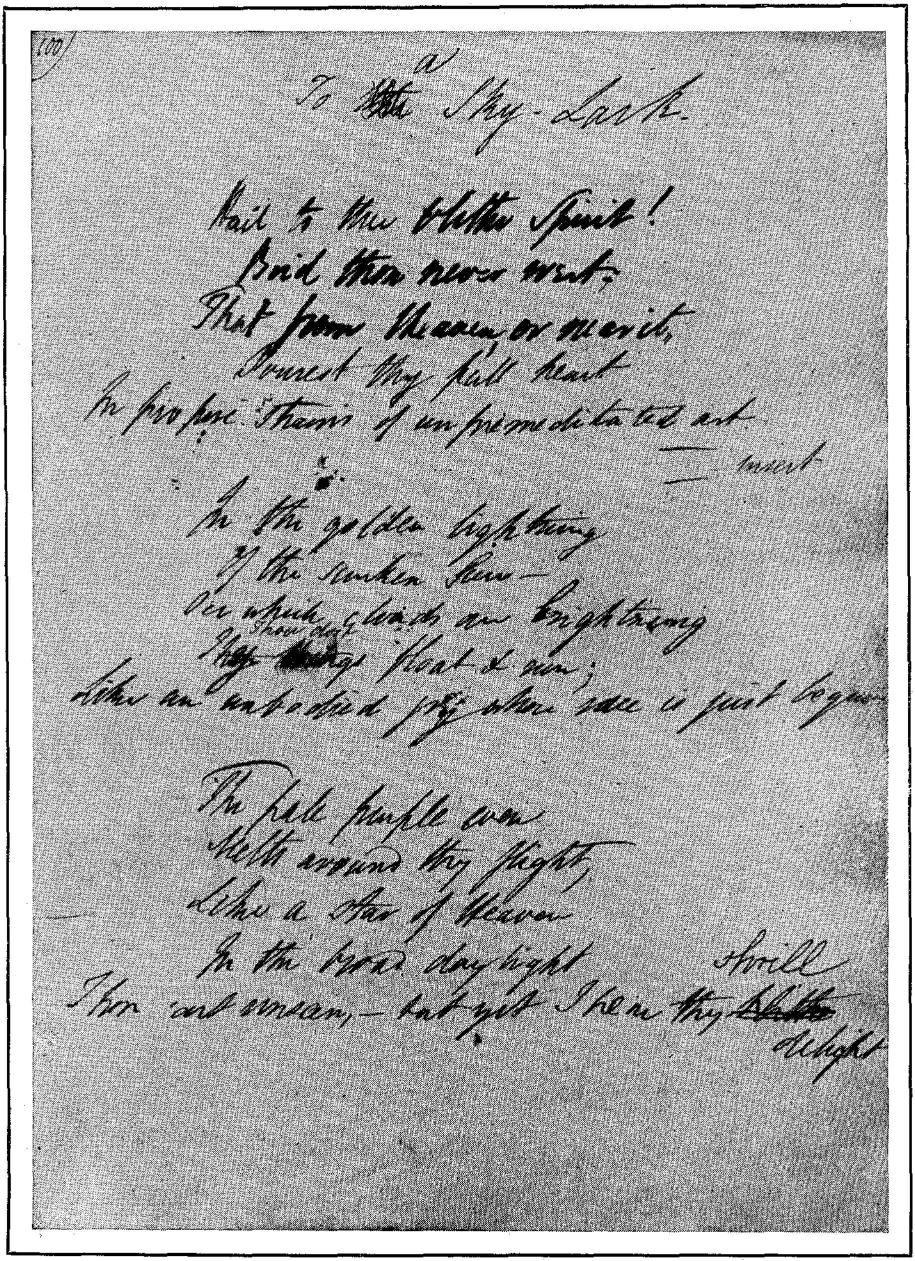
Think of it! In Harvard University, almost next door to you, so to speak, a Bible bearing John Bunyan's autograph, and perhaps the very Bible that solaced his long imprisonment and was used by him in writing his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress"—at all events, a Bible that helped make him, in the language of one of his biographers, a living concordance on the Holy Scriptures. Truly Harvard has cause to be grateful to Charles Sumner.

Scarcely less valuable than the Bunyan Bible is a copy of Pindar that was once owned by Milton, is liberally besprinkled with notes in Milton's hand, and is also equipped with a manuscript index compiled by Milton. With the Pindar might be named a Plautus, on its title-page the autograph of the mighty Dr. Johnson, and before his time owned by those famous classical scholars Isaac and Meric Casaubon, whose manuscript annotations add vastly to its value. A Greek exercise book owned by John Dryden when a pupil at Westminster School, and with his name scribbled in it, is another gem of the Sumner collection. So is Pope's own copy of the first edition of his "Essay on Man," a handsome folio, nearly every page showing autograph alterations, many of which were embodied in subsequent editions. A later poet whose handwriting may be seen in a Sumner book is Lord Byron, the book being MacPherson's translation of the "Poems" of Ossian, in whose excellencies, as the annotations make very evident, Byron was an extreme believer. "I am of opinion," he boldly asserts, "that in sublimity of sentiment, in sincerity and strength of description—Ossian may claim a full equality of merit with Homer himself."

In addition to all these, there are among the Sumner collection a number of handsomely bound volumes from the libraries of royal personages, or personages closely connected with royalty, notably Louis XIV, Louis XVI, and Madame de Pompadour. By far the oldest and most interesting specimen in this class is a unique copy of the first edition of Petrarch's "Lives of the Popes and Emperors" from the library of Lorenzo de Medici, with manuscript notes by that noble Florentine and his autograph at the bottom of the last page. The collecting of autographs of famous people seems, in fact, to have been one of Sumner's pet hobbies. In the Treasure Room are half a dozen autograph scrap-books of his, the possession of any one of which would raise a brother autograph-hunter to the seventh heaven of delight. Here are a few signatures—sometimes with letters or documents entirely in the hand of the signer—that will indicate sufficiently the variety and richness of this portion of his gift to Harvard:

Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Oliver Cromwell, Francis Bacon, the Duke of Alva, Emperor Maximilian I, Emperor Charles V; Ferdinand V, Isabella, and Philip II of Spain; Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, Charles II of England; Louis XI, Francis I, Charles IX, Henry III, Henry IV, Louis XIII of France; Anne of Austria, Catherine de Medici, Marie de Medici, Madame de Maintenon, Richelieu, Mazarin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Lafayette, Lamartine, Leibnitz, Mirabeau, Daniel O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Southey, Coleridge, Browning, Emerson, Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Toussaint l'Ouverture.

But of all his volumes of autographs there was none (according to one who knew him well) in which Sumner took such pride as a curious little album kept by a Neapolitan nobleman named Camillus Cordoyn, who lived at Geneva from 1608 to 1640. At that time there was a constant stream of travel passing through Geneva to and from Italy, and Cordoyn conceived the pleasant idea of asking all wayfarers of any importance to inscribe their names in his album. In this way he secured several hundred signatures, mostly of German princes, French noblemen, and English Cavaliers and Roundheads. The majority of the signers are, it must be said, utterly unknown to fame to-day; but there is one signature quite sufficient to make the book of inestimable value. This is the signature of Milton,



To ~~the~~ a Sky-Lark.

Hail to thee blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

— insert

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken Sun—
O'er which clouds are brightening
~~They things~~ Thou dost float & run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of Heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen,— but yet I hear thy ~~blithe~~ shrill
delight

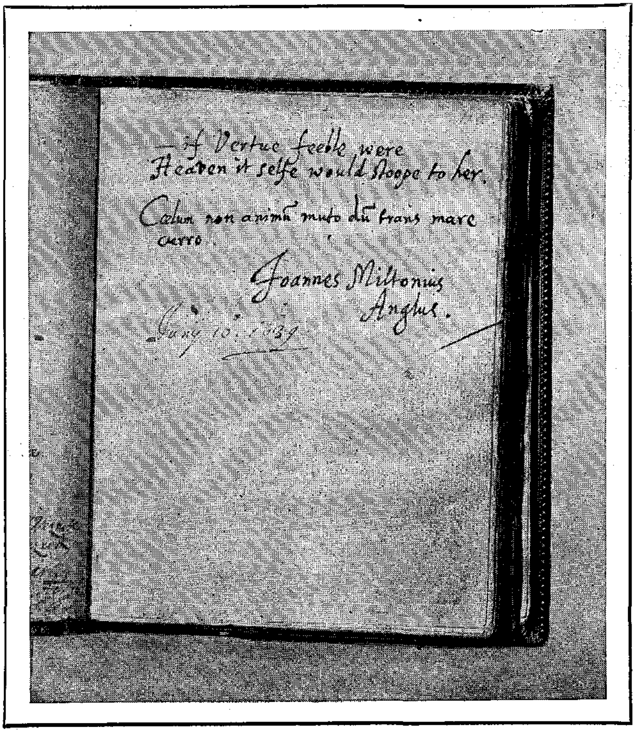
THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S "TO A SKYLARK"

written in 1639, when the poet was homeward bound from an Italian tour. With Milton's name, and in his hand, are the last two lines of his "Comus"—" . . . if Vertue feeble were, Heaven it selfe would stoop to her"—and a most suggestive adaptation from Horace: "The sky, not the mind, I change when I cross the sea."

It was with reference to this passage, which he had seen before the album came to Harvard, that William Ellery Channing declared that "it shows that to Milton the words from 'Comus' were something more than poetry—they were a principle of life." No great stretch of the imagination is required to picture the poet, accompanied perhaps by his Genevese friend, the learned theologian, Jean Diodati, gravely seating himself, pen in hand, while the amiable Cordoyn eagerly waited to see what he would write. Not for a moment could either suspect that these few strokes of the pen would be the means of saving one of them from being completely obscured by the veil of forgetfulness, or that, two hundred years afterwards, the book containing these lines would find an honored resting-place " far across the sea " in the greatest University of the New World—world so strange, so mysterious, so little known to the people of Milton's day, and university only one year old at the time Milton wrote in Cordoyn's album.

Curiously enough, in a case immediately back of the shelves holding the Sumner collection is a collection given to Harvard by a man who, like Sumner, was an ardent admirer of Milton. This was Thomas Hollis, better known around Harvard as Thomas Hollis of Lincoln's Inn, to distinguish him from sundry other Thomas Hollises who have been more or less closely identified with the University. The Hollis books, as far as their interest to bibilophiles is concerned, are not for an instant comparable with Sumner's gifts; but they are held in scarcely less esteem, and with right good reason. At a time—the period just before the outbreak of the American Revolution—when Harvard had comparatively few friends in the mother country, Thomas Hollis remained intensely loyal to it, showering it with gifts, as some of his ancestors had done before him, and displaying the liveliest interest in its progress up to the day of his death in 1774. And this without ever laying eyes on Harvard, or even setting foot on the soil of England's American colonies.

An odd, whimsical man he must have been. He had a habit, when binding his books, of decorating their covers with designs symbolical of the character of the contents, and whenever the book chanced to be one which he deemed "unsound" he gave the binder strict orders to imprint the decorative designs upside down. A few books thus bound are to be seen in the Treasure Room, but very few, for Thomas Hollis was extremely careful in his selection of books for Harvard, and as a rule sent only works of which he thoroughly approved. Milton, Locke, and Algernon Sidney were his favorite authors. His first gift to Harvard included a copy of Milton's prose works, concerning the merits of which President Holyoke, in acknowledging the gift, unfortunately chanced to comment in a vein that angered the donor. But the situation was saved for Holyoke and Harvard through the intervention of a mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Mayhew, of Boston, who wrote assuring the indignant Mr. Hollis that President Holyoke was "a well-disposed worthy gentleman," whose "political notions and sentiments concerning Milton, I am confident, are not materially different from your own."



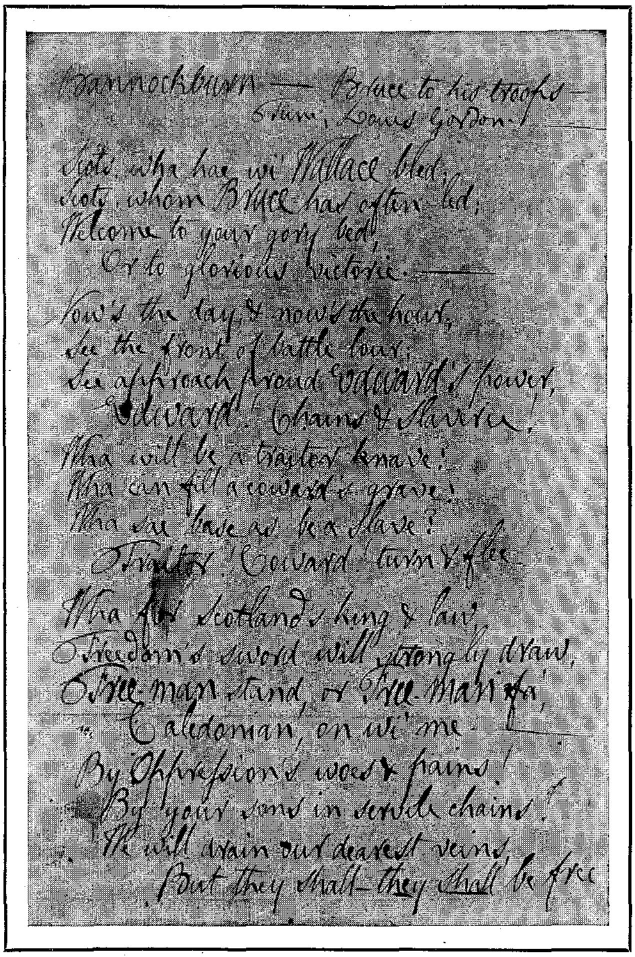
—if Vertue feeble were
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her.

Cœlum non animū muto dū trans mare curro.

Joannes Miltonius
Anglus.

Juny 10. 1639

AN AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN MILTON



Bannockburn — Bruce to his troops —
Tune, Louis Gordon.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, whom Bruce had often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.—
Now's the day, & now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Edward! Chains & Slaverie!
Wha will be a traytor knave!
Wha can fill a coward's grave!
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Traitor! Coward! turn & flee!
Wha for Scotland's king & law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me.
By Oppression's woes & pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free

FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF ROBERT BURNS'S "SCOTS WHA HAE"

Hollis's "political notions" assuredly were clearly defined and of the most positive character. He was so fervent an advocate of political liberty that his enemies, and he had many, accused him of being "a rabid Republican." He preferred to call himself "a true Whig." In the dissensions between England and the colonies he was steadfastly on the side of the colonies, and it was precisely because he regarded Harvard as a nursery of true political principles that he sent it so many books—most of them concerned with political or theological subjects, and all of them intended to be read and pondered by successive generations of students. For their guidance, too, it was his custom to inscribe on the fly-leaf of many volumes his personal estimate of their value; sometimes, however, contenting himself with registering the fact that the book is a gift from him, as when he writes in the fly-leaf of Locke's "Treatises of Government:"

"Thomas Hollis, an Englishman, a Lover of Liberty, the Principles of the Revolution, and the Protestant Succession in the House of Hanover, Citizen of the World, is desirous of having the honor to present this book to the public library of the College at Cambridge in New England. London, June 4, 1764."

Bravo, Thomas Hollis! A century and more has passed since you laid down your pen forever, but again we seem to see you, in the quiet of your high-ceiled library, reading and marking and sorting books that you would send to the distant sons of New England, to the end that they may be strengthened in their devotion to that liberty which means so much to you. And we seem to see you also, at the tidings of each new act of oppression, each cruel mistake by the rulers of Old England, bending over your desk and feverishly penning protest after protest, in the vain hope that justice will be done before it is too late. To-day, outside of Harvard, you are sheer forgot. But some day, when a master hand shall write the story of the Englishmen who, in the face of passion and prejudice, pleaded for fair treatment of their kinsfolk overseas, you will come into your own.

As turning from one honest, robust, full-hearted man to greet another, the visitor may well pass from the Hollis books to the books given to Harvard by Thomas Carlyle. This was the gift that drew from Professor Norton the appreciative letter from which I have already quoted. How it came to be made, and of what it consisted, may perhaps best be told by quoting from another letter:

"For many years back," wrote Carlyle to his friend Ralph Waldo Emerson, under date of November 18, 1869, "a thought which I used to check again as fond and silly, has been occasionally present to me, of testifying my gratitude to New England by bequeathing to it my poor Falstaff regiments of books, that I purchased and used in writing 'Cromwell,' and, ditto, those on 'Frederick the Great.'

"This could be done, I often said to myself—this could, perhaps, and this would be a real satisfaction to me. But who would march through Coventry with such a set? The extreme insignificance of my gift, this and nothing else, always gave me pause.

"Last summer I was lucky enough to meet with your friend Charles E. Norton, and renew many old Massachusetts recollections in free talk with so genial, gracefully social, intelligent and cheerful a man. To him I spoke of the affair, candidly describing it, especially the above questionable feature of it, so far as I could; and his answer then, and more deliberately afterwards, was so hopeful, hearty, and decisive that in effect it has decided me."

As the reader may have noticed, Carlyle did not indicate in this letter to what institution in New England he wished to bequeath his books. Both Norton and Emerson suggested Harvard as the proper beneficiary, and to Harvard, Carlyle said in his blunt way, the books should go, every last one of them; and, to make sure that none would be missing, he would forthwith draw up and send to Emerson, by him to be given to Harvard, a manuscript catalogue listing the entire bequest.

This catalogue, with Emerson's letter to President Eliot requesting him to notify the Corporation of Carlyle's intention, is now in the Treasure Room with the Carlyle books, which number nearly four hundred and fifty volumes. Adding immeasurably to their interest—and, needless to say, to their value—is the fact that many of them are freely annotated by Carlyle with crisp, pungent, often picturesque passages of comment. Much of this is distinctly, even brutally unfavorable, showing his entire sincerity when he spoke of the "insignificance" of the gift. Of one "Life" of Cromwell he notes, "Finished my distressing survey of it, 10 April, 1859;" of another, savagely, "Hereabouts there is an error in almost every line of it;" while a third he brusquely dismisses as "a foolish cobblement." Nevertheless, worthless as some of the books seemed to him, they are without exception cherished at Harvard by reason of their association with his rugged, tempestuous self.

In the way of "books of association," however, there is no other collection in the Treasure Room quite as rich as that which was formerly owned by Professor Norton. All his life Norton was a giver of books to Harvard, particularly of books relating to Dante, and after his death the more valuable portion of his large library also went to the University. Among the four thousand volumes which it thus acquired are many given to Professor Norton by their authors, and representing some of the most conspicuous names in nineteenth-century American and English literature. There are, of course, a number of presentation copies from Ruskin, between whom and Norton, as is well known, the warmest friendship existed. In one copy of Ruskin's "Essays on Political Science," specially bound up from the pages of The Cornhill Magazine, is this brief but eloquent inscription: "Charles Eliot Norton. With un-economical love. September 6, 1869. J. Ruskin." "To Charles E. Norton, Esq. With many kind regards. T. Carlyle," is the inscription in a "Sartor Resartus." Dickens is represented by a copy of "David Copperfield" bearing his autograph, and by complete sets of "Bleak House" and "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" as originally published in parts, with the covers and advertisements intact. Another valuable serial publication in the Norton collection is the rare pre-Raphaelite periodical The Germ, which died after its fourth number. This was given to Professor Norton by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

From James Russell Lowell he received not a few rare books, the most valuable being an illuminated vellum manuscript of the twelfth century containing St. Augustine's "De Caritate." Not far away rests a copy of Dante used constantly by Lowell for many years, and after his death selected by Professor Norton as the one book from his friend's library which he most wished to possess. A still more interesting souvenir of both Lowell and Norton is a copy of Wilson's "Life of Michelangelo," borrowed from Professor Norton by Lowell, and returned with numerous marginal corrections and annotations. On the fly-leaf Lowell had written:

> "This book, a loan from C. E. N.
> I have disfigured with my pen;
> Crime hateful both to gods and men."

Underneath this, Norton promptly wrote:

> "The margins of this volume tell
> The pen was held by J. R. L.
> And that, as usual, it wrote well."

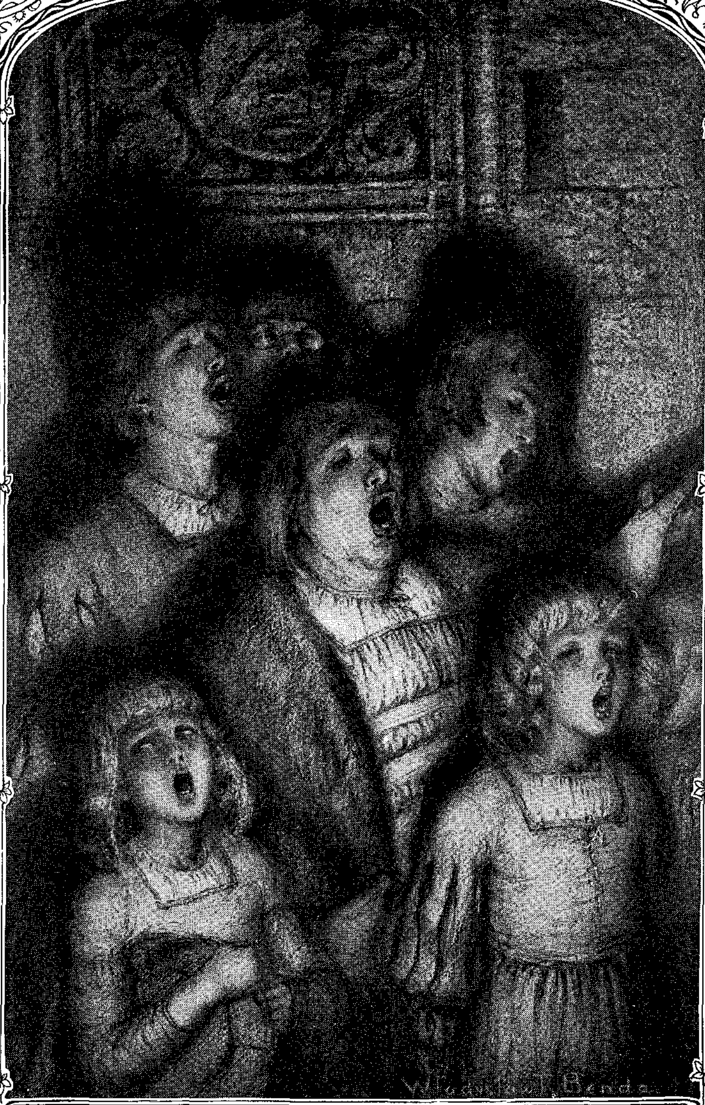
Other interesting "books of association" in the Norton collection—only a few out of the scores that might be mentioned—are three volumes of Linnæus's "Systema Naturæ," once owned by the poet Gray, and interleaved with manuscript notes and pen-and-ink sketches done by Gray himself; Boswell's copy of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with the autograph of Dr. Johnson's inimitable biographer; a copy of the "Selecta Poemata Italianum," from Southey's library; and a copy of Euripides's "Tragedies," given to Charles and Mary Lamb by H. F. Carey. The collection is also rich in early printed books.

But the greatest collection of early printed books in the Treasure Room is the Weld Memorial collection, with its twenty-five hundred books from the presses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These books were given to Harvard, together with some six thousand volumes of a later date, by Mrs. E. D. Brandegee, of Brookline, Massachusetts, who bought them at the sale of the famous Bowie library in Philadelphia last year, and presented them to the University as a memorial to her grandfather, William Fletcher Weld, himself a great benefactor of Harvard. It was this gift to which I referred in my opening paragraphs, and which is unquestionably the largest single gift of books ever made to Harvard by an individual donor.

It includes fully two hundred and twenty-five volumes from the famous Aldine press of Venice, notable among these being the extremely rare Theocritus of 1495, the Aristophanes of 1498, the Horace of 1501, and the Herodotus, Lucan, Ovid, Plutarch, and Sophocles of 1502. Most of the printers of the sixteenth century—as Jehan Petit and the Étiennes of Paris, the Plantins of Antwerp, the Elzevirs of Amsterdam, and Pynson of London—are represented in this collection; and it is safe to say that the alcove containing the Weld books will always be a favorite nook of those visitors to the Treasure Room who happen to be particularly interested in the work of the first exponents of the sublime art of printing.

Scattered about in different cases are many other old books, interesting not simply because of their age but because of some special association. Chief among these is a ponderous volume of Downame's "Christian Warfare," the only book given to the University by John Harvard that is known to have survived the fire which destroyed the library in 1764. There is also a copy—though in an imperfect condition, it is true—of the "Bay Psalm Book" of 1640, the first book printed in America, and one of the most sought-after books in the world. It was printed—as the visitor to Harvard will surely be interested to learn—in Cambridge, barely more than a stone's throw from the Treasure Room, and just across the street from Wadsworth House. Another book of historic interest is Eliot's "Indian Bible" of 1663, the first Bible rinted on the American continent.

Coming down to later times, the visitor should be sure to see Harvard's file of the "Spectator," a complete set of the rare original folio issue; and among exceptionally interesting productions of to-day the magnificently bound set of the "Works of Frederick the Great," presented to Harvard by Emperor William, and the still more magnificent *édition de luxe* of the gorgeously illustrated catalogue of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Dover House collection of works of art. But it will be prudent to delay any examination of Mr. Morgan's catalogue until towards the close of one's visit. Otherwise one will inevitably linger so long over its superb reproductions that little time will be left to see aught else in this room where there is so much worth seeing.



"Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine.
A little Child there is born,
A rose that sprang from Jesse's thorn,
To save all us that were forlorn,
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine."

Old Christmas Carols

By Edith Rickert

Illustrated by Edward Edwards and W. Benda

The carols quoted here have been adapted especially for this article from originals written, for the most part, between 1426 and 1550. They have never before been published in their present form.

THERE is still to be heard in England at Christmas-time a little shrill chorus of the quaint carol that may be as old as King James's day:

> " God bless the master of this house,
>   Likewise the mistress too,
> And all the little children
>   That round the table strew."

Sometimes the hint is even broader:

> " The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,
> I have a little pocket to put a penny in."

A few other carols, such as " God rest you merry, gentlemen," survive in Christmas services; but, for the most part, the living choral songs of the Middle Ages in worship of the Nativity have been cut and dried and pressed in half-forgotten anthologies.

Yet it was a marvelous thing—that sudden flowering of Christmas song during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No doubt the habit had been growing slowly for years unnumbered. When the pagan Saxons kept Yule with Holly-and-Ivy dances, and with the procession of the Boar's Head, they probably sang words more or less after the fashion of the later carols on those themes. They must have had drinking or wassail songs. Traces of this custom are seen in the oldest carol that has survived—an Anglo-Norman wassail song of the thirteenth century, which invokes a curse upon him that will not make his neighbor drunk in honor of " Dan Noël," and ends with the old Saxon exchange of healths, " Wassail " and " Drinkhail."

The ancient savage instinct to revel at the winter solstice died hard. The early Church issued decrees against profane celebrations in this season, and yet the chroniclers report that the dancing and singing went on. In Yorkshire, as late as the seventeenth century, it is said that people shouted "Yule" in the churches, and behaved in unseemly and unchristian fashion. And, indeed, throughout England at that time, when the Puritans were trying to impose their decorum upon the land and admitting to their households only such doleful carols, such "psalms to hornpipes," as

"Remember, O thou man,
O thou man, O thou man,
Remember, O thou man,
Thy time is spent;
Remember, O thou man, how thou
Art dead and gone," etc.,

the great mass of carols became as materialistic, as riotous perhaps, as they ever were, even before the days of Augustine.

But the Church very early had her seasonable hymns, and sometime—somehow—somewhere, it occurred to clerics that, if the people must sing out their hearts at Christmas, they might better chant holy verses than pagan ditties. The Latin hymns they could not understand—well, give them English words. Hence, from the thirteenth century on, we find the macaronic carol or hymn, such as

"Saint Mary, mother mild,
Mater Salutaris."

The oldest form, then, of the religious carol is that in which either the English translates the Latin, as in

"*Ave maris stella*,
The star on the sea,"

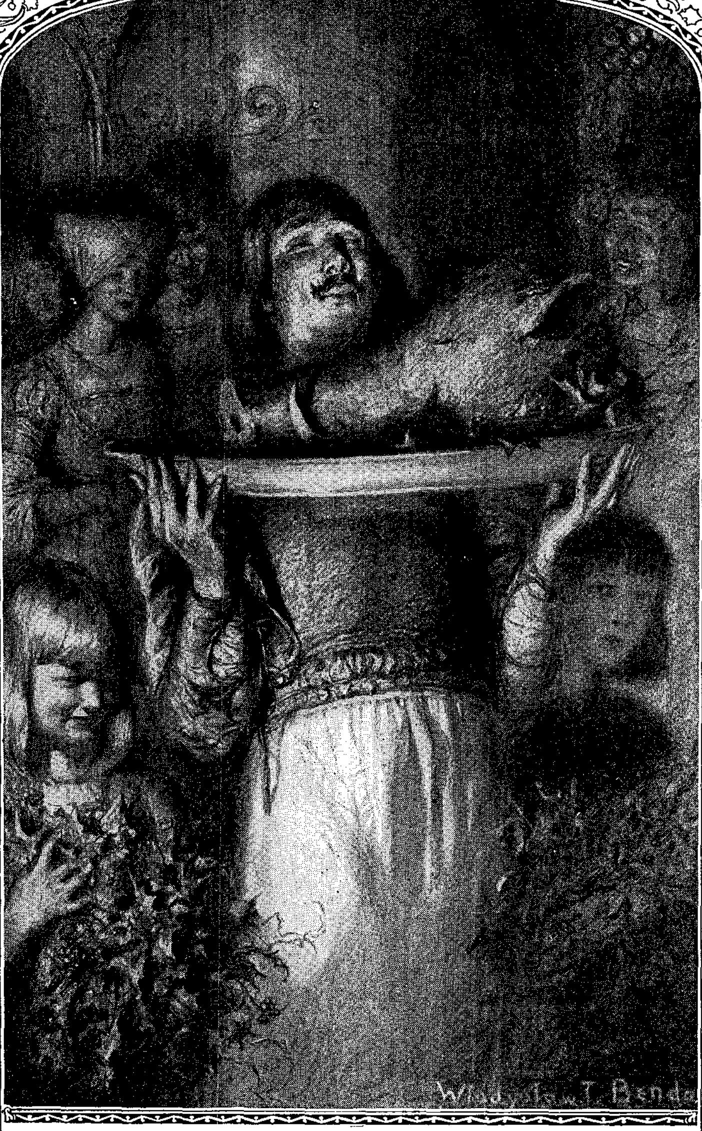
or English and Latin complete each other, as in

"Make we joy in this feast, *in quo Christus natus est*,"

and

"*Atque semper virgo*,
Pray thy Son for me."

About the year 1300 *carols* in England were merely song-dances associated chiefly with emotions of spring and love; but soon after 1400 they had become attached to the idea of Christmas. I have no doubt that the fourteenth century, with its democratic awakenings in life and in literature, marked the beginning of this great impulse of English song; but the furtherance of the practice must have been due in part to the music-loving kings, Henry VI, Edward IV, Henry VII, and Henry VIII. Henry VI had a chapel-master famous all over Europe; Edward IV had a chorus that filled with wonder certain Bohemian visitors at his Court—they said that they had never heard such music in their lives; it must surely be the finest in the world. During the reigns of the Tudor monarchs we know that more than a score of gentlemen of the Chapel Royal wrote songs, King Henry VIII



himself setting the example. Nearly all of the great carol manuscripts belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and they show that these lyrics were composed and sung among all classes of men—courtiers, clerics, and citizens.

It is interesting to note among these hundreds of carols certain well-marked themes and conventions of treatment. Those born of religious inspiration fall into two great groups—those which view the Nativity, its scenes and characters, historically and dramatically; and those which sing of the Incarnation from a spiritual or symbolic standpoint, in its relation to humanity. There are a few on the borderland expressing both attitudes; but nearly all belong clearly to the one class or the other.

The carols of the first group, which are less distinctly to be identified with the clergy than those of the second, sing of Mary and Joseph, of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds and of the Magi, the childhood of Jesus, and the saints whose days fall within Twelvetide.

The carols of Mary are among the oldest and most popular. Just before the Reformation there was even a fashion of adapting love-songs to her worship, such as

"Who shall have my fair lady?
Who but I!"

These carols are nearly always marked by an exquisite simplicity and devotion. Here is one:

"I sing of a maiden, no mate she knows;
The King of all kings for her Son she chose.
He came all so still where His mother was,
As dew in April falls on the grass.
He came all so still to His mother's bower,
As dew in April falls on the flower.
He came all so still where His mother lay,
As dew in April falls on the spray.
Mother and maid was never none but she;
Well may such a lady God's own mother be."

This same simplicity and unaffected sincerity characterize many of the carols that treat of the *Nativity* without troubling deeply about its spiritual significance. Here is an example:

"*Gloria Tibi, Domine,*
Qui natus es de virgine.
A little Child there is yborn,
A Rose that sprang from Jesse's thorn,
To save all us that were forlorn.
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine.

It fell upon the high midnight,
The stars they shone both fair and bright,
The angels sang with all their might,
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine.

Jesus is the Child's dear name,
Maid and mother is His dame,
And so our sorrow is turned to game.[1]
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine.

Three kings there came with their presents
Of myrrh and gold and frankincense,
As clerics sing in their sequence,
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine.

Now sit we down upon our knee,
And pray that Child that is so free;
And with good heart sing joyfully,
Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de virgine."

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[1] Joy.

The Annunciation carols are usually dramatic in form and very much after the pattern of the following:

REGINA CŒLI LÆTARE

"Gabriel, that angel bright,
Brighter than the sun's own light,
From heaven to earth he took his flight,
Lætare!

In Nazareth, that great city,
Before a maid he kneeled on knee,
Said, 'Mary, now is God with thee,
Lætare!'

'Ave Maria, full of grace,
God is shining on thy face,
He hath chosen in thee a place,
Lætare!'

Mary was afraid of that sight,
That came to her with so great light;
Then said the angel that was bright,
'*Lætare!*

'Be not aghast of least nor most,
In thee is alight the Holy Ghost,
To save all souls that were forlost,
Lætare!'"

There are at least three carols that contain an Annunciation to Joseph. In one of these the angel admonishes him to the burden of "Marvel not, Joseph;" in another he appears in a dream as Joseph lies "sleeping on a frame," and reassures him in regard to his "dearest dear."

Shepherd carols seem to have been sung in several of the mystery plays, and may have owed their popularity to that circumstance. They have a strong lyrical element in the use of refrains, which in some cases attempt to reproduce the piping, as in "Tyrle, tyrlow," and "Falantidingdido." "The Jolly Shepherd Wat," which is too long to quote, is a splendidly realistic description of a mediæval shepherd, comparable with scenes in the "*Secunda Pastorum*" of the Towneley plays. It begins:

"The shepherd upon a hill he sat,
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe and his flagat;[1]
His name was called jolly, jolly Wat.
For he was a good herd's boy.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing but hoy,
When the jolly shepherd made so much joy!"

The carols of the Three Kings are less inspired, partly, it may be, because the matter itself was of more remote appeal, and partly because they tend to fall into a morass of mediæval symbolism. But one of them, which adds to the story of the Magi that of the Holy Innocents, has a curious stanza, memorable for its unconscious humor:

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[1] Flagon.

"The children of Israel cried 'Wa, wa!'
The mothers of Bethlehem cried 'Ba, ba!'
Herod, that wretch, he laughed, 'Aha!'
And said,
'The King of Jews is dead!'"

The old carol entitled "Welcome Yule" gives a little calendar of the Christmas saints: Stephen and John the Evangelist, the Holy Innocents and St. Thomas à Becket.

Among these, the one carol that has survived in honor of the martyr of Canterbury is another example of unconscious barbaric humor. Here is a striking stanza:

"Before his altar he kneelëd down,
There they began to pare his crown;
They stirred the brainës up so [1] down,
Optans celi gaudia."

But of all the carols for saints' days, that of St. Stephen is the most delightful:

"Saint Stephen was a clerk in King Herod's hall,
And at the table served as ever a king should befall.

Stephen came from the kitchen with the boar's head in his hand;
He saw a star that was fair and bright over Bethlehem stand.

He cast a-down the boar's head and went into the hall:
'I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy doings all!

I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy doings all!
There is a child in Bethlehem born is better than we all!'

'What aileth thee, Stephen, what should thee befall?
Lacketh thee either meat or drink in King Herod's hall?'

'Lacketh me neither meat nor drink in King Herod's hall;
There is a child in Bethlehem born is better than we all!'

'What aileth thee, Stephen, that in thee passion breeds?
Lacketh thee either gold or fee, or any rich weeds?'

'Lacketh me neither gold nor fee, nor any rich weeds;
There is a child in Bethlehem born shall keep us in our needs!'

'That is all so true, Stephen, all so true, I know,
As the capon lying in my dish shall arise and crow!'

The word was not so soon said in that very hall,
The capon crew '*Christus natus est*' among the lordings all.

'Rise up, my tormentors, by twos and by your lones,
And lead Stephen from this town and stone him with stones.'

Thus they took Stephen, and stoned him in the way,
And therefore is his Even on Christ's own day."

Most beautiful among all the carols are those in which the poets break away from the Biblical text and imagine the scenes of Mary's motherhood. There must be nearly a score of these, chiefly lullabies. Some of them are merely a vision of Mary singing, while in others the Child prophesies his life and death. In a few Christ alone speaks. These carols are all marked by an exquisite musical quality and deep tenderness. Here is the simplest and one of the oldest:

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[1] Upside.

"I saw a sweet and holy sight:
A blissful bride, a blossom bright
That mourning made and mirth among.
A maiden mother, meek and mild,
In cradle kept a knavë child
That softly slept; she sat and sang:
'*Lullay, lullow, lully, lullay, lully, lully, lully, lully, lully,*
Lullow, lully, lullay, baw, baw,
My bairn, sleep softly now.'"

One of the most beautiful, too long to quote in full, begins thus:

"This yesternight
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among,
A maiden sang,
Lullay, by-by, lullay."

The following is similar in idea, with a different refrain:

"But yesternight I saw a sight,
All in my sleep:
Mary, that may, she sang lullay,
And sore did weep.
To keep she sought full fast about
Her Son from cold;
Joseph said: 'Wife, my joy, my life,
Your thought unfold.'
'Nothing, my spouse, is in this house
Of right array;
My Son, a King that made each thing,
Lieth in hay.
'*Ah, my dear Son,' said Mary, 'ah, my dear,*
Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer!'

'My mother dear, amend your cheer,
And now be still;
Thus for to lie it is soothly
My Father's will.
Derision, great Passion,
Infinitely,
As it is found, many a wound
Then shall I dree;
On Calvary that is so high,
There shall I be
Man to restore, nailëd full sore
Upon a Tree!'
'*Ah, my dear Son,' said Mary, 'ah, my dear,*
Kiss Thy mother, Jesu, with a laughing cheer!'"

Curiously charming with its Latin baby-talk is the "Quid Petis, O Fili?" found in a manuscript once owned by Henry VIII, and attributed to a composer named Pygott. I quote only the first stanza, as the others are less clear and do not heighten the beauty of effect:

"'*Quid petis, O Fili?*'
Mater dulcissima baba
'*Quid petis, O Fili?*
Mihi plausus, oscula dada!'[1]

The mother full mannerly and meekly as a maid,
Looking on her little Son so laughing in lap laid,
So prettily, so pertly, so passingly unafraid,
Full softly and full soberly unto her Son she said:

'*Quid petis, O Fili?*
Mater dulcissima baba,
Quid petis, O Fili?
Mihi plausus, oscula dada!'"

Some of the other refrains are very sweet, such as:

"Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, mine Sweeting,
Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling,"

and

"So blessed be the time,"

and

"Mother, white as lily flower,
Your lulling lesseth my languor,"

and

"Lullay, my Child, and weep no more,"

and

"Lullay, Jesu, lullay, lullay!"
"Mine own dear mother, sing lullay!"

and

"Lullay, lullay, thou little tiny Child,"

and

"By-by, lullaby, by-by, lullaby."

More curious than beautiful are several legends of Christ's boyhood in carol form, such as "The Cherry-tree Carol," "The Carnal and the Crane," and the doubtfully reverent "The Holy Well" and "The Bitter Withy." But these are too long to quote.

The carols in which the *mirabile mysterium* of the Incarnation is treated are the less interesting for their frequent theological coloring; but they are full of quaint ideas. One curious notion of that time is embodied in the sentence, *Ave fit ex Eva;* in other words, that the sin of Eve made possible redemption through Mary. This idea is developed in the following carol:

"Adam lay ybounden,
Bound in fetters strong;
Four thousand winters
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,

---

[1] I guess at the meaning of the Latin:
"What do you want, O my Son?"
The sweetest mother croons [*or* kisses?]
"What do you want, O my Son?
Pat hands with me (pat-a-cake?) and kiss me."

As clerks have found ywritten
In their book.
Nor had the apple taken been—
The apple taken been,
Then never had our Lady
A-been heaven's queen.
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was;
Therefore let us sing:
Deo gracias!"

Again, this group of carols is much given to symbolism. Verses composed about 1426, probably by John Awdlay, a blind and deaf monk, on "The Flower of Jesse," illustrate rather charmingly the possibilities of this device. I quote the last two stanzas:

"Of lily and of rose on tree,
Of primrose and of fleur-de-lys,
Of flowers of high and low degree,
The Flower of Jesse yet first shall be,
As most of heal
To slake our sorrows every deal.

I pray you, flowers of this countree,
Wherever ye go, wherever ye be,
Hold up the Flower of Good Jesse,
As freshest of all in its beautee,
As fairest of all
That ever were and ever shall!"

The oldest known form of the still popular carol "I Saw Three Ships a-Sailing" seems to be the following, which was printed about 1550:

"There came a ship—sailed far and near,
St. Michael sat in the stern to steer,
St. John sat in the horn.
Our Lord He harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn."

Whether this had any connection with the mysterious ship of the Holy Grail legend I cannot say; but the relation of the two following carols is indubitable. The first belongs probably to the fifteenth century; the second was sung by a gypsy boy in England about the year 1860:

"*Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,*
The falcon hath borne my mate away.

He bore him up, he bore him down,
He bore him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was a hall
That was hung with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed;
It was hung with gold so red.

And in that bed there lies a Knight;
His wounds are bleeding, day and night.

By that bedside kneels a May,
And she weeps both night and day.

And by that bedside stands a stone:
Corpus Christi written thereon."

ALL BELLS IN PARADISE

"Over yonder's a park which is newly begun,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which is silver on the outside and gold within,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

And in that park there stands a hall,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which is covered all over with purple and pall,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

And in that hall there stands a bed,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which is hung all round with silk curtains so red,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

And in that bed there lies a Knight,[1]
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Whose wounds are bleeding day and night,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

At that bedside there lies a Stone,[2]
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which the Virgin Mary is kneeling on,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

At that bed's foot there lies a Hound,[3]
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which licks the Blood as it daily runs down,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!

At that bed's head there grows a Thorn,[4]
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring,
Which was never so blossomed since Christ was born,
And I love sweet Jesus above each thing!"

The Reformation was not in sympathy with the carol mood. With the dethronement of Mary was lost one of the chief sources of inspiration of the early singers. The lullabies became spiritual *balulalows.* The saints' carols ceased. There was a great splitting up of themes and treatment. The shepherd carols were continued, partly, no doubt, because of the Elizabethan fashion for pastorals, by well-accredited poets; the Three King carols, which had never been numerous, fell into desuetude. Religious-minded poets spiritualized Christmas joy, while the great mass of the people cherished the old wassail and revel songs, together with all the customs of the Court of Misrule. Various anonymous collections of festive carols throughout the seventeenth century attest the earthy character of the popular Christmas songs of that day. By Queen Anne's time the old national tradition was practically dead, and the days of broad-sheets began. In these a few of the fine old songs are preserved, together with much that is worthless. Within our own time there has been a revival of mediævalism, and some few beautiful carols have been written imitative of the old manner. But these are single voices, echoes, and faint pipings, where once shouts of *Noël*, seventeen times over, echoed to the vaults of heaven.

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[1] Christ.

[2] The Law, *i. e.*, the Old Testament (?).

[3] The Church (?).

[4] The Holy Thorn of Glastonbury (?).

The Way of the Lonely Heart

By Temple Bailey

ALWAYS at the holiday season I had followed the way of the Loving Heart, and my fellow-traveler had been One who laughed with me and sang to the chime of Christmas bells.

But the day came when I was left alone, and I knew that never again should I fare joyously, and that henceforth my pilgrimage should be along twilight paths.

And it was thus that I learned of the Way of the Lonely Heart, which is a shadowy way, somewhat steep and stony, and many who travel it need help to reach the heights.

And, following that way, I came first to Jean.

" May I breakfast with you on Christmas morning," I wrote, " and help with the tree lighting ?" And her answer came: " You dearest dear, the morning would have been the hardest, and yet I must keep my sadness from the boy."

At nine o'clock I found them, waiting for me, the boy with the scarlet of his cheeks matching the holly in his white blouse, and Jean a tense black figure behind him.

" Last year father lighted the candles," he said, as I came in.

" Yes, dear." Jean's hunted eyes sought mine.

I took the boy in charge after that, and while the little lights starred the tree with pink and green and yellow, I talked of the days when Jean and I were little girls and went to school together.

" She was such a pretty little girl !"

His eyes shone. " With long curls ?"

" Yes. I remember the day that she was naughty and cut them off."

" Tell it."

And I did. And once Jean laughed, and the hunted look went out of her eyes. And when I went away, she said, " You dearest dear, now I can get through the day."

My pilgrimage took me next to Penelope, who writes stories, and who has a little fame and much beauty.

I found her prone on a couch, her face a white oval between bands of dark hair.

" Don't say ' Merry Christmas !' to me," she cried, sharply.

So I kissed her in silence and laid against her cheek a bunch of valley lilies.

She clutched at them and asked:

" How did you know that he always sent lilies ?"

And then she sobbed and sobbed.

" My heart is broken."

" But he loves you," I said.

" He loves money more."

" No—he loves you too much to put you into a poor setting, and he is too proud to share your money."

" What is pride against love ?"

" Put yourself in his place. If you had lost everything, would you ask a woman to share your poverty ?"

" If she were willing—"

" Look at it from a man's standpoint. He has told you that he must wait until he has recovered part of what he has lost. He is sore, sensitive; don't doubt him, dear—"

" Ah," she caught my hand, " talk to me—make me have faith—"

And I preached a little of the doctrine of self-forgetfulness. " You have dreamed so much, and your search is for the ideal. He is a real man. Be patient, and some day he will understand your need of him and his of you."

Gradually hope came to her, and she sat up. " I am going to put a spray of lilies in a letter and send it to him," she said. " I wrote so bitterly this morning."

It was a long way from Penelope's apartment to the tenement where an old man lives who kept books for the One who had traveled with me the Way of the Loving Heart.

I took a basket with me and spread a little table, on which I set out roast chicken and celery and bread and butter, and I made his tea and heated gravy and mashed potatoes and mince pie over his little gas stove.

He sat in a big chair, all crippled with rheumatism, and watched me.

"It's mighty good of you," he said, over and over again; "the woman downstairs cooks my things. But I can't pay much, and she is careless."

When everything was ready, I pinned a bit of mistletoe in his lapel and stuck some holly in a vase.

And then we had our lunch together. For the old bookkeeper is a gentleman, and he talked of the One we had both loved.

"He had such a great heart," he said, and I assented eagerly, for I was hungry to talk of my sorrow, and yet I feared to sadden other friends. But my little bookkeeper was not saddened. He lived in a land of memories, a pleasant land, where he walked and talked with those who had gone before.

And as he was refreshed in body by the food that I had brought him, so was I refreshed in soul by the spiritual manna which we shared.

"I will come often," I told him, as the afternoon waned. "It helps me to talk to you."

"One lonely heart can always help another," was his simple philosophy, and he was smiling when I left him.

The house to which I came next was a house of Discord. There was a son, and a daughter, and the son's mother. A trio of unhappiness. And the fault lay with the son's mother; and yet she was my friend, and I knew that hers was a lonely heart, and that loneliness had made the bitterness, and the bitterness discord.

She sat alone in her big front chamber, although there was a merry party in the rooms below. But the son was not merry, nor the son's wife, for over them lay the shadow of the unhappiness upstairs.

"Why don't you go down and join them?" I asked, when I had presented my little gift.

"I am not wanted," stiffly; "they have each other."

And then I took her hand in mine.

"Dear Margaret," I said, "is life to go on this way to the end?"

"Is it my fault?"

And, wondering at my courage, I told her, "Yes."

"Oh, how can you!" she flung out. "It is they who are selfish."

"They are young—and it is we who know more of life who can show them the beauty of unselfishness. You can never win this way, you can only win by following the Way of the Loving Heart."

Her eyes questioned, and so I told her of that Way, and how each year we had tried to follow it, and of how love had always won love, and bitterness would always be repaid with bitterness.

"Peace on earth, good will—" I finished; "why not show good will to your own—to your little boy, who, after all, is still your little boy, and to his wife, who at heart is a little troubled girl? It is you who must bring harmony into this home, Margaret."

"If I might," her voice was wistful.

Then she stood up and smoothed her hair, and in the mirror she nodded at me.

"I am going down," she said.

And as I passed the door of the living-room I saw the light in her son's face as he welcomed her.

The Way led next to Mazie, who works in a department store, and who lives in a dingy hall-room. She is dear and sweet and good, but life has brought her nothing but drudgery. Her little face as I saw it, during all the hard weeks of the pre-holiday season, at the ribbon counter, had haunted me, and when I found that she was an orphan and alone, I asked her to dine with me on Christmas day.

But we did not dine at home. I knew what young girls like, and I had a big bunch of violets to pin on her shabby coat and my gift to her was a set of furs, and so it was a transformed little maiden who went with me in a taxicab to a certain famous hostelry.

"I have never seen anything so lovely!" Mazie kept saying as she sat at a table in the corner of the great dining-room and looked upon the golden-lighted rooms, gay with poinsettia and throbbing with music. "I have never seen anything so lovely!"

Her delight in the dainty service, her healthy appetite, which reveled in the delicious food, her eager interest in the people at the other tables, took me out of myself.

"How good you have been to me!" she said, as we went out.

"It is you who have been good," I told her; "you have given more than you have gained."

"Why, what could I give you?"

"You have youth and hope," I said, and as she tucked her hand in mine I knew that my friendship with little Mazie held the promise of many good things for both of us.

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When I had taken Mazie home, I came back to Jean.

It was late, and the boy was in bed, and Jean sat before the little open fire reading the Book of books.

"Read to me," I told her, and she turned to the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

"It isn't exactly a Christmas chapter," she said, thoughtfully, "but it belongs to you and to me. 'Wait—be of good courage—and He shall strengthen thy heart—'"

I stretched out my hand to her and told her of my day.

"After all," she said, thoughtfully, when I had finished, "it was the Way of the Loving Heart, dearest dear."

And I saw that it was, for they all love me, and I love them—storm-tossed Penelope, and the old bookkeeper, and Margaret, and little Mazie, and Jean, my best-beloved friend.

And because this Way of Loneliness led me to unhoped-for heights, I have told of it, that others, following, may, in the joy of Christmas service, find again the Way of the Loving Heart.

THE DREAMER

BY M. E. BUHLER

Scorn not the dreamer, ye who strive
In busy marts the goal to win;
By other ways shall he arrive,
And other gates shall enter in.

In touch with nature's mysteries,
His is the heart that understands;
To paint the picture that he sees
His are the artist's skillful hands.

Like that far dreamer of Judæa,
Who, true of heart and wise of brain,
Was made Egyptian Pharaoh's seer
And saved the King's domain.

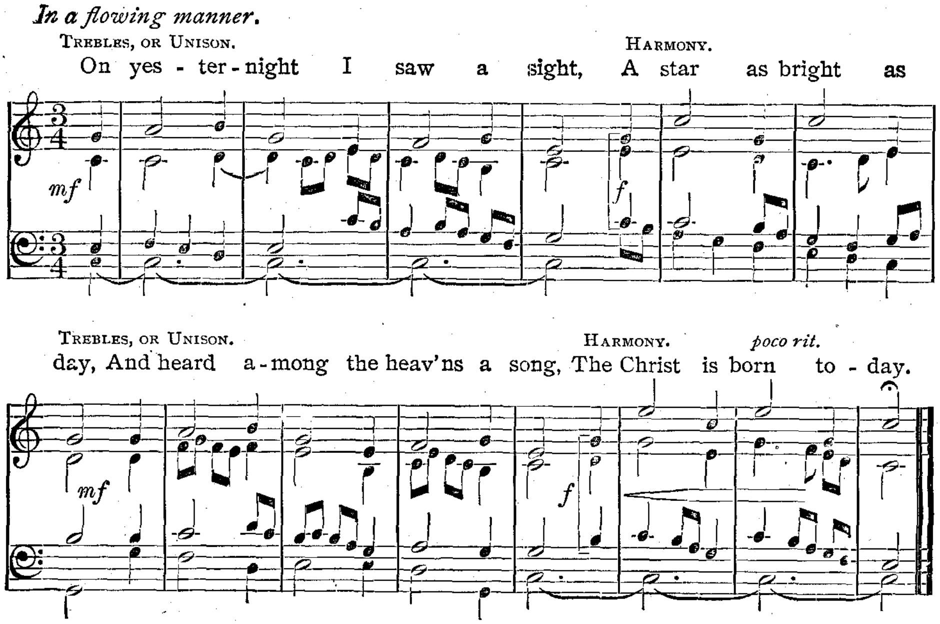
Up from the River crept the lean,
Long years across the desert sand;
Behold, the Dreamer rose serene
And fed the famished land!

So to the Seer the power is given,
And time fulfills the vision dim;
The Sun and Moon and Stars eleven
Bow down and worship him!

A Christmas Carol

By the Right Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D., Lord Bishop of Truro

With Music by the Organist of York Minster, T. Tertius Noble


In a flowing manner.
Trebles, or Unison.
On yes - ter - night I saw a sight,
Harmony.
A star as bright as
mf
f
Trebles, or Unison.
day, And heard a - mong the heav'ns a song,
Harmony.
poco rit.
The Christ is born to - day.
mf
f

I

On yesternight
I saw a sight—
A star as bright as day;
And heard among
The heavens a song,
The Christ is born to-day.

II

O joy and bliss!
'Tis true, I wis,
This word the angels say:
He comes, my dear,
To bring us cheer
For ever and for aye.

III

Good will and peace,
They ne'er shall cease
In men of love to live;
For this Child-king—
O wondrous thing!
To earth God's Hope doth give.

IV

And it shall be
That good kings three
Shall bring on His Twelfth Night
A crown of gold
And gifts foretold
With jewels all endight.

V

And spice and myrrh,
Alas! for her
(Sweet Mary, bless thy boy!);
For here is laid
The great world's aid,
Her sorrow and its joy.

VI

What child or man
Who will or can
Not merry be to-day?
For news like this
Of joy and bliss
We know is sad no way.

VII

O Holy Child,
Thou undefiled,
Send us God's grace, we pray!
O come to us,
Abide with us,
Be born in us to-day!

AMERICAN SPORT FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW

BY

H. J. WHIGHAM

Mr. Whigham is a Scotchman by birth and an Englishman by education, as he is a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford. He comes from the region of the famous golf courses at Prestwick, St. Andrews, and North Berwick, and is a master of that historical and delightful game, having won the American championship at Shinnecock Hills in 1896. He was war correspondent for the Chicago Tribune in Cuba during the Spanish War and correspondent of the London Morning Post in South Africa during the Boer War. He now lives in the United States. It will be seen that he has had exceptional opportunities for comparing the English and the American spirit as they are displayed in sports and pastimes.—The Editors.

INTERNATIONAL sport is almost as dangerous a topic of conversation as it is a pastime. And the better two countries know each other the more chance does there seem to be of friction. Do not we all give a sigh of profound relief whenever an international event between England and America passes by without an open rumpus?

Therefore, when I venture to suggest the underlying differences in the point of view of English and American sportsmen, I am casting all discretion to the winds. *Caveat emptor.* The editor of The Outlook is the purchaser of this article, and may the blood be upon his head.

This is indeed a stupendous and thorny subject, and I may as well slough off responsibility still further by taking as my starting-point the following question which has been propounded to me: May it not be said in a general way that the British amateur plays the game for the game's sake, while the American amateur plays the game for the sake of winning, if possible?

The answer to this question, as Cabinet Ministers say in the House of Commons, is in the negative. I have never been able to see any difference between the two nations in this respect. If possible, Englishmen are more avaricious. In international events it goes without saying that the British nation is desperately keen. Out-of-door sport being peculiarly a British affair, victory or defeat involves the national pride if not the national honor. Englishmen love to recall Wellington's saying about the battles of the Peninsula being won upon the playing fields of Eton. What is more, they believe it. Therefore a defeat at Henley forecasts defeat on the field of battle. That is a perfectly logical conclusion. Some one who was in London this summer came back and said that next to losing India the loss of the Polo Cup was the greatest misfortune that could possibly have happened to the Englishman of the Turf Club and White's and "The Rag." That wasn't such a very great exaggeration.

Indeed, to lose his position as the first amateur sportsman of the world would be such a calamity to the best kind of Briton that he will not allow himself to believe that he is squarely beaten, even after the numbers have gone up. When Lord Dunraven made his ridiculous charges against American yachtsmen, Englishmen took them seriously, not because they wanted to think such things of American sportsmen, but because they could find no other way of explaining Lord Dunraven's failure to lift the Cup. When Walter Travis won the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich, the feeling was just the same. They had nothing against Travis, but they had against his Schenectady putter. Given a fair field and no Schenectady, they were sure Ted Blackwell could have licked Travis into a cocked hat.

But that is rather a question of national pride, it may be argued, than of sport *per se*. Is the Britisher just as keen when the international flavor is absent? But of course. There is just the same excitement over the Boat Race or the Football Match or the 'Varsity Cricket Match[1] as there is here over any intercollegiate event. Have you ever been in London on the night of the Boat Race? And these contests are only a small part of the outdoor life of the schools and universities. At Oxford and Cambridge there are between twenty and twenty-five colleges in each university. There you have an almost illimitable field for rivalry, which is fully exploited. A Brasenose man or a Christchurch man works just as hard to put his college at the head of the river as he does to win any inter-'Varsity event. He may forget his rivalry when the races are over. It is customary for the less fortunate eights after the summer races to go as guests to the "bump" supper of the college that has been successful, and to help their rivals to celebrate victory by making bonfires in the "quad," and throwing thereon the outer doors or "oaks" of undergraduates' rooms, and undergraduates themselves, or even dons sometimes. But that is after the event. There is little friendship lost during the race.

Lastly, when it comes down to games between individuals—I am not talking now of hunting or shooting, where jealousy may play a large factor—I have never observed any material difference between the satisfaction with which a Scotchman pockets the half-crown at the end of a golf match and the glee with which the American accepts the hard-earned box of balls. Keenness to win is as characteristic of one race as the other.

But in the method of going about the achievement of victory there is a distinct difference. Americans at school and college are far more methodical and vigorous in their training; they make more of a business of it, they specialize more; and the result is that in certain respects where the same game is played in both countries the American version is apt to be more scientific. This is certainly the case with football and with baseball, which is nothing but a glorified edition of the game of rounders, played only by children in England.

This difference of method is very obvious; but it is far-reaching in its effects. Also, it is not sufficient to state the difference without suggesting the underlying reason, which is of far greater importance.

It is quite impossible for the American to appreciate English methods or the English point of view unless he reflects for a moment upon the social order of things in England. Some one has said that morality is a matter of social status. In England the same remark is true of amateur sport. What I mean is this—that up to the last few years of the nineteenth century all mankind, in the Englishman's view, was divided into two classes, consisting of those who were born gentlemen and those who were not. Sport was the peculiar prerogative of the upper class. All gentlemen were amateurs, and those who were not gentlemen were apt to be professionals. The distinction between amateur sport and professionalism was almost as simple as that in those days.

During the last twenty years the lines of demarcation have been blurred by the rise of the new democracy. Rich tradesmen send their sons to Eton and Oxford, and make gentlemen of them. The son of a tailor has been known to become an officer in a regiment of the guards. We all now repeat the American shibboleth about all men being born free and equal. Yet, as far as sentiment goes, the distinction is still felt very strongly. To this day an artisan is regarded as a professional when it comes to rowing. In the cricketing world there are many amateurs who are helped financially in order that they may be able to represent their counties. Men who are not born gentlemen do, of course, break into the ranks of amateur sport and carry off championships. But in his heart of hearts the Englishman who is born in the upper class still regards any one of his own sort as an amateur. Whether any one's expenses are paid has nothing to do with the case.

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[1] By *the* Boat Race and *the* Football Match and *the* Cricket Match Mr. Whigham means the contests between Oxford and Cambridge. His very phraseology and his employment of capital initials unconsciously bear testimony in corroboration of his opinion that the English are as deeply, perhaps we may say as passionately, absorbed in athletic contests as Americans.—THE EDITORS.

In America, whatever we may think privately, it is heresy to admit in public that such a thing as social standing exists. Therefore the rules regarding amateur sport have to be drawn up entirely with reference to money, and, like all artificial rules, they have to be very strict. I remember very well that a suggestion was made some ten years ago to bring over an English golf team to this country. It so happened that many of the best golfers of the day in Great Britain were not overburdened with worldly goods, and a rich and enthusiastic player from Yorkshire agreed to pay the expenses of the journey. The United States Golf Association, being consulted unofficially in the matter, decided that it was better that the English team should not come under these conditions; for there was a danger that the newspapers might take the matter up and say unpleasant things about the team. This was doubtless rather an extreme view, and one that Englishmen could not understand, because they could not see how any amount of expenses paid could affect the standing of men like the late "Freddie" Tait or Horace Hutchinson. It is only fair to say that the American view has been modified to a considerable extent since that time. For it was a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Harry Whitney paid the greater part of the expenses of the famous Meadowbrook team which won the Polo Cup in England this year. What is the use of being rich if you cannot do as much as that?

My object, however, is not to discuss the question of professionalism in sport, so much as to arrive at the real attitude of mind towards sport which you find here and in England. And my point at present is that in the old days an amateur sportsman in England was almost of necessity one who was born a gentleman. And do not let it be supposed that there is anything snobbish in the propounding of this theory. No one in England ever talks about being born a gentleman, still less boasts of it. It is simply a fact which exists and cannot be altered. It is no fault of mine that I am brought into the world by parents of the lower middle class or the upper middle class, or that my father may happen to be a duke. I did not invent the social order of things, nor do I praise or blame it. The fact remains that I am either an armiger or not an armiger by birth, and no subsequent act of mine can alter my position one way or the other.

Now there are certain attributes which are supposed to belong to those of high birth. The fact that a man is born into the society of gentlemen imposes upon him the duties and, to some extent, the ideas of his class. He is expected to have a broad education, catholic tastes, and a multiplicity of pursuits. He must be many-sided, a man of the world. He must not do anything for pecuniary gain; and it will be easily seen that he must not specialize. It is essentially the mark of a bourgeois mind to specialize.

It follows, therefore, that in the old English point of view the true sportsman must not confine his attention to one game or sport; indeed, though he should play all games that display physical prowess and skill, he should not take them too seriously. It would be ridiculous, for example, to spend six months of the year playing any one game, for that would be to upset all the balance of character.

Probably few people nowadays read the novels of Ouida. Those who ever did read them will remember one entitled "Under Two Flags." There the hero is the exaggerated gentleman; or, rather, the gentleman as he appears to the English matinée girl. He never gets excited, never takes too much trouble about anything, and never goes into training. But he excels in all manly exercises and accomplishments. Dashing off a brandy and soda and throwing away a half-smoked Havana, he goes out without any preliminary exercise and rides the winner of the Derby. At home he has, of course, no way of making money, yet he is princely in his generosity, though frequently in debt, as a gentleman should be. Abroad he braves battle, murder, and sudden death beneath the fierce sun of Africa. He never prepares for anything, but he always wins.

I do not wish to hold up Ouida's hero as the beau ideal of what a true sportsman should be; I am only trying to describe the English point of view, and a caricature sometimes tells us more than a finished drawing. Note that our hero never goes into training. Even for war he is not prepared; and therein he is rather true to life. The Britisher really prides himself on going into a campaign with little or no preparation, and having to muddle through somehow. Between ourselves, that is a good deal of a pose, for the British War Office is far more efficient than most people think. And I dare say that in sport the pose is kept up too. The Englishman does try with all his might to win, but he rather likes to give the impression of being caught unawares. And he cannot help regarding the man who practices desperately hard as a poor kind of creature.

It was Herbert Spencer who, after being thoroughly beaten by a casual acquaintance at billiards, remarked severely: "A certain skill in the game of billiards argues a well-balanced mind; but such skill as you, sir, have exhibited argues a misspent youth." And he was right. You cannot acquire great proficiency in any game without sacrificing some of the attributes of a well-balanced mind.

And so you will find that severe training for games of a very methodical kind is almost unknown in England, and apt to be frowned upon where it exists. It is the duty of a professional to be continually practicing, for he makes his living that way; but a man of birth has other things to do. That is why no one in the golfing world ever used to be very pleased when Mr. John Ball or Mr. H. Hilton won championships. Not that they were not good sportsmen and most agreeable golfers. But they used to play golf all the time, to the exclusion of any other pursuit. Of course they ought to win.

In my young days the best players of golf in Scotland very rarely played more than two months in the year. At other times they had other pursuits to attend to. So it was at the universities. A man who did nothing but play cricket or football was never popular; and no one ever thought of training for those games. Twenty years ago the Oxford football team used to play about half a dozen trial matches before the 'Varsity game. That was absolutely all the training that was deemed necessary. Rowing was certainly rather an exception to the general rule. I cannot tell why it was considered more proper to apply methodical ideas of practice to rowing. Perhaps it was because without perfect condition rowing is almost impossible. A man may sit up all night and yet acquit himself with credit on the football field, but he cannot row a four-mile race unless he is absolutely fit. But even so, the training for the college crews and the 'Varsity eight has never been so strict at Oxford or Cambridge as it is here.

It may be argued that a much stricter régime is now enforced at the English universities. Certainly that is the case. We have grown much more democratic in England, and the modern doctrine of efficiency is one of the great fads of democracy. Every one is taught to specialize and to become a professional. The day of the amateur is gone. But I would not be surprised if the tide might not turn soon in the other direction.

Do not suppose that the old English idea is being held up as the only right one. The German army, which is essentially a professional army, is a great and wonderful machine, and it is compelling our amateur soldiers to change their ways and to take soldiering a little more seriously. And I have not a doubt that the very strict discipline enforced by American college coaches is good in many ways for the undergraduate and teaches him to work methodically in after life. It certainly inclines him to specialize. In any case, you will understand that all the traditions of the English sportsman are bound to make him regard the American methods with some disfavor, because they are contrary to all his conceptions, not merely of sport, but of the right way to live.

Let me take an example. I have read in The American Magazine a most interesting article on American football strategy by Mr. William T. Reid, Jr. Nothing could possibly serve better to illustrate my point than the plays which the author describes. The title alone would almost serve as a text. Strategy implies careful preparation, scientific study, and any amount of training. Football strategy is unknown in England. But to come to the plays.

Mr. Reid describes very graphically that drop goal which won Harvard the game against Yale last year. In order to accomplish just that result Kennard practiced hard and secretly the art of dropping a goal from the field. He made a specialty of it. He sacrificed all other departments of sport for a year to that little trick. He was apparently not good enough in other respects to play on the Harvard team, for he was only brought in from the side lines for that one play.

From the English point of view that was all wrong. To begin with, the system of allowing substitutes to take part in the game would never commend itself to Englishmen. Their idea is that eleven or fifteen men meet to play against a team of equal numbers. They fight it out to a finish, and if any man on either side is damaged or cannot stand the strain, so much the worse for his side. Each player looks for his opportunities and rises or fails to rise to emergencies. But that a player should sit quietly on the side lines until a certain situation has been created for him and should then come in fresh and unwinded and kick his goal is not, to our mind, part of the game at all. That play was like betting on a certainty. I happened to see the game in question, and remember very well that some one by my side remarked as soon as Kennard appeared on the field that he was just coming on to drop a goal. Then one waited for the inevitable. It was exactly like watching a play on the stage which one has seen before and where one knows just when the fatal shot is going to be fired.

Another play is described at length in the same article. That was a case where the coach, Mr. Walter Camp, evolved an entirely new bit of strategy out of his own mind, made the team practice it in secret, and finally brought it off successfully in the big game. The point of the play was what, in military language, is called a demonstration in force to cover a flank movement. Secrecy was therefore the essence of it, for a feint attack is obviously of little use unless it catches the enemy entirely unawares.

There are two things about this play which spoil it from the English point of view. First of all, it is the invention of a coach and not of the players themselves; and, secondly, it requires elaborate and secret preparation. The same objections probably hold good against most successful plays in American football; so that it is easy to see why American football appears to be an inferior sport in the eyes of an Englishman. English sporting ethics allows a certain amount of coaching and training—enough to mold the style and keep the muscles in trim. But there the duties of the coach end. Even in rowing, which is in many ways an exceptional kind of sport, the coach is there simply to mold style. But it was never intended that the coach should do the thinking for the player. Even school-boys would not allow that. As soon as the coach does the thinking the player becomes a mere automaton.

Then, again, too much preparation, as I have already pointed out, is contrary to all English ethics, and secrecy in training is especially abhorrent. Remember that sport is the prerogative of gentlemen. And one of the earmarks of a gentleman is that he resorts to no trickery and that he plays every game with his cards on the table—the game of life as well as the game of football. There are certain well-established plays in Rugby football (I do not speak of the Association game, for that is nowadays a professional affair) which are known to every one. They are as well accepted as the lead of the fourth best at bridge. For the rest, all strategy in the game originates on the field. Each player works things out for himself and seizes the opportunities as they occur in actual play. The qualities of a fine player are twofold: first, he must have imagination, in order to see opportunities and make use of them; secondly, he must have intelligence enough to impart his ideas like a flash to the man next him and to receive ideas as quickly. This sort of play, you may say, does away with team work and combination. Not at all. It requires and evokes the very highest kind of team play.

It is a far greater test of skill and intelligence to evolve a piece of combined strategy on the field of battle than to work it out and practice it beforehand, and so bring it to fruition on the day of action.

And the result is not only more satisfactory to the player, but also to the spectator. If we compare English Rugby football with American football, we find that the English game is far quicker and more open, and gives more opportunity for flashes of imagination, which, when successful in their issue, are so dear to the spectator. The working out of the American tactics is minute in detail and wonderfully interesting to the expert, but otherwise terribly slow and dull. The stopping of the game between each play is in itself enough to spoil the game to the Englishman, who likes to go right ahead. It is a question of scientific method on the one hand and imagination on the other.

The difference in the point of view, as you see, is radical and ethical. It is impossible to say that one way of playing is better than the other. That would be like saying that America is better than England, or *vice versa*. The Englishman is bound to like his own way best because it suits his character, and the American is sure to like the American way best. Naturally, I am prejudiced in favor of the English way. But it does not follow that I do not find a great deal to praise in the energy and perseverance and inherent honesty of American sport. There are misunderstandings on both sides. The American regards the Englishman as a rather dilettante sort of person, not recognizing that the apparent scattering of interests is part of a deliberate scheme of life. The untraveled Englishman, refusing to adopt scientific methods in his own sports, puts down all Americans as tricky just because in their efforts to arrive at perfection of mechanism some American coaches go to an extreme in refining the athletic machine.

Still, as a prejudiced person, I may be allowed to point out one or two results of the American system which seem to me unfortunate. The two great American games are baseball and football. Do you ever see an American play either game after he has left college except on rare occasions, or unless he be a professional? The trouble is that both games are made too scientific and require too much coaching and training, so that no man can play them with any satisfaction after he has gone into business. So the two great National games are relegated to the college boys and the professionals.

In England the corresponding games are cricket and football. Both are played by amateurs after they have passed middle life. "Bill" Maclagan was certainly over forty when he last represented Scotland against England in the international football match (I am talking, of course, of amateur sport), and any number of men in business in London play on such football teams as the Richmond or the London Scottish long after their days at the university are over.

As for cricket, one might say that most of the good amateurs are over thirty. It is true that some of them are almost like professionals in their way of giving up everything to cricket; but those are only a few out of the many. And in both those games the amateur almost equals the professional, because he is apt to play a more brilliant and less methodical game. Every year there are two matches between the gentlemen and players. Note, by the way, how the old way of expressing things corroborates what I have been saying about amateur sport being a matter of social standing. The great match of the year is always spoken of as "the Gentlemen *versus* Players," and not as "the amateurs *versus* the professionals." In that match the players win more often than the gentlemen; but to look at, the play of the gentlemen is by far the more attractive.

This attitude towards games extends over all the field of sport. One is never too old for most games. I knew a man break his leg fox-hunting when he was seventy-two years old. It is quite common to meet men over sixty in the hunting-field. But in America what can a man do when he has left college? Fifteen years ago it was almost true to say that he gave up games altogether. Then suddenly golf took him. And it took him because it is essentially a game for amateurs. It requires practice, but not too much. You can enjoy it with hardly any practice at all, and you can play it little or much without any team work or great preparation. I am not going to sing the praises of golf in this article—facts speak for themselves. In a short time golf will be the National sport of America, because it is the only one that a man in business can satisfactorily indulge in. And it has overcome great natural obstacles in the way of climate and geographical conditions. If the game were not so desirable in itself, Americans would never have spent such enormous sums in building golf courses in the most unpromising territory.

Another defect of the American system is that the scientific methods applied to games eliminate all but the few fittest who survive. In England a boy is regarded as a poor specimen who does not play both cricket and some form of football, or take up rowing as an alternative. Such games as tennis and squash are hardly allowed at school, and are played only on sufferance at college, because they are not strenuous enough. In America it is quite different. Only very few of the young men who come down from Harvard or Yale play any of the great games—perhaps twenty per cent at the outside. I know that things are changing in this respect, but there is still a point of criticism to be made in this regard; and I lay the charge to the coaches, who have made football and baseball altogether too scientific for the many.

Now let us criticise the English. I am sure that some one will answer me by saying that many Englishmen do nothing but hunt. They hunt all day and talk about it all the evening. In fact, they specialize far more than any American. I am afraid this is quite true. But there you have an exception that proves the rule. It is only the stupid man who does nothing but hunt. The regular hunting set is indeed renowned for its lack of brains and is not highly esteemed in England. A man who has no brains and a good deal of money naturally turns to the hunting-field, because he finds there an occupation and a congenial atmosphere. But by far the larger number of men who hunt in the Midlands are not really of the hunting set; they are in it but not of it. A man of breeding and intelligence ought to be able to ride across country, because it is one of the most delightful things to do in the world; but he should not do it all the time, nor talk about it too much when he has done it.

It may be granted also that the British as a nation give up altogether too much time and energy to games and outdoor sport of all kinds. That is a fair criticism. But is it not true that nearly every other nation is beginning to follow our example? Twenty years ago the number of men in America who played any outdoor game after going into business was surprisingly small; and the fact that a man was a good athlete would not help him much if he were looking for employment. Now it is not uncommon to find business men leaving their offices on week-days to get a round on the links. The French have taken up football and produce teams that are very hard to beat, and France is gradually being studded with golf courses. The Belgians only the other day carried off the honors at Henley, thereby causing much searching of heart in England. Even the Germans play tennis a little amid their more solid pursuits. A nation that takes plenty of outdoor exercise is sure to lead a healthy existence, which means victory in other pursuits, too, in the long run. And it is most fortunate when sport becomes the pastime of the masses as well as of the classes.

When I pointed out that amateur sport in England was the prerogative of gentlemen, I did not at all mean to imply that that was a condition of affairs to be praised. I was merely stating a historical fact. It is most desirable that all classes should have their games, and I regard the making of public golf links in America as a most hopeful sign. Only there are certain traditions which grew up among the people of high breeding which should be perpetuated; and the chief of these is that no one should devote himself entirely to one game or to any number of games. Let us specialize in business, if we must; but let us preserve our own individuality in the more important affairs in life which have nothing to do with business.

Music that Tells Stories

By Daniel Gregory Mason

The Fifth Article on The Enjoyment of Music

RICHARD STRAUSS introduces into his "Ein Heldenleben" (A Hero's Life) various themes or melodies which are supposed to represent his friends and enemies—for this "Hero," it seems, is no other than the Herr Doctor Richard Strauss himself. Frau Strauss is pictured by a long solo for a single violin, in which her coquettishness is suggested by many little twists and turns; and Strauss is so sure that he has painted his wife's portrait clearly in this passage that he said to a friend: "You have never met my wife, but now [after hearing the solo] you know her quite well, and when you go to Berlin you will be able to identify her." He has insisted also that in another of his works he has given us a picture of a woman with red hair; and he believes that the tone language is getting so definite that some day it will be possible to compose in music a tablespoon so that the audience will have no difficulty in telling it from the rest of the silverware. Can Strauss be making fun of us, or is he really convinced that music can describe objects as well as arouse emotions? And if he is, how far is he in the right about it?

The most conservative critics would nowadays hardly venture to deny that, provided we listen to music in a certain way, and provided certain clues as to its meaning are given us, it may thus suggest outside objects and events. One or two reservations must, however, be made: as that this way of listening is not the most natural one; and that without the clues the music by itself can do little toward telling a definite story. An example will make these points clear.

Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture is made almost entirely out of two themes. The first, Figure I, is quick, restless, agitated; there is a nervous uneasiness about it, due to its movement and to the rise in pitch in the third and fourth measures; and yet there is energy, rude strength, in the emphatic ending. The second theme, Figure II, on the contrary, is softer, smoother, gentler; it is in clear major instead of dim minor; and the curve of the melody gives it a pleading, wistful expression. If we were to hear these two melodies without knowing anything about them, they would simply stir up certain states of mind in us, their expression would be "subjective;" and if anything more definite came into our minds on hearing them than these subjective feelings (of restlessness and of tender longing), it would not be the same thing, probably, in any two of us.

But Beethoven has given his music a title, "Coriolanus;" and the moment we know this title it gives us something particular to hang our feelings of restlessness and tender longing upon. Coriolanus, we know, was a Roman, who was so angered at his banishment from his native city that he conspired with one of its enemies to humble it. He brought his army to within five miles of Rome, and would have attacked it had not the piteous prayers of his wife and his mother finally softened his heart. With this key to help us, we easily see pictured in the first theme Coriolanus's bitter and vengeful feelings, and in the second we hear the tearful pleadings of the two women. We may even follow the story along in imagination right through the whole overture, and at the end, when the theme of Figure I appears in slower and slower notes, and at last dies out altogether, we may get as vivid an idea as we could from a book of Coriolanus's unwilling abandonment of his attack on the city.

Such is the use of a title, motto, or other such clue in defining musical meanings which without them would be general. But even without such clues music may suggest the outside world, if the listener can be induced to hear it in a certain way.

Just as music, by suggesting bodily motions, can arouse the emotions[1] that naturally accompany them, so, if the hearer can be induced to connect it not with himself but with the outer world of things, it can suggest motions in the objective world. When Beethoven, in the slow movement of his Pastoral Symphony called "Scene by the Brook," wishes to suggest the even rippling of the water, he makes the accompaniment of the melody out of a wavy figure of tones all of the same length. This gently rocking accompaniment keeps up through most of the movement. Mendelssohn, in his overture "The Hebrides," descriptive of the Hebrides Islands off the coast of Scotland, imitates the grand slow rise and fall of the ocean surges. Wagner paints the rippling of the Rhine in the overture to "The Rhinegold," and the lapping of flames in his wonderful "fire-music."

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[1] See the article on "The Feelings Aroused by Music," in The Outlook for November 20.

On the other hand, the strong resemblance of certain fragments of melody to the utterances of the voice under strong emotion, which makes it suggest such emotions in ourselves when listened to subjectively, underlies the dramatic vividness of music intended to suggest, objectively, the utterances of others. We often hear musical phrases which vividly suggest that some one is pouring out his joys or his sorrows in speech—we can almost hear the words. The theme of the two women in "Coriolanus" is an example; how their hopes and fears seem to find voice in that pleading bit of melody!

Beethoven is a great master of this method of suggesting actual speech or utterance in the musical phrase. In the "*Andante con moto*" of his fourth piano concerto, for instance, he gives us a sort of dialogue or conversation between the orchestra and the piano, in which each is kept as distinct as a character in a play. The orchestra seems to represent some cruel, heartless tyrant, grim, unyielding, without mercy. Its phrases are short, nervous, and positive, like the verdict of a stern judge to a condemned criminal, from which there is no appeal. There is a proud nobility about them that suggests some force more than human. The piano, on the contrary, speaks timidly, hesitatingly, almost apologetically. The chords sound thin and weak after the thundering tones of the orchestra. It is a voice of pleading, a human voice crushed and helpless in the presence of a power so much greater than itself.

FIGURE I.

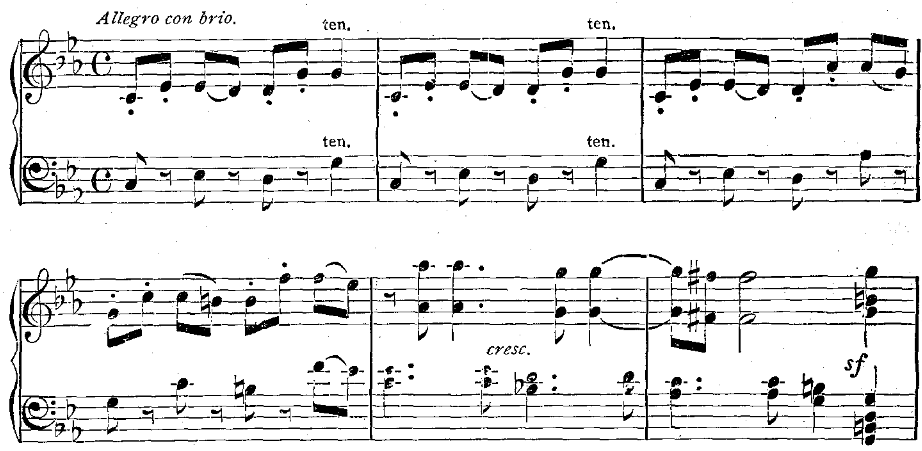
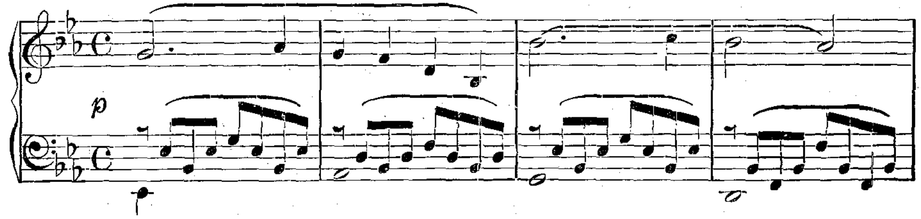


FIGURE II.



Or take the famous recitatives (speeches) for the double-basses and the violoncellos in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The very idea of making these big, unwieldy bass instruments speak important lines of the music was daring; before Beethoven's day they had always been humble members of the orchestra, content to play the bass. But Beethoven was original in everything he did, and few things in music are more dramatic than these speeches by the bass instruments. They occur near the beginning of the finale, or last movement of the Symphony, and seem to say something almost as definitely as words could—indeed, Beethoven himself said that they were to be played "as if they had words." When we reach the finale, not knowing what its main theme will be, the themes of the first three movements are one by one suggested by the orchestra—first that of the opening *Allegro*, then that of the *Scherzo*, then that of the *Adagio*. Each is interrupted, scornfully, almost violently, by the bass instruments, which seem to cry, "No, no, that will not do at all!" A little reluctant they are, to be sure, to refuse the beautiful melody of the *Adagio*, but it has to go. Then a new theme is suggested, the theme known as the "Hymn of Joy." This is enthusiastically accepted in a final speech by the basses, and becomes the subject of the finale. The whole passage (it comes at page 310 of the piano arrangement of the symphony in the Litolff Edition) is a wonderful example of how tones can be made to talk almost as plainly as people.

The suggestions of music and of speech by music are the most important means the composer has of making it tell a story, just as the dance and the song elements are the most important means for making it arouse emotion. There are, however, one or two other ways in which the suggestion of outside things can be managed which deserve a word or two. The contrast between consonances and dissonances can be made to suggest the contrast between pleasant and unpleasant things. Thus in the part of "A Hero's Life" called "The Hero's Helpmeet," Strauss uses clear, mellow chords, while in the section devoted to the hero's enemies the dissonances fairly hurt our ears.

The suggestion of "high," "light," and "bright" by high notes, and of "low," "heavy," and "dark" by low notes, has been used by many composers, but never so poetically as by Wagner in the prelude to "Lohengrin." The appearance of the theme in the thin, clear tones of the violins in the highest part of their register, its gradual descent to the lower instruments, and increase in loudness as well as fullness during the long climax, and its equally gradual rise again, higher and higher, as if into thinner and thinner air, until it finally dies away like a melting cloud—all this tells us the story, or rather paints us the picture (so vivid is it) of a company of angels, bearing the sacred Grail, descending to earth, and, after consecrating mankind to the service of Christ, "soaring up again," as Wagner puts it, "to the ethereal heights."

Finally, the composer may actually imitate with the instruments the sounds of the outer world, as Beethoven makes flute, oboe, and clarinet imitate the cries of the nightingale, quail, and cuckoo in his Pastoral Symphony; as Mendelssohn, in his Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," imitates the bray of an ass; as Berlioz, in his "Symphonie Fantastique," makes thunder by means of four kettle-drums. Some of our composers to-day go to great lengths in this matter. Tschaikowsky directs that cannon be fired during the playing of his Overture "1812," which celebrates the victory of Russia over Napoleon. Richard Strauss uses a specially invented "wind machine" to give the sound of the rushing wind in his "Don Quixote." Such methods are very well in their way, but they are easily abused. The true artist never imitates nature exactly. To paint a basket of fruit so that it looks real enough to eat is nothing but a clever trick; and to make a musical "battle" or "storm" is not much better.

These methods of making music refer to something outside itself have been pushed much farther by composers of our own day, and of what is called the "realistic" school, than they were by those who first used them. Beethoven, whose greatest works date from about the beginning of the nineteenth century, set the fashion for the "romantic" school, which bridges the gap between the classical music of the eighteenth century and our modern music. In his overtures "Coriolanus," "Egmont," and some others, he wrote music which might well be listened to, like the older works, for itself alone, but which, once we have the key afforded by the title, is seen to suggest a more definite story. The story, nevertheless, is hardly more than suggested; the main feelings it inspires are reflected in the music, but it is not told in detail. The musician does not begin at the beginning, like a novelist, and go through to the end, telling us how the hero and heroine met, how their love did not run smooth, and how they were at last, nevertheless, "married, and lived happily ever after." He gives us not the events, but the feelings they aroused; he is not a story-teller, but a poet.

Such "poetic," or "romantic," or "descriptive" music (it has been given many names) is found in many of the works of the composers who followed after Beethoven: in Schubert's songs; in Schumann's "Manfred" and "Genoveva" Overtures and his "Spring" Symphony; in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hebrides," and "Ruy Blas" Overtures, and his "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies. In all these important works of the Romantic School the *form* of the music is based on the old principles of contrast and return to the earlier melodies, and of development of themes, and the only clues to particular meanings are given in the titles.

But gradually it occurred to musicians that they could be more definite than this—they could tell the stories just as they happened, event by event; in a word, they could make music "realistic." And so, first Berlioz in France and Liszt in Germany, about the middle of the nineteenth century, and later a great many other composers, such as Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, and Richard Strauss, developed what is called Programme Music. This differs from merely poetic music in the following ways: In the first place, as the name shows, each piece is provided with a programme, a brief account in prose or poetry of the "plot." The programme of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," for example, consists of the following six headings: "The Hero;" "The Hero's Antagonists;" "The Hero's Helpmeet;" "The Hero's Battlefield;" "The Hero's Mission of Peace;" "The Hero's Escape from the World."

In the second place, the composer uses all the means of describing things in the outside world that we have been discussing, in order to make his story as clear and as detailed as possible. In some cases, also, he uses a method invented by Berlioz for making clear to us the various people of his story. Each person has what is called a *Leit-motiv* or Leading-Motive, a short melody that we learn to connect with him and that reminds us of him every time we hear it. By all these methods the story is made definite.

Finally, instead of using the old forms of classic music, the programme composer takes up and drops his various themes just where he pleases, being guided only by his story. Unimportant themes may come in for a moment and then vanish entirely, just as unimportant characters in a play walk across the stage and disappear; the important themes, of course, will be made much of, and developed as in classical music. The composer who did most to introduce this free form, called Symphonic Poem or Tone Poem, was Liszt.

Such, then, are the chief kinds of expression in music, and the schools founded upon them. The classic school, represented in our day by Brahms, aims at the expression of emotion and of pure beauty. The romantic or poetic school adds to these aims a somewhat more definite suggestion of a person, place, or idea, indicated by a title, and uses the classic forms. The realistic or programme school aims at definite story-telling, and plans the form according to the story.

Each kind has its peculiar advantages and its peculiar shortcomings, and each appeals most powerfully to a particular kind of temperament. The endless arguments between "classicists" and "realists," between those who find no beauty in Strauss and those who find no emotion in Mozart, will probably never be satisfactorily settled; at least they may serve to make clearer to each of us what his own leanings are, while teaching him to be tolerant of other tastes.